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THE CRISIS OF LIBERALISM IN COLOMBIA
Christopher Abel

THE IMPACT OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION ON BRITAIN
H. T. Dickinson

TECHNICAL COLLEGES AND TECHNOLOGICAL LEAD
A. D. Harvey

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Editor: BETTY ABEL

Associate Editor: ANSELMA BRUCE

Editorial Advisers: PROFESSOR ESMOND WRIGHT

PROFESSOR PAUL WILKINSON

Fine Arts Correspondent: ERNLE MONEY

Music Correspondent: DAVID FINGLETON

Finance Director: LEONARD SKIPP

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THE CRISIS OF LIBERALISM IN COLOMBIA

by Christopher Abel

THE Colombian Liberal government of President Virgilio Barco (1986-) is challenged by organised violence on three fronts: by the guerrillas of the revolutionary Left, by the paramilitary death squads of the counter-revolutionary Right, and by opportunistic narco-terrorist groups formed by the powerful drugs barons. A weak government is plagued by a poor human rights record, high levels of criminality and frequently low levels of civic behaviour.

Yet a two-party system of Liberals and Conservatives has proved highly durable. This durability is attributable in high degree to genuine successes over forty years in promoting growth and diversification in agriculture, manufacturing, mining, energy and the service sector. As the fruits of growth have percolated beyond a growing urban middle class to other sections of the population, so the long-term aim of Liberal leaders since the mid-nineteenth century of spreading the benefits of a modestly prosperous democratic order has gradually been realised. Colombia, indeed, enjoys a political culture, in which a liberal commitment to open, competitive politics is deep-rooted. It was manifest in an impressive turnout in the 1986 presidential contest, in which President Barco was victorious against the Conservative and Patriotic Union (left-wing coalition) candidates. Liberal traditions are observed in investigative journalism and independent commentary. They have been enhanced in the mid-1980s by a small publishing boom which reflects in part the determination of the liberal intelligentsia to undertake independent research of national conditions. Some sociologists argue contentiously that even some guerrilla violence in frontier zones is informed by liberal traditions of taking up arms to promote democratic participation and protect independent small property against authoritarian coalitions of large landowners and local

bosses. Indeed, the tenacity of Liberal convictions has been repeatedly observed in the courage of democrats — civic and community leaders, human rights activists, politicians, trade unionists, journalists, judges, academics, doctors and nurses — who have been the targets of extreme right-wing violence.

The bulk of the Colombian population is urban. Free from the problems of over-concentration of population in one urban centre, Colombia enjoys a well-balanced urban profile. She has three large cities — Bogotá, Medellín and Cali — whose population exceeds one million each, and over forty intermediate cities of between 150,000 and one million inhabitants. The quality of administration of the large cities compares favourably to those of Venezuela and Peru; and until the debt crises, public and private agencies were largely effective in anticipating some social needs — water, telephones, electric energy — of the large cities. The most serious failures of provision of services have been seen in the intermediate cities, small towns and the countryside. It is here that crisis in Colombia is endemic, where protest movements have flourished, and where guerrillas have recruited successfully when peaceful protest has failed to bring about desired results. Indeed, a legitimate trade unionism has receded in the face of right-wing violence (the proportion of the economically active population that is unionised—never high—has fallen sharply since 1970), guerrillas have found new recruits, active supporters and acquiescent populations. Public disenchantment with the performance of both major parties in office is reflected in a proliferation of rural and urban protest movements, which have organised hunger marches, urban and rural land invasions and repossessions, and civic strikes and demonstrations against defective public services. The Barco government has tried to meet public demand for more political participation and greater democratisation through policies of decentralisation and local elections of mayors; but, in some areas, these moves may serve only to strengthen the power of local bosses.

Impressive growth has occurred in Colombia since 1945; but it has been accompanied by serious inequalities of wealth by region, sector, and class that have fuelled social conflict. A near-continuous redistributive rhetoric since 1958 has been implemented too infrequently to mitigate extremes of poverty. Coming to power with an ambitious pledge to eliminate absolute poverty, the Barco government soon suffered a severe credibility gap because its capacity and will to act upon promises that contributed to its electoral success are seriously impaired.

How are they impaired? In part, from within the state itself. The efficacy of the state is low in most branches of government. Its weaknesses in areas as distinct as agrarian reform, public order enforcement, tax-raising and income distribution stem from inadequate public administration, many of whose central features have barely been disturbed in the past thirty years. Information available to the state is clearly deficient: economic policy decisions do not rest upon an adequate knowledge of flows of funds entering and leaving the country; evaluation of policies of

decentralisation is thwarted by an erratic flow of information from the municipalities to central government. For all the rhetorical commitment of successive governments to the professionalisation of the civil service, the imperative of rewarding political clients who assisted in election campaigns has been the uppermost consideration of all governments, because the defection of networks of supporters can threaten their decomposition and collapse. Administrative reform has made slender impact upon spoils system arrangements by which sections of the state apparatus have been treated by private interests as spoils to be captured and retained. And specialist institutions that were established in the 1960s to handle complex tasks have lost much of their initial impetus and independence of faction. The evolution of long-term strategies has been sacrificed to the exigencies of short-term political accommodations, especially balancing-acts to take the interests of powerful factions and individuals into account. These patterns reinforce fears that, while President Barco and cabinet ministers use a reformist and technocratic language, many of their subalterns are aiming principally at recreating the Liberal hegemony of the 1930s and early 1940s when very few non-Liberals had access to public office. Lack of competence of the state breeds lack of confidence among all social classes. The state loses credibility as an ineffectual bystander by devolving initiative in natural disaster relief to the Church, local government and the munificence of private magnates. Meanwhile, the public order functions of the state have been devolved in part to private companies of vigilantes, whose size has grown faster than the official police forces.

The fragility of the state is observed in social policy. The dominant version of Colombian Liberalism is founded upon an assumption of a minimalist state that facilitates private enterprise. The sacrifice by government of goals of redistribution of wealth to the accumulation requirements of capitalists has meant a continuing neglect of social policy. Always under-resourced, an effective social policy has been handicapped by a high turnover of ministers, an uneven quality of public administration and, at least since IMF-style austerity programmes were applied, stagnant welfare budgets. Since a larger slice of the budget can be won by one social welfare ministry or agency only at the expense of another, a housing programme that proves popular under one government may be abandoned under the next, and its funds allocated instead to education. These problems are compounded by popular expectations. As recently as 1970 government could plausibly claim that a particular social policy could not be pursued because Colombia was a poor country with one of the world's highest population growth rates (above 4% p.a. for much of the 1960s) pressing heavily upon her limited resources. In 1989 this rationale is unconvincing. Colombia enjoys an intermediate level of wealth. Oil and coal self-sufficiency are assured; several new frontiers are being opened up; the productive resources, if not the distributive system, exist to feed the entire population at adequate nutritional levels; and the population growth rate has fallen to a manageable 1.9% p.a. In potentially

favourable circumstances frustration at government failure increases.

Critics of economic policy of successive governments have argued from a different perspective. Their main criticism is that, contrary to prevalent liberal ideology, the state has failed to shape a climate conducive to private sector growth, and indeed, that the successes of private enterprise have been achieved to a large extent in spite of the state. Imprecision in economic policy has confused entrepreneurs. The state hopes to foster diversification: but where? Should more resources be directed towards deepening industrialisation; and, if so, towards investment in new industries, like metallurgy, or towards modernising equipment in old ones, like textiles? Has the energy sector, so successful in attracting foreign investors and lending, been overexpanded? What priority should be attached to infrastructure? How far should resources be allocated to the coffee sector, whose success in bringing in export revenues is proven, but whose share of total exports has fallen as a consequence of diversification? Are limited domestic resources better employed in energy or in foodstuffs for domestic consumption? With some justification private entrepreneurs have complained of policy disarray: of government that speaks of programmes of job creation while emigration to Venezuela and the United States has remained the main avenue to employment; of uncertainty as to whether government expects new flows of investment to be obtained from foreign sources, (and, if so, from where and when?) or from domestic (and, if so, how and how much?). Yet, perhaps, these critics are carping. Colombia has never experienced a crisis of hyper-inflation, a plunge into de-industrialisation or negative growth rates. And her debt management record has been prudent in all governments but one.

The state is weakest in frontier zones. Its failure to extend an effective presence — judicial, policing, education, health — has left a vacuum in which left-wing guerrillas and private armies of the right compete for power. Coca production has transformed the nature of conflict in some frontier locations. A relatively simple class confrontation over land-ownership, grazing and water rights between large landowners and share-croppers, independent small farmers and landless labourers is complicated by the character of coca as a high-profit, speculative, illegal commodity. So too is a conflict between white or mestizo frontiersmen claiming individual property rights and Amerindians arguing for communal land-owning traditions. While large landowners have recruited para-military groups to protect lands against invasions by dispossessed or landless labour, guerrillas have acted as protectors of frontiersmen or/and Indians and have exacted taxes from large landowners as a condition of crop protection.

The ambiguities inherent in Liberalism have become pronounced in the past twenty years, as the gap between big (national and transnational) and small enterprise has grown. And the Liberal party remains a theatre of contending factions. On the one hand, it is an instrument of its paymasters — the entrenched interests (urban and rural bosses, big business, the liberal professions) which have wielded power

so as to abort, dilute or/and leave unenforced numerous well-intentioned reform schemes, while conceding an occasional popular palliative. On the other hand, the Liberal party is seen as a potential force for radical change by its local-level activists — often modest professionals and small businessmen — and their allies among the popular classes who are agitating for thorough-going reform. Government has yet to resolve these ambiguities. One wing of the Liberal party, backed in office by the international agencies, argues that taxes must be kept down and that social welfare spending cannot be monitored effectively. To date this wing has prevailed against its rival, which presses government to enact reform schemes abandoned by earlier governments and to give greater substance to its campaign against absolute poverty and its programme of rehabilitation in zones of violence.

Ambiguities extend to civil-military relations. For a decade the civilian and military wings of government have been at tension, especially over peace policy and human rights issues. The civilian wing of government has done little to defend the armed forces against allegations of participation in the dirty war, complicity in massacres of peasants and rural labourers and subornment of some officers by the narcotics mafia . . . allegations made by human rights activists and civilians of all parties. Military officers have countered by alleging civilian indifference to a campaign of destabilization and to deaths of soldiers and policemen in armed confrontations, as well as civilian reluctance to increase military budgets. In 1988 civil-military tensions mounted as some earlier allegations against the military were substantiated, and as one complaint began to stick — namely, that senior generals had not always discharged with sufficient zeal their constitutional responsibility of seeking out junior officers accused of human rights abrogations. What is often overlooked is that political reality does not always correspond to constitutional theory. The armed forces are only one of several bureaucracies whose officials at regional and local level may pursue personal interests before corporate ones. The private interest of a middle-ranking soldier in a frontier zone can consist of preparing for an early retirement into civilian life by evolving marital and business ties with local landowning families. His attitude to local power structures may be calculated in terms of a balance between his private expectations and his interpretation of official policy elaborated in a distant capital city.

The legitimate opposition is diffuse. The Conservative party, coalition partner of the Liberals between 1958 and 1974 remains the most significant challenger. Once associated with a Francoist corporatism, the Conservative party has become barely distinguishable from the Liberal except in personnel. The Conservative president, Belisario Betancur (1982-6) was widely regarded as more politically liberal than his Liberal predecessor, President Julio César Turbay Ayala (1978-82). In economic policy party differences over balanced budgets, exchange rates and counter-inflation policy are little more than matters of nuance. Underscoring the common ground between the main parties, some Conservative leaders have urged

a return to the *bipartidismo* of the 1960s on the grounds that coalition government was more broadly representative of the nation than single-party rule. Their Liberal opponents argue to the contrary: that such current problems as the near-breakdown of the judicial system are the direct legacy of coalition arrangements that suffocated open debate, neglected sustained administrative reform and emasculated the system of checks and balances between executive, legislature and judiciary.

The other significant party is the Patriotic Union (UP), a new left-wing coalition which emerged from the Betancur peace policy. The Betancur government aimed audaciously at creating space for a third party that would both woo left-wing voters and provide a legitimate voice for ex-guerrillas who laid down arms in exchange for guarantees. The UP candidate, subsequently assassinated, won over 4% of the total vote in the 1986 presidential elections. Government ministers openly acknowledge that published voting figures do not indicate the real dimensions of popular support for the UP, and that its impact has been seriously weakened by the dirty war of the extreme right, which has, since 1985, assassinated several hundred of its national and local leaders. Others have been forced into exile; others too have re-entered the guerrilla. The policy of reincorporation of guerrillas in civilian life was frustrated by the refusal of some guerrilla groups to enter peace negotiations, the campaign of extermination and vengeance killings by the extreme right, and the failure of the government to act upon some of its social policy promises in areas of violence owing to IMF pressures to curb social spending. The future of the UP is uncertain. It may be prevented from making substantial electoral advances by being over-associated with the old Communist party and the FARC (Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia) but, arguably, such over-association constitutes the only effective protection of some of its leaders against the extreme right.

The opposition outside the law is diverse too. The Barco government distinguishes the violence of the guerrilla which it considers negotiable from that of the narco-terrorists which it considers non-negotiable. The tenacity of guerrilla action in Colombia is undeniable; it is the only Latin American country to record continuous guerrilla activity since 1949. And guerrilla groups have sometimes enjoyed substantial popular support in particular localities. But their unpopularity in others, where they have raised taxes and imposed levies, appropriated crops, and recruited youth with romantic appeals to the glory of death in the armed struggle, has hastened the formation of private armies and militias. Private 'self-defence groups' have flourished in some areas, supported by small farmers and merchants as well as large ranchers. In the past five years two major trends can be observed. First, there is a decline in the public credibility of the guerrilla, most evident in the universities, and a growing public impatience with the intransigence of groups that rejected the favourable Betancur peace terms. Secondly, the guerrillas have made little headway. They have won no major victories, in spite of an increasing professionalism of their operations made possible by modern weaponry obtained from

the international arms market through a temporary alliance with the drugs barons.

Like the guerrillas, the narcotics barons enjoy a fluid support-base. Their activities have generated employment and opened up frontiers. Networks of small producers, large merchants and local sellers are among their clients. Vaunting their patriotism, the narcotics barons draw a sharp contrast between their own preference for reinvesting profits at home and decisions by leading bankers to transfer funds to Miami. The narcotics entrepreneurs have sought profitable outlets for surplus funds in the legitimate sector — in urban construction, small and medium-size manufacturing, landownership, and services like hairdressing. The wealthy newcomers have purchased land and livestock as the trappings of respectable bourgeois status. Their bid to enjoy equal status with (and, perhaps, to marry into) the old leading families can be seen in their emulation of established patronage patterns. Mafia leaders have funded football teams, church-building, and even, in Medellín, the construction of a housing estate. In 1986 there was widespread alarm that the drugs barons were broadening their support, and were on the threshold of erecting a parallel government on the basis of their existing networks. These anxieties have largely been allayed in 1988-9 by press investigations that have shown how improvised and casually structured the organisation of the drugs barons is. Furthermore, bloody feuds between the Cartel of Medellín and Cartel of Cali suggest that rival barons are unable to reach a common policy. Widely discredited by violence and assassination, by political opportunism and by creating the conditions in which such scandals as child prostitution flourish, the mafia leaders have lost the initiative to the government in April 1989. Journalists who had inveighed against the timidity of the government were caught by surprise when a police campaign, made possible by improved intelligence-gathering, was launched against cocaine processing plants and paramilitary training camps sponsored by the drugs barons.

The pursuit of peace in Colombia has been hazardous and tormented. Since the Turbay administration failed to defeat the guerrillas through military means, Presidents Betancur and Barco have adopted different kinds of peace policy. Peace processes have been fraught with difficulty. Who should be involved? The exclusion of the army from negotiations by ex-President Betancur raised inevitable questions about whether military officers wanted to see his peace formula stick. The rejection by President Barco of the Church's offer of mediation with guerrillas raised questions about the wisdom of antagonizing a powerful interest, even if there was a risk that negotiations could become unnecessarily confused if they had too many participants. With whom should negotiations be conducted? At least four guerrilla groups compete for attention; and there is no evidence that the Coordinadora Simon Bolívar is either capable of formulating a peace policy endorsed by all or can exact the compliance of the rank-and-file in outlying areas. Government has been exercised by the conundrum: how far does a willingness to negotiate amount to an

acknowledgement that the guerrilla enjoys a measure of legitimacy? How far, as right-wing opponents of peace processes claim, do negotiations give the guerrilla leadership a breathing-space in which their supports may rest and be redeployed? The range of forces with an interest in paralyzing the peace process is considerable. The beneficiaries of military-guerrilla confrontation range from small arms dealers, private vigilante firms and land speculators to the narcotics barons who operate more freely so long as the resources of the government are employed elsewhere.

Colombia approaches presidential elections in 1990. For thirty years foreign and domestic observers have inaccurately forecasted a right-wing military coup or left-wing guerrilla victory. This author holds the view that the presidential elections will take place as scheduled, and that the transition from the incumbent president to his successor will occur relatively smoothly. Both the present administration and its predecessor have contained violence to the extent that legitimate economic activities continue to grow. A renewal of the impetus to a negotiated settlement with the M-19 guerrilla group in the first months of 1989 awakens a cautious optimism that the worst of political and social decomposition may be past. Three doubts remain. First, whether the guerrilla leadership is sincere in seeking peace, is capable of persuading the rank-and-file of the merits of a settlement, and is ready to readjust to normal civilian life after long years in the mountains. Secondly, whether the military and paramilitaries will allow the peaceful return of guerrillas to civilian life without vengeance killings. And, thirdly, whether the upper and middle classes are prepared to contribute to a peace settlement by paying higher levels of taxes that will finance a more rapid pace of social reform, and thus give urban and rural protesters a stake in the political order so that they are weaned away from active or tacit support for the practitioners of violence. If Colombia is to be rendered fully governable, the population as a whole has to be reconciled to government; and this is possible only if government embraces far-reaching social reforms that are within the scope of an expanding economy. Much will depend in the 1990s upon whether reforming elements in the civilian wing of government are still hampered by the braking power of entrenched interests and *immobilisme* in public administration.

[Dr. Christopher Abel is Lecturer in Latin American History at University College, London. He was Visiting Professor in the University of Central America, 1987-88.]

THE MALAISE OF BRITISH EXPORTS

by C. C. Aronsfeld

IN his recent speech at the Central Bank of Kuweit, Prince Charles commended the British Invisible Export Council which had arranged for a delegation from the City of London to travel to Kuweit and promote business there. Kuweit had attracted the Council's attention before, in fact it was the destination of the Council's first ever overseas mission back in 1972, and there have been many others since. The Prince hoped that more British companies would follow this example though he was bound to make the sad confession, based on experience in almost every country he had visited, that 'British firms are consistently losing out to foreign competition through an inexplicable inability to appreciate the long term importance of investing in the establishment of a presence in the country with which you want to do business'.

He did not seem to realise that this was an old complaint, and when he asked 'Why cannot we take the trouble that other countries take?', implying that some of our exports are not so much invisible as often non-existent, he needs to be reminded that various answers have been given but all apparently with invisible effect.

Over ten years ago, a British businessman in Bonn informed the public that if the British share in the West German market was 'infinitesimal' — as he had observed — the reason was essentially a lack of British interest as revealed in the failure to appreciate the customer's legitimate expectations and requirements. He had heard 'scathing remarks' and 'brutal criticism' which caused him to feel that the once famous 'Made in England' had become 'a kind of laughing stock'. If British domestic goods were to sell abroad, he thought, it was necessary to 'step up the quality of the workmanship, a closer and friendlier relationship between seller and buyer and a continuous marketing research programme'.

A few years later, in 1986, the troubles of Britain's foreign trade caught the attention of the Ministry of Education, and one of Mr. Kenneth Baker's earliest policy statements dealt with what he recognised as a particular cause of the malaise — the lack of a knowledge of foreign languages. It was then beginning to be felt that schools had to be geared to the needs of international trade. 'If we are to compete effectively in world markets and to communicate on equal terms with our European partners (the Minister said), we need to increase substantially the numbers of young people leaving school with a good grounding in at least one foreign language' — which would enable the British businessman to tackle the foreigner on his own ground.

At the time only French was available as a first language; no more than about six per cent of the schools offered German as the first, or alternative first, foreign language and only one per cent Spanish (so important for Latin America). Even now, Russian, let alone Arabic, Japanese or Chinese, is practically never taught.

We are, said the *Daily Telegraph*, 'the laziest major country in Europe when it comes to learning foreign languages', a laziness 'deplorable' in a country 'that makes its living by trading relationships', and it was (putting it mildly) 'not a tactful assumption, by those who seek to sell rather than buy, that a customer ought to understand a proposition put to him in a language not his own simply because ours has a wider currency'. It was in fact nothing short of folly due to an arrogance which was described by the director of the Centre for Information on Language Teaching and Research, a 'linguistic chauvinism'; not only was it a handicap in promoting British exports, it made us (Mr. J. L. M. Trim said) 'more vulnerable in the penetration of our home market by foreign exporters'.

Now this debate has a long history, extending over more than 100 years. In matters of trade and commerce, many lessons were taught by Germany, and it might have been to the advantage of this country to consider them. Germany has been a rival ever since the days of Bismarck, and the edge of the competition was felt by Britain in many parts of the world. It is interesting to turn the pages of modern history and ponder the opportunities that have been lost over many years.

As early as 1875 attention was drawn to the heavy gains German trade was making against Britain in the markets of Russia. In 1881 the British Consul at Helsingfors (Helsinki) wrote that 'the German Market had completely supplanted us in the delivery of rails and rolling stock required by the Finnish State Railways'. What was the secret of the German success there? For one thing, they knew the country, though they also had the advantage of fairly easy overland transport. Moreover, Russia was honeycombed with German agents who often acted for British as well as German firms. The British Consul in Odessa in 1886 found Kiev, the capital of the Ukraine, swarming with them, and he made the disconcerting discovery that several English houses had employed Germans as travellers who, by degrees, transferred the business they had collected to their own countrymen!

A doleful tale is also told in British consular reports from the Balkans 80 years ago. Almost invariably they stress these reasons for the German advance at British expense — the larger number of German commercial travellers, better credit arrangements, sounder knowledge of markets and languages, cheaper cost of goods and prompter delivery. Incidentally, the now often canvassed complaint of slow delivery from Britain is by no means new. A British diplomatic despatch from Rome in 1897 states: 'Great complaints are made concerning the slowness, and still worse, the want of certainty in the date of delivery of goods ordered in England'.

In Italy, German progress was found to be due to an interesting circumstance. A large number of young men went to Germany to be trained in the management of industrial concerns. The fact that they went to Germany rather than to Britain was partly accounted for by the constant visits to Italy of German commercial travellers and professors who, speaking Italian, were able to boost the advantages of German industrial education. Many Italians, having thus been attracted to Germany, became

on their return factory managers and proprietors, and, being familiar with the German language and industrial methods, they naturally turned to Germany for their supplies of machinery. An American student of Anglo-German relations remarks: 'Had England taken the same part in the industrial education of Italy, English machinery and plant would certainly have been less extensively displaced'.

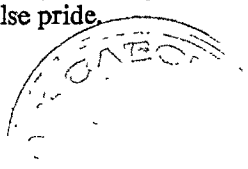
Unfortunately, there was evidence that Britain had given little adequate commercial education even to her own people. British consular reports teem with laments on this particular shortcoming. A glaring handicap was British ignorance of foreign languages. 'I often hear of commercial travellers from England arriving in Moscow unable to speak anything but English', writes the Moscow Consul in 1896, pointing out that 'Germans invariably speak a little Russian'.

German houses were in the habit of sending young men all over the world to acquire knowledge of languages and business customs. A 'fair number' of such German clerks who would 'render valuable assistance when they return to their fatherland', were reported in 1898 by the British Consul in Warsaw, and he wondered: 'Cannot young Englishmen be found to study the market in this way?'

There were perhaps other reasons too. In Spain, the Barcelona Consul saw, in 1886, the chief impediments to British trade in 'the peculiar character and habits of these foreigners' — the Germans, for example, 'by far the most numerous'. 'These men (the British Consul wrote) live in a style incredibly economical; their salaries for the most part are mere pittances, and in fact many of them devote their time and labour on behalf of commercial houses without any remuneration at all, content with having obtained a footing in the business... It is the thrifty, self-denying life they lead that spares expenses by their employers'.

This picture of the German commercial agent in Barcelona, which was probably true for many parts of the world, was confirmed in a Foreign Office Memorandum by James Bryce, then (1886) Under-Secretary of State, who found that 'the youths who go from Germany... to push their fortunes abroad... are willing to live more plainly than Englishmen do... If they have less dash and enterprise than our countrymen, they have a steady tenacity and habits of systematic application not less valuable in the long run'.

Is there a lesson that can be learnt? There may well be. If in the old days Britain's strength was not substantially reduced by the gruelling competition, the reason appears to be that she drew sustenance from the resources of a world-encircling Empire. She could afford to take things easy. She cannot now. The great reservoir has shrunk. Britain is poorer than she was and therefore less than ever can she hope to be saved by exertions other than her own. As far as her export trade is concerned, it would be surprising if she did not succeed — provided the chief causes of the present malady are realised without fear (as they were by Prince Charles speaking at Kuweit) and remedied without false pride.



THE DEBATE ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

by William Fortescue

'DOES there *have* to be a celebration for the *Bicentenaire* of the French Revolution? And what is there to celebrate?' Thus Professor Richard Cobb began a challenging article published in *The Daily Telegraph* on 3 January 1989. Certainly, during the revolutionary decade from 1789 to 1799, together with the subsequent Napoleonic period, France and many other countries experienced a degree of human slaughter and material destruction unmatched until the First World War; and any consideration of the millions of victims of the French Revolution and of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars of aggression suggests that French official attempts to present 1789 as the inaugural year of a universal concept of human rights are somewhat grotesque. However, while celebrations of 1789 are arguably ill-judged, commemorations are more than justified. Whatever one thinks about the French Revolution, it was undoubtedly important. Together with the Industrial Revolution it helped to usher in the modern world. Moreover, the French Revolution is a topic which has an almost unparalleled attraction for historians, since between 1789 and 1799 so much happened to so many individuals and institutions, such a variety of fascinating problems, conflicts and personalities emerged, and the whole phenomenon is, relatively, so well documented. Finally, the French Revolution has always been exceptionally controversial: 1789 witnessed the beginning not just of the French Revolution but of the debate on the French Revolution, a debate which has never ceased.

The French Revolution poses so many questions to which so many plausible answers can be given. What caused the outbreak of the French Revolution? Was it ideas, conspiracies, political struggles, social grievances or economic factors? Why did the French Revolution continue after 1789? The political ineptitude of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, the irresponsible extremism of revolutionary leaders, the determining influence of economic crises, the explosive force of political and religious conflicts, and the wide-ranging consequences of civil and foreign wars have all been blamed. Why did the Revolution go wrong? Does responsibility lie with the pressure of mob violence, disastrous political leadership, the totalitarian tendencies of Jacobinism, or the megalomania of Robespierre? How should the Jacobin Terror of 1793-1794 be judged? Was it the inevitable product of circumstances — the counter-revolutionary movements, the economic crises, the civil and foreign wars — in other words, the only means of defending the Revolution and the Republic? Or was it a terrible perversion of the Revolution's humanitarian and democratic ideals in order to permit a clique of power-hungry Jacobins to remain in government? What overall interpretation should be given to the Revolutionary decade? It can be seen as a complete break with the past or, conversely, as part of long-term developments discernible before

and after the Revolution; as a class struggle in which a capitalist bourgeoisie displaced an absolute monarchy and a feudal aristocracy; as a crucial period of social and institutional modernisation for France and for much of the rest of Europe; and as an episode in a long-standing struggle for French Continental supremacy and for French colonial and imperial domination over Britain.

The first major contributor to the historical debate on the French Revolution was the British writer and politician Edmund Burke. Although a radical on many issues, he opposed the Revolution because it attacked the Roman Catholic Church, threatened the institution of private property, and involved so much disorder and popular violence. In his *Reflections on the Revolution in France* (1790) he attributed the outbreak of the French Revolution to the influence of Enlightenment thinkers ('the literary cabal') and, more particularly, to the rationalism of the Enlightenment. He rejected rationalism, maintaining that instinct and emotion rather than reason prompted human thought and action, and that human societies should evolve gradually and naturally with due respect for history and tradition. Also he offered an alternative to rationalism in romanticism by adopting a romantic view of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, by associating beauty, chivalry, civilisation and love of country with the Old Regime, and by portraying pre-revolutionary France as peaceful, prosperous and engaged in constructive reforms. Burke's thesis can easily be faulted: the Enlightenment did not constitute a coherent revolutionary ideology, and the Enlightenment cannot explain the participation of peasants and artisans in the Revolution; the King and Queen were not just innocent victims, since their personal decisions and behaviour contributed to their ultimate fates; and if France before 1789 were so splendid, why did the Revolution occur? However, Burke not only wrote very well but he also developed a critique of the Revolution and a counter-revolutionary ideology which have remained attractive and influential.

Burke's claim that the Enlightenment had caused the French Revolution at the time gained almost universal acceptance, the claim frequently being associated with the conspiracy thesis. For example, the abbé Barruel alleged that he had discovered a conspiracy of philosophers, freemasons and atheists which had plotted successfully with Jacobin adventurers to overthrow Catholic and Monarchical France. Barruel also asserted that the sufferings of the French people during the Revolutionary years represented God's punishment for all the sins and blasphemies which had characterized French society before 1789. The attribution of the apparently inexplicable to conspiracies, and the representation of catastrophe as God's punishment, are timeless and tenacious concepts. They may, nevertheless, have some validity for an understanding of the French Revolution. The Enlightenment did encourage the adoption of critical attitudes towards the *status quo* and optimistic hopes of reform and innovation; plots and conspiracies did abound in Revolutionary France, and they could be significant, such as the Committee of Thirty in 1788 and 1789; and human fate, if not divine law, supports the truism that

decadence often leads to destruction.

During the Restoration Monarchy which succeeded Napoleon's Empire historians such as Madame de Staël, Adolphe Thiers and François Mignet developed a liberal interpretation of the Revolution. They argued that the Revolution's aim had been the abolition of feudalism, class and feudal privileges, and royal despotism, and the establishment of constitutional government and the rule of law. The liberal bourgeoisie achieved all this between 1789 and 1792, but in 1792 the Revolution went wrong with the overthrow of the constitutional monarchy and the subsequent development of the Jacobin Dictatorship and the Terror. However, liberal historians tended to present French military achievements from 1792 as national triumphs. This revealed the contradiction inherent in the liberals' simultaneous attraction to democracy and to nationalism, which similarly influenced their view of Napoleon (his curtailment of liberty and democracy was condemned while his military victories and foreign conquests were praised).

The overthrow of the Restoration Monarchy in the Revolution of July 1830, alienation from the July Monarchy of Louis Philippe, the short-lived Second Republic of 1848-1852, and the establishment of a Napoleonic Second Empire, all encouraged a more sympathetic approach to republicanism. Writers including Alphonse de Lamartine, Jules Michelet, Louis Blanc and Edgar Quinet moved the debate on the French Revolution further to the Left and contributed to a debate within the Left. The anti-clericalism so characteristic of much nineteenth-century French republicanism led Michelet in particular to castigate the Roman Catholic Church as a pillar of the Old Regime. Republican historians, though, were not usually anti-religious. In fact Quinet criticised the First Republic for having failed to establish its own religion, while other republicans distinguished between Roman Catholicism and Christianity and suggested that Republican ideals and primitive Christianity had much in common. For most republican historians the 'people' had been the life-blood, inspiration and driving force of the Revolution, not the liberal bourgeoisie. From this it followed that popular violence could be justified, certainly the storming of the Bastille (14 July 1789) and possibly the Jacobin Terror, though generally not the Paris prison massacres of September 1792 or the anti-Girondin *coup d'état* of 31 May-2 June 1793. Also republican historians inevitably rejected the liberal notion that the Revolution had gone wrong in 1792, when the First Republic had been proclaimed. Instead they emphasized the presence of at least some idealism in Jacobinism and even in Robespierre. Such republican views of the Revolution provoked criticism and controversy. The portrayal of the Revolution as a struggle between a corrupt and tyrannical Old Regime supported by a privileged minority on the one hand, and a democratic and humanitarian movement supported by the 'people' on the other, could be shown to be a crude over-simplification. Equally many Frenchmen considered the justification of political violence a slippery slope and questioned the idealism of the Jacobins and Robespierre.

While French historical writing on the Revolution during the nineteenth century became virtually an extension of French politics, one major writer, Alexis de Tocqueville, achieved new standards of scholarship and objectivity. A liberal aristocrat who had directly experienced the upheavals of 1848 and the *coup d'état* of December 1851, Tocqueville wanted to understand the causes and character of the Revolution of 1789. Using his extensive research in local and national archives he put the Revolution into perspective in administrative terms by stressing the continuity of trends towards centralisation under the Old Regime Monarchy, the Jacobin Dictatorship and Napoleon. This implied that the Revolution, far from constituting a rupture, in fact simply accelerated developments which had occurred before 1789 and which continued after 1799. On the causes of the Revolution he was equally original, attributing them not to royal despotism or harvest failures but to royal attempts to introduce reforms and to rising political and economic expectations. However, while he believed progress towards liberty, democracy and economic modernisation to have been inevitable, he regarded the revolutions of 1789 and 1848 as avoidable and unnecessary. Altogether Tocqueville presented a brilliant analysis, but he probably exaggerated the degree of administrative centralisation achieved in Old Regime France, and he was probably mistaken in supposing that the Revolution of 1789 could have been avoided.

Yet another revolutionary upheaval, the Paris Commune of 1871, influenced Hippolyte Taine, the author of a long diatribe against the French Revolution. France under the Old Regime allegedly enjoyed a golden age of prosperity and civilisation, but in a fit of madness a great nation allowed its fate to be determined by middle-class scoundrels and lower-class criminals who plunged the country into an orgy of death, destruction and chaos. Alphonse Aulard, the historical apologist of the Third Republic and the first holder of the chair of the history of the French Revolution at the Sorbonne, took up Taine's challenge. Whereas the post-1815 liberals had regarded the 1789-1792 period as the 'good' phase of the Revolution, Aulard argued that the Constitutional Monarchy and the property franchise represented a denial of the Revolution's republican and democratic ideals, which began to be realised only after the establishment of the Republic in 1792. Aulard, though, remained a moderate: he criticised Robespierre for having master-minded the Terror and he praised Danton for having attempted to give Jacobinism a human face.

Augustin Cochin, one of Aulard's main critics, resurrected the old idea of the conspiracy thesis as an explanation for the outbreak of the French Revolution. He argued that masonic lodges and literary societies, common in France on the eve of the Revolution, had served as centres for the dissemination of revolutionary ideas and for the co-ordination of revolutionary action, particularly for the drawing up of *cahiers* or statements of grievances and for the selection of representatives for the Estates General in the spring of 1789. These masonic lodges and literary societies allegedly went on to provide the inspiration for the Jacobin movement,

with its clubs, rituals and debates. Cochin correctly emphasized that a new political culture did develop in France during the 1790s, but his thesis does not explain why Jacobinism remained almost exclusively a French phenomenon, whereas the Enlightenment, masonic lodges and literary societies flourished in much of Western Europe in the late eighteenth century.

The concept of the French Revolution as a class struggle predates Marx, but Marx's ideas on revolution have clearly exercised a profound influence on the Revolution's historiography. Marx maintained that all history is the history of class struggles and that in any revolution a ruling class is displaced by a new class. In the case of the French Revolution of 1789, he asserted that a rising bourgeoisie, deriving its economic strength from the expansion of capitalism and its ideological strength from the diffusion of the Enlightenment, successfully challenged a feudal aristocracy and an arbitrary monarchy. The French Revolution thus constituted the triumph of the bourgeoisie and the principal consequence of the Revolution was to make France safe for the development of capitalism.

The first full-length history of the French Revolution with the class struggle as its central theme came from Jean Jaurès, a leading French socialist, who wrote in the aftermath of the Dreyfus Affair and at a time of significant peasant protest and industrial unrest. Jaurès emphasized the existence in France by 1789 of a wealthy and politically conscious bourgeoisie and the revolutionary role from 1789 of the *sans culottes,* the artisans, craftsmen, shopkeepers and labourers who formed the popular movement in Paris and in other cities. Albert Mathiez followed this re-emphasis of the importance of the bourgeoisie and of the *sans culottes* with a reappraisal of Robespierre. Whereas previously Robespierre had been generally reviled as a bloodthirsty tyrant, Mathiez saw Robespierre as the incorruptible, who never sacrificed his belief in the Republic of Virtue for political or financial gain, as the indomitable patriot, who led the defence of the Republic against its enemies both at home and abroad, and as the egalitarian democrat, who believed in price controls, universal education and manhood suffrage.

Marxist interpretations of the French Revolution required not just triumphant revolutionary classes and effective revolutionary leadership, but also determining economic factors. Here the graphs of Ernest Labrousse obliged. By plotting the prices of key commodities such as cereals and wine on graphs, Labrousse showed that after a prolonged period of economic expansion, a recession hit France in 1778 and continued until the Revolution, the years 1787 to 1789 being particularly difficult. In fact the economic crisis coincided so precisely with the political crisis that the price of bread reached its peak in Paris on 14 July 1789, the day the Bastille was stormed. While this kind of analysis may be too deterministic, Labrousse performed a very important service in providing precise economic evidence and in relating that evidence to the unfolding political crisis.

The Marxist interpretation of the French Revolution gained further

scholarly impetus from Georges Lefebvre. He wrote an exhaustive doctoral study of the peasants of the *département* of the Nord and a much shorter examination of the rural revolts of July-August 1789. For the first time the French peasantry and their role in the Revolution received thorough examination. Lefebvre argued that peasant movements were largely autonomous, with distinctive objectives and characteristics not found in the urban revolts; he showed that as a result of the abolition of the seigneurial system and the forced land sales of the revolutionary period, a rural bourgeoisie of substantial peasant land-owners emerged, the kulaks of the French countryside; and he explored the concept of the revolutionary peasant mentality, the collective political and social consciousness of the peasantry.

Just as Lefebvre had brought to life the revolutionary peasants, so Albert Soboul brought to life the revolutionary Parisian *sans culottes*. He acknowledged that they did not constitute a class in Marxist terms, in other words in terms of their relationship to the forces of economic production, because they included employers and employees, skilled craftsmen and day labourers, shopkeepers and poor urban consumers. Nevertheless he maintained that they constituted a class in a social and in a political sense: they tended to lead a similar life-style, to share the same social and political mentality, and to support the same political, administrative and military institutions. While Soboul undoubtedly exaggerated the homogeneity of the Parisian *sans culottes*, he did present a detailed profile of the Paris popular movement, a profile far more satisfactory than Michelet's anonymous 'people' or Taine's violent mob. Ironically, though, Soboul's *sans culottes* are more petty-bourgeois than proletarian.

The main thrust of much recent writing on the French Revolution has been to develop a critique of the Marxist interpretation, which for decades enjoyed orthodox status in France. Marxist characterisations of social classes, and Marxist analyses of the revolutionary role of social classes, have been shown to be inaccurate and misleading. The pre-1789 French nobility and aristocracy were not necessarily feudal, declining, uninterested in capitalism, opposed to the Enlightenment, or even hostile to the Revolution. In a meaningful sense, feudalism did not really exist in late eighteenth-century France. Various forms of a seigneurial system prevailed in the countryside, involving a myriad of rights, privileges, dues and obligations. However, many seigneurs were not nobles or aristocrats, and by no means all nobles and aristocrats were seigneurs. Noble and aristocratic owners of country estates often exploited them in a business-like manner; and capitalist enterprises such as coal mines, iron foundries, glass works and overseas trade often involved nobles and aristocrats. On an intellectual level, nobles and aristocrats bought and read the publications of Enlightenment writers (some of whom, indeed, were themselves nobles or aristocrats), so that the Enlightenment should not be regarded as an exclusively bourgeois ideology. On a political level, nobles and aristocrats can be shown to have supported the Revolution: the so-called aristocratic revolt of 1787-1788 forced Louis XVI to summon the Estates General; in

the spring of 1789 nobles demanded numerous reforms in their *cahiers;* after the Estates General had met, liberal nobles joined the Third Estate and backed revolutionary measures; and many nobles and aristocrats held public office and served the state during the Revolution as officials, as army and navy officers, and as government ministers (including one member of the Committee of Public Safety).

Similarly, the bourgeoisie was not necessarily rising or capitalist and did not necessarily profit from the French Revolution. Most members of the bourgeoisie invested their surplus capital, not in the stock exchange or in commercial ventures, but in landed property or in some sort of legal or official office. Moreover, those members of the bourgeoisie most active in revolutionary politics between 1789 and 1799 tended to be lawyers or office-holders. These lawyers and office-holders did not belong to a capitalist class in a Marxist sense; and economically most of them were not rising before 1789, since the legal profession tended to be over-staffed and the value of offices tended to be in decline. Finally, many members of the bourgeoisie suffered economically during the Revolution, particularly those engaged in overseas trade, which experienced severe disruption as a result of wars, colonial revolts and naval blockades. Comparable objections to the Marxist thesis can be made with regard to other social groups. For instance, peasant action undoubtedly led to the destruction of the seigneurial system, but peasants also featured prominently in counter-revolutionary movements; and the peasant ideal of small-scale land-ownership and agricultural production was arguably reactionary rather than revolutionary or capitalist.

A more fundamental objection can be made against the Marxist thesis in that the population of late eighteenth-century France cannot be accurately divided up into clearly-defined social classes. In particular no rigid distinction existed between a caste nobility founded on inherited wealth, status and privileges on the one hand, and a meritocratic bourgeoisie founded on personal ability, thrift and position on the other. Instead the French elite was, in relative terms, socially fluid, with wealth, however acquired, being the most important criterion for social acceptance. The nobility became a distinct element within the French elite only because of the forms and procedures adopted for the Estates General. These involved classifying all adult male members of the French elite as noble or non-noble, thus giving the non-noble section of the French elite a collective consciousness and a collective grievance.

Taking a longer, nineteenth-century, perspective, did the French Revolution usher in the reign of the bourgeoisie and favour the creation of a capitalist economy? The position of the bourgeoisie and the development of capitalism must have benefited from such measures as the opening of careers to the talents, the proclamation of equality before the law, the establishment of uniform administrative institutions, the standardisation of weights and measures, and the abolition of craft guilds and privileged corporations. However, as late as the 1840s land-owners, especially agricultural land-owners, overwhelmingly dominated the French elite,

and many of those land-owners were nobles or aristocrats; a modern capitalist-style economy did not really develop in France until the 1850s, when improved communications, notably railways, enabled agricultural and industrial producers to cater to national and international markets much more effectively than ever before; during the nineteenth century the French economy was overtaken by that of Britain, Germany and the USA, and in terms of real income per capita by that of Switzerland, the Netherlands, Belgium and Scandinavia; and in the realm of mentalities, at least so far as the bulk of the French peasantry was concerned, a modern sense of nationhood and a modern sense of republicanism did not take root until after 1871.

The old Marxist orthodoxy has, then, crumbled, but critiques of that orthodoxy do not really amount to a new overall interpretation. Perhaps historians now recognise that the Old Regime and the 1789 Revolution in France are such complex and multifaceted phenomena as to defy such treatment. If so, the endless debate on the French Revolution has entered a new phase.

HISTORICAL STUDIES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

1790 Edmund Burke, 'Reflections on the Revolution in France'.
1797–99 Abbé Barruel, 'Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire de Jacobinisme'.
1818 Mme. de Staël, 'Considérations sur les principaux événements de la Révolution française'.
1823–27 Adolphe Thiers, 'Histoire de la Révolution française' (10 vols.).
1824 François Mignet, 'Histoire de la Révolution française depuis 1789 jusqu'en 1814'.
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1856 Alexis de Tocqueville, 'L'Ancien régime et la révolution'.
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1875–94 Hippolyte Taine, 'Les Origines de la France contemporaine' (6 vols.).
1901 Alphonse Aulard, 'Histoire politique de la Révolution française'.
1901–05 Jean Jaurès, 'Histoire socialiste de la Révolution française' (4 vols.).
1921 Augustin Cochin, 'Les Sociétés de pensée et la democratie'; 'Les Sociétés de pensée et la Révolution en Bretagne' (2 vols.).
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1924 Georges Lefebvre, 'Les Paysans du Nord' (republished 1959); 'La Grande Peur de 1789' (1932).
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[William Fortescue, a Lecturer in History, University of Kent at Canterbury, wrote *Alphonse de Lamartine* (Croom Helm, 1983) and *Revolution and Counter Revolution in France, 1815-1852* (Blackwell, 1988).]

THE IMPACT OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION ON BRITAIN

by H. T. Dickinson

THE outbreak of revolution in Paris in 1789 was an event of the very greatest significance in the history of France. The subsequent French efforts to export revolution to the rest of Europe and the long wars which this provoked had important consequences for every major country in Europe. The impact on Britain was both profound and prolonged. It eventually forced her into a long and bitter conflict which compelled the British people to make enormous sacrifices in blood and treasure. To win this war Britain had to suffer economic dislocation, find new sources of revenue, expand her navy and overhaul her army. The French wars were unprecedented in their scale, duration and consequences. What was particularly remarkable about the impact of the French Revolution on Britain however was its deep and abiding influence on the intellectual climate within Britain and on the development of British politics both inside and outside parliament. Throughout Britain the French Revolution became the most important subject of public debate. It eventually transformed the Younger Pitt's supporters into a new Tory party and it severely weakened Charles James Fox's opposition Whig party for more than a generation. It also provided a major stimulus to radical political activity throughout the country and it encouraged the growth of a loyalist counter-revolution which did much to ensure that French principles would not in fact take root in British soil.

I

In the years after 1789 parliamentary politics in Britain were characterised by three significant developments: a rallying behind a conservative government of most of the propertied elite; reduced support for the Whig opposition; and a more marked two-party structure. Although William Pitt's party of government in the 1790s bore many similarities to that which had existed before 1789, there were important changes which can be linked directly to the impact of the French Revolution. The party in office remained highly aristocratic. It was led by a small group of professional politicians and it could count upon the support of nearly 200 MPs, who were attached to the crown by patronage and marks of royal favour, and of a number of independent backbenchers who were always ready to support the king's ministers so long as they avoided a major disaster at home or abroad. During the 1790s however the composition of ministerial majorities did undergo gradual, though significant, changes, largely because of the threat posed by France.

The popularity of the Younger Pitt's decision to resist the French Revolution abroad and to oppose radical reform at home encouraged a growing number of ambitious politicians to attach themselves to the party of government rather than to Fox and the parliamentary opposition. Most rising young politicians looked for careers in a party of government

dedicated to preserving the existing political and social order rather than with a discredited opposition. Pitt and his disciples were credited with ensuring a patriotic defence of the country and its established political and social order. This political stance first won over Edmund Burke from the opposition, then the more conservative opposition Whigs led by the Duke of Portland and, eventually, most of the propertied elite who dominated both houses of parliament. This much strengthened governing party proved itself expert at exploiting the power of ideas to defend the existing constitution in church and state. Admiration for the British constitution, combined with growing alarm for its safety in the face of the French threat, led to the articulation of a conservative ideology of considerable appeal, resilience and intellectual power. Edmund Burke launched the first impassioned and sophisticated attack on the moral and intellectual claims of the French revolutionaries and of British radicals. In his *Reflections on the Revolution in France* (1790) Burke warned that, if such men were not opposed, they would destroy the established order in church and state, eliminate hierarchy, destroy social harmony and justice, and incite the impoverished masses to pillage the wealth of the propertied classes. At first Burke's fears were regarded as exaggerated, even unbalanced, but within two years there began a positive flood of conservative propaganda justifying Burke's claims. Writers such as William Paley, Robert Nares, Samuel Horsley and John Reeves, contributed to this massive campaign to warn the nation of the threat posed by the French appeal to universal and inalienable natural rights. While they admitted that all men possessed a common humanity and all had an equal right to justice and the rule of law, these conservative writers insisted that human beings were so unequal in body, mind, talent and fortune that they had no moral or legal right to claim an equal share of political power. The vote, for example, was a legal right which any civil society was free to confer or to withhold as it saw fit. It was entirely legitimate for Britain to favour a political system which restricted the vote to a propertied minority.

According to these conservative writers civil government was not created to convert natural rights into civil liberties, but to protect private property, to preserve the natural distinctions in society and to restrain man's selfish and passionate nature. The most stable governments were the products of the needs and fears of men, not the deliberate result of reason or will. Their authority did not rest on any original contract, but on the history and experience of a particular society. The British constitution was prescriptive in that it was not the product of particular decisions taken at a specific time, but was the fruit of long experience and the result of trial and error over many centuries. Human experience was therefore more important than human reason in judging the merits of such a constitution. It was dangerously conceited for even the wisest and shrewdest of men to presume to elevate their reason above the judgement of centuries and the test of time. Abstract rational principles were an inadequate guide to political action. It was a primary

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dictate of prudence not to prefer reason above the rooted opinions, traditions and prejudices of society. To such fears about French principles Burke added the warning that the French Revolution would rapidly degenerate into violence and terror, leading to war and the creation of a military dictatorship. This prophecy seemed unduly alarmist when it was first published, but, by late 1792, with the outbreak of war in Europe, the September Massacres in Paris and the move towards a republican system of government, Burke's warning had gained many converts. Men of property increasingly followed his lead. They rallied to William Pitt's government, which became a determined opponent of French principles and which declared war on France in February 1793. After 1794 this government had an overwhelming majority in parliament. The rallying cry of counter-revolution was clearly prevailing in parliament as the ruling elite led the nation in defence of the monarchy, the constitution and the established church.

Events in France not only increased the parliamentary majority of Pitt's party of government in the years after 1789, they also played a major role in dividing the opposition Whigs and in condemning the Foxites to nearly forty years in the political wilderness. The disintegration of the Whig opposition certainly owed much to domestic factors, because it had lost a great deal of popularity and it had alienated George III before 1789. Outwitted, even humiliated, by Pitt during the Regency crisis of 1788-9, the Whig opposition suffered from divided counsels and erratic judgement and tied itself too closely to the unpopular and irresponsible Prince of Wales. The internal problems facing the opposition Whigs however were undoubtedly exacerbated by their inability to unite in their response to the French Revolution and the French wars. The Whig opposition fell apart between 1792 and 1794 because so many of its members could no longer accept the view of Charles James Fox that French revolutionaries and domestic radicals posed little threat to the established political and social order in Britain. The anxiety created by prolonged war proved even more alarming than the political changes within France and it reduced even further the support for the Foxite Whigs both within parliament and within the political nation as a whole. For the Foxite Whigs the 1790s were years of protracted agony, when familiar loyalties were shattered, conventional assumptions were undermined and political expectations were repeatedly thwarted.

The Foxite view of the French Revolution was dominated by British assumptions and expectations. These opposition Whigs mistakenly believed that the French were about to establish a constitutional monarchy on the British model. Even when the revolutionaries turned to violence the Foxites claimed that it was the intervention of Austria and Prussia, aided and abetted by the reactionary Pitt, which was to blame for France's descent into anarchy, terror and dictatorship. The war against France was condemned as unjust and unnecessary. Peace could be had if the great powers ceased to interfere in the internal affairs of France. Such attitudes as these, maintained in the teeth of the evidence, ensured that

the Whigs would never command a majority among the political elite so long as the French threat remained. At the same time the Foxite Whigs failed to enlist the enthusiastic support of radicals and reformers outside parliament because their commitment to parliamentary reform was both ambiguous and lukewarm. They failed to find and extend the middle ground in a decade when political opinions were sharply polarised by events in France. Although the Foxite Whigs eloquently argued the case for peace and they bravely tried to stem the tide of reaction, their efforts were condemned by the political elite as defeatist and unpatriotic and were rejected by the radicals as half-hearted and insincere. The opposition Whigs ended up appearing opportunistic and irresponsible.

In their different responses to the French Revolution the Pittites and the Foxites were divided more than any recent government and opposition had been by a yawning political and ideological gulf. The two parliamentary groups increasingly differed over their attitudes to domestic reform, the French Revolution and the issues of war and peace. These major ideological differences propelled the Foxite Whigs further along the road to improved party organisation. The need to put his conservative views into action also persuaded Pitt to accept that greater organisation was needed to rally his supporters in parliament. This became even more advisable as the reduction in crown patronage and the precarious nature of the king's health meant that royal support could not produce as many ministerial loyalists in parliament as in previous decades. Although the Younger Pitt always regarded himself as an 'independent Whig' his critics increasingly applied the label 'Tory' to a government which defended the royal prerogative, supported the privileges of the Church of England, cultivated patriotic sentiment in the nation at large, encouraged militant loyalists and suppressed expressions of dissent.

II

The dramatic first months of the French Revolution inspired a very positive response among men of liberal views. Veteran British reformers of all shades of opinion were galvanised into action and demands for parliamentary reform, first made in the age of the American Revolution, were revived. The French Revolution also helped to give birth to more radical reformers, known as the British Jacobins because of their interest in French principles. Many of these reformers adopted the political programme of the most extreme radicals of the early 1780s, including universal manhood suffrage, annual general elections and equal sized constituencies. Some claimed that the right of all men to vote was an historic right of Englishmen, while others argued along French lines that it was a universal, inalienable natural right. In his celebrated *Rights of Man* (1791-2), Thomas Paine contemptuously dismissed Britain's much praised constitution and advocated a democratic republic. Few British radicals were prepared to go so far although they did wish to democratise parliamentary elections. Almost none of them however demanded votes for women or showed much interest in the economic plight of the poor. None the less, most of them expected that a reformed parliament would

spend less on maintaining the civil and military establishments and hence it would be able to reduce the tax burden on the people and leave more money in the pockets of the poor. Thomas Paine however did propose the outlines of a welfare state. He advocated child allowances, old age pensions, and marriage and maternity benefits for the poor. In *Agrarian Justice* (1796) he also suggested a tax on the propertied elite in order to raise sufficient revenue to give every man a grant at the age of 21 to help him start out in life. Thomas Spence was unique in being prepared to go much further than this. In his detailed Land Plan he proposed putting all the land and natural resources in each parish under the control of parochial corporations made up of every man, woman and child in the parish. These corporations would rent out the land and natural resources to the highest bidders and the money raised would be used on community projects or be divided equally among every single parishioner.

To disseminate radical ideas far and wide the reformers established dozens of new political clubs and societies in most of the urban centres of Britain. By far the most important of these new radical societies was the London Corresponding Society (LCS), which was founded by Thomas Hardy, a humble shoemaker, in January 1792. Branches of the LCS soon appeared in most parts of the capital. Hardy claimed a total membership of around 5,000, but it seems more likely that the membership fluctuated considerably over the next few years and rarely numbered over 3,000. The LCS never managed to become a truly mass organisation and it failed to attract large numbers of the labouring poor. Most of its leading members were drawn from the middle classes and the bulk of its membership were craftsmen and artisans. The Sheffield Society for Constitutional Information, founded in December 1791, had a total membership of about 2,500; many of them craftsmen in the steel industry. Similar, but smaller, societies sprang up in many other towns, including Manchester, Norwich, Birmingham, Derby, Leeds, Leicester, Nottingham, Newcastle and Edinburgh. They were nearly all formed by the commercial and professional middle classes and by skilled craftsmen.

Although they failed to attract massive support these radical societies did raise the political consciousness of large numbers of ordinary people and they did employ a variety of tactics to put pressure on the governing elite. Nearly all the radicals favoured an appeal to reason and they urged a propaganda campaign designed to expose the abuses of the existing political system. Addresses, petitions and resolutions were submitted to king and parliament. Pamphlets, broadsheets, periodicals and newspapers were used to spread radical propaganda. Some radicals decided to emulate the French by calling conventions to unite reformers behind an agreed programme. A Scottish convention in December 1792 led to Thomas Muir being convicted of sedition. This did not prevent a second, national convention being held in Edinburgh, in November-December 1793, when delegates from Sheffield and the LCS attended. The leaders of this convention were also arrested, convicted and transported to Botany Bay.

Faced with government repression most radicals were at a loss how best

to respond. The majority lost heart or at least moderated their conduct. As a last desperate resort a minority turned to conspiracy and violence as the only means of achieving their political objectives. By the later 1790s a militant remnant of the British Jacobins assumed the conspiratorial, subversive and violent character that the majority of radicals had always repudiated. Groups of United Englishmen were formed in London, Lancashire and West Yorkshire and bands of United Scotsmen appeared in central Scotland. Arms were gathered and secret drilling took place between 1796 and 1798. Lacking numbers, cohesion and a clear strategy however they had little prospect of success without a French invasion to assist them. Once the government had gained sufficient evidence of their clandestine plotting it struck hard and arrested most of the leaders in 1798. Only the United Irishmen, active in both Belfast and Dublin, posed a really serious problem for the government when they abandoned their initial moderation and turned republican and militant in the later 1790s. When a French fleet was dispersed by bad weather in December 1796 the United Irishmen lost their best chance of success. The Irish rebellion which eventually broke out in 1798 was largely a popular rising of desperate Catholics afraid of sectarian violence. The rising began before the United Irishmen were properly prepared and French assistance was both too little and too late. The rebellion was crushed amid hideous carnage. By the end of the 1790s both constitutional and violent efforts to secure reform had been suppressed.

In its determination to resist the spread of French principles and the advance of French power the British government was quite prepared to use legislative and judicial authority to suppress radical activity throughout Britain. Many prominent radicals were arrested and imprisoned, sometimes without ever being brought to trial. The number of convictions was less than 200 throughout the 1790s however so there was no reign of terror. But repressive legislation did make it increasingly difficult for radicals to meet, correspond or publish their views. In 1799 the leading radical societies were finally banned by law and in 1800 all trade unions were declared illegal.

None the less, radicalism was hampered, but not destroyed, by this repressive legislation. What really defeated the radicals was that most of the middling and lower orders were convinced that French principles posed a terrible threat to everything they held most dear. A vast amount of conservative propaganda was written in simple language. Whereas the British people were secure in their property, their liberties and their religion, the French were condemned to social anarchy, dictatorship and irreligion. The only beneficiaries of radical reform would be the idle and the dissolute. The French were accused of spreading terror, oppression and desolation across Europe and, to restrain them, the British people were encouraged to wage a veritable crusade against the French Revolution.

The variety, the sheer volume and the social and geographical spread of this militantly conservative propaganda were all much greater than

that disseminated by the radicals. It was reinforced by the vast number of sermons delivered (and often printed) by the clergy of all denominations. Apart from a few rational Dissenters most ministers of religion rallied to the defence of the established political and social order. A majority of British citizens appear to have absorbed this conservative propaganda and they were persuaded to declare their loyalty to the existing regime. Hundreds of loyal addresses to the king testified to the support given to him by subjects from all walks of life. Perhaps as many as 2,000 loyalist associations were set up in late 1792 and early 1793. Although there was some government encouragement to set up these societies, which clearly outnumbered the radical clubs, their spread undoubtedly testifies to the fact that very large numbers of people wished to demonstrate their loyalty. While most of the active members of these associations were drawn from the propertied classes, their addresses and demonstrations attracted very considerable support from the lower orders too. Loyalists soon showed their willingness to protect the established constitution by force if necessary. In March 1794, when a French invasion began to seem possible, the government authorised the raising of a force of armed Volunteers. Within a few years this force numbered a massive 450,000 men. The willingness to serve in the Volunteers was seen as a loyalty test. The Volunteers rendered disloyalty unfashionable and insurrection almost impossible.

The militant loyalists defeated the radicals, who were mainly scattered in relatively small groups, by adopting a variety of intimidatory tactics. They prosecuted them for sedition whenever possible. Magistrates refused licenses to innkeepers who allowed radicals to meet on their premises. The propertied classes denied radicals employment, tenancies or their custom. A large number of crowd demonstrations recruited widespread popular support for ritual or actual assaults on leading radicals. Thomas Paine was burned in effigy throughout the country in late 1792 and early 1793. On some occasions serious violence broke out. The most violent riots occurred in Birmingham in July 1791 and in Manchester in June and December 1792, but there were dozens of lesser disturbances between 1792 and 1795. Although the local authorities often turned a blind eye to attacks on the radicals, the rioting was not simply inspired by the propertied classes. There was widespread popular hostility to radicalism.

The radicals in the 1790s made notable efforts to achieve parliamentary reform, but they always lacked unity, coherence and mass support. The determination of the propertied elite and the impact of government repression made their task more difficult, but they failed to achieve their objectives. Loyalism triumphed because, when the British people looked at their old enemy, they saw a country suffering from terror, tyranny and turmoil. Resistance to French principles and to French aggression appeared to be a patriotic duty for all true Britons.

[H. T. Dickinson is Professor of British History at the University of Edinburgh.]

TECHNICAL COLLEGES AND TECHNOLOGICAL LEAD

by A. D. Harvey

BRITAIN'S economic decline has frequently been explained in terms of inadequate national investment in technical education. Like many explanations of decline this one was formulated before the decline started: Lyon Playfair's *Industrial Instruction on the Continent*, warning of the consequences of under-investment in technical education, was published by the Government School of Mines in 1852, the year after the Great Exhibition. A generation later, with the economic stagnation of the final quarter of the century, various Royal Commissions looked into the subject, and a steady trickle of commentary continued thereafter, reaching almost navigable proportions in the 1960s and 1970s. Correlli Barnett's *The Audit of War* (London 1986), especially the chapter on pp.201-233, 'Education for Industrial Decline', may stand as one of the more recent classic statements of the argument: others are doubtless still to come.

Correlli Barnett argues that Britain's current problems were already identifiable during the Second World War. This suggests the possibility that comparison of technical and economic performance in *wartime* may be as illuminating as the comparison of the relative performance of national economies under peacetime conditions. In wartime of course the second casualty, after Truth, is Cost Effectiveness. Factories laid out for the production of one type of commodity, with machine-tools purchased for a specific range of requirements, are hastily converted to mass-production of goods for which they may be almost totally inappropriate, with disastrous effects on manpower productivity. Output in the greater part of the range of manufactures is cut back, so that many of the finest examples of technical sophistication lose the competitive status they would have had in peacetime. On the other hand, the narrower range of commodities concentrated on in wartime relate much more to exactly identical functions than would be the case under peacetime conditions of free international trade: the war itself determines the type of economic product rather than the usual peacetime factors of traditional skills, appropriate markets, and accustomed access to required raw materials. The distortion or suppression of so many vital economic factors serves to bring into clearer focus the questions of design skill and technical flexibility.

After 1870 the sector in which Britain lagged most conspicuously was in the chemical and dye-stuffs industry. The First World War was to a large extent dominated by the output of chemicals for explosives and poison gas. In 1914 Germany had much the largest chemical industry in Europe, the best-trained industrial chemists, and the most famous university chemistry departments. Yet Britain and France were both out-producing Germany in explosives by 1916, and Britain at least continued

to do so till the end of the War. The Germans were also behind the Entente in the development of gas warfare testing facilities. Consequently they never discovered that the diphosgene used in their gas shells was ineffective and the explosive charge too powerful for the required degree of dispersion, and it was only when the British and French began to use against them the mustard gas which they had been the first to introduce, that they realised that its most valuable tactical effect was not as a respiratory inhibitor but as a corrosive and skin contaminant — something they themselves were much less able to take counter-precautions against than the British and French because their textile industry was crippled by lack of raw materials. Admittedly the British experts who inspected German chemical engineering installations after the war found them much better laid out than those in Britain, and Germany avoided spectacular accidents in hastily-established explosives and shell-filling factories such as occurred at Faversham, Saint Denis, La Pallice, Silvertown and Chilwell, where the death tolls averaged more than ninety per incident. Still, the basic characteristic of twentieth century warfare is its extremist interpretation of the maxim that one can't make an omelette without breaking eggs, and the British and French chemical industries, despite their marked inferiority to that of Germany in 1914, did at least succeed in making bigger omelettes.

A wider range of more complex technologies was involved in the Second World War. Correlli Barnett gives an output of about 700 graduate engineers a year in Britain in the late 1930s as compared to Germany's 1,900: in Japan official statistics show a total of 4,467 engineering students at university in 1938, suggesting an annual supply of engineering graduates also considerably above that of Britain. At technical colleges (not including the German Technische Hochschulen which rank as universities) England and Wales had 7,533 full-time and 2,185 part-time students in 1936-7, Japan 9,137 students in 1938, Germany 26,056.

Now, as every schoolboy used to know, Germany produced very high quality armaments throughout the war. But one of the reasons for their excellence was German engineers' refusal to sacrifice quality for ease of production. German anti-aircraft radar equipment was so well-made that the British used it as radio-telescopes after the war. The British on the other hand devoted much effort to simplifying manufacture; for example the Polsten 20mm cannon had only 119 components compared to the 250 of the Swiss-designed Oerlikon. The most notorious example of British endeavour in this direction was the Sten Gun, which was outstandingly inaccurate and ineffective as a weapon precisely because it was so crude and simple to make. Yet this simplification of production techniques was an engineering achievement of some stature: and other British weapons were more rather than less complex than their German counterparts; the 3.7 inch A.A. gun for example, or the Oboe radio-electronic navigational device. In any case, with the single exception of the V2 rocket, it is difficult to find any German weapon design that was significantly superior to what was being produced by at least one of their enemies. German

aircraft design for example was excellent, but the outstanding combat planes of the war were surely the British Mosquito and the American P-51 Mustang and B-29 Superfortress; the Rolls-Royce Merlin was a better engine than the Daimler Benz DB 601, and so on. The Germans claim the credit for being the first to use jet aircraft in combat and they were certainly the first country to fly a jet-powered aeroplane (in 1938) and jet fighter (the He 280 in April 1941), but in the event the Me 262 and the Gloster Meteor went into action almost simultaneously in August 1944. And despite the fact that the Germans flew their first test-bed jet aeroplane three years ahead of the British, the jet engine they eventually put into production showed many signs of inadequate development: too rapid opening of the throttles for example would cause the motors to stall or burn out, which was a bit awkward in a combat plane; and the fact that the Me 262's engines lasted one fifth of the time between major overhauls compared to the engines of the Gloster Meteor also suggests a fundamental inferiority of design and of expertise in high-temperature alloys.

Although even the Germans considered the employment of armoured gliders against American bomber formations it was the Japanese *kamikaze* attacks which provide the classic example of the use of human courage to make up for deficiencies of technology. The dropping of the atom bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki were simply a final illustration of how totally and catastrophically Japan lost the Second World War on the technological front. Japanese design, especially in aircraft, was of the highest quality but they were increasingly unable to mass-produce their more sophisticated aeroplanes to the design standard because of problems in the development and production of alloys: undercarriage sections and, especially, engine parts routinely failed because of inability to produce them to the required tolerances. Outside the aeroplane industry the situation was even worse: the Germans made the Japanese a present of a U-boat to copy but its design was too complicated; nor could the Japanese develop effective radar equipment even with captured American radar sets to copy. But perhaps the area of Japan's most disastrous failure was the defence of her sea communications. Despite the constant innovation of German submarine technology the British managed to keep their shipping lanes open and finally, by means of a vast technological effort, to defeat the U-boat in 1944. The Japanese on the other hand offered only the most feeble and unco-ordinated resistance to the American navy's submarine offensive against their merchant shipping. US submarines sank 4,859,634 tons of Japanese shipping for the total loss of 44 submarines; compared to 14,687,231 tons of Allied and Allied-controlled shipping sunk for the loss of 1,030 Axis (mainly German) submarines: 110,000 tons of Japanese shipping per American sub lost, as compared to 14,000 tons of Allied shipping per Axis sub. It must be added that Britain's Royal Navy was no better equipped or prepared for anti-submarine warfare in 1939 than was the Japanese Imperial Navy in 1941, while British technical training, as far as the statistics show, was already lagging behind

Japanese.

The evidence from the Second World War does not simply deny the crude equation of the number of technical college places with the level of technological excellence of a particular society; it also indicates what might be a more crucial factor, the overall development strategy chosen at the highest managerial level. Instances of unhelpful decision-making at the top in wartime Germany are the cancellation of the He 280 jet fighter in 1942 because of General Milch's personal aversion for its designer, the adaptation of the totally unsuitable Me 262 to a bomber role because Hitler disapproved of defensive weapons, and the concentration of scientific effort on the development of the V2 rocket bomb at the expense of the *Wasserfall* guided anti-aircraft missile. American experts examining German research establishments after the war were struck by the absence of any institutional structures to establish priorities or to assess optimum lines of development according to scientific principles. Technical opinion probably had less weight in the overall direction of the German economy in the years 1939-1945 than at any time since. Clearly the influence of technical expertise is more than merely a function of the overall numbers of technical experts, or even of the number of technical experts in management positions.

Arguably some of the technological development programmes in post-war Britain which have been most spectacularly unsuccessful in terms of cost-effectiveness — atomic energy, Blue Streak, Concorde, Nimrod — were the result of decision-error not by the purely technical experts or by rhetoric-spouting politicians, but by an intermediate tier of experienced officials who worked out the details of the objectives and the guidelines, prepared the agenda for decision-making, vetted the options that had to be evaluated. This is a question which still awaits detailed analysis; but for the moment it may be permitted to suggest that Britain's problem may be less a shortage of experts than a surplus of the wrong kind.

[Dr. A. D. Harvey is author of *Britain in the Early Nineteenth Century* (1978), *English Poetry in a Changing Society 1780-1825* (1980), and *Literature into History* (1988). He also edited *English Literature and the Great War with France* (1981).]

The August number of the *Contemporary Review* includes *Ties That Bind: British South African Relations* by C. A. Vale, *Cuba After Thirty Years: The Gorbachev Visit and After* by Tony Kapcia and *Why Lord Mackay Was Susceptible* by R. D. Kernohan.

ERRATA to the final line of page 8 — For University of Central America read National University of Colombia.

REALISM REVISITED

by John Elsom

IN March 1988, I was lucky enough to meet some students from the Moscow Art Theatre's drama school and an incident occurred which stayed in my mind all year, until, that is, I returned to Moscow in March 1989 to visit a Conference on Stanislavski.

On the first occasion, we had been talking about Samuel Beckett, and I was trying to explain why in my view he was not a dramatist of the Absurd at all, but almost too painfully realistic, probing into private feelings which we all experience but prefer not to acknowledge.

A young actress replied, 'That's all very well. You may be able to read all kinds of meanings into Beckett's plays, but that doesn't make them realistic. In real life, people don't sit on the ground up to their necks in sand. They don't wait around for someone they don't know, and who may or may not exist, and who may or may not help them, if they do exist; and unless they're very eccentric, they don't keep their parents in pickling jars more suitable for gherkins. That's the difference between realism and absurdity.'

'No,' I said, 'you're quite wrong. You're confusing the way in which the sign is delivered with how it is used. A sign may be a very plausible imitation of a real object, but it is not more realistic on that account. It could be a little plaster model of St. Basil's, *kitsch* for tourists. The reality of a sign lies in the use that you can make of it. Beckett's images may not imitate daily behaviour, but they force you to look at your own experience. That is why they are realistic.'

'I understand what you mean', she replied, 'but I don't agree with you. Plausible imitation by itself may not make a sign more realistic — but it may prevent the sign from becoming too ambiguous or private. It lifts the image from a personal to a social level. A thousand people can see the sign and recognise its significance. And if they all know what it means and find it interesting or useful, then the sign acquires an objective reality which can never be matched simply by what the individual may find in a pipe dream'.

'No, you're wrong,' I said, and by this time we were both getting quite heated, 'you're confusing objectivity and subjectivity with realism and fantasy. But you can be objective *and* unrealistic, subjective *and* realistic. It's a matter of tone.' And I gave her an example.

'Let us suppose,' I said, 'that you are a character in a play and a British actress, let's call her Emma (for all young actresses in Britain are either called Emma or Jane), this Emma has been cast to present you in a new naturalistic play entitled *Perestroika in Glucha Dolna*. Now Emma has studied what passes for the Stanislavski method of realistic acting in the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London; and after doing all her movement and vocal exercises, her limbering up, she would begin by compiling your case history. "Here is a twenty-three year-old girl," Emma

would say, "born in Minsk, educated at the local high school, with a father who works in a nearby factory and a mother who teaches at the university."

'Emma would then try to be a bit more specific. She would try to name the district of Minsk and perhaps look at old photographs. She would want to know the kind of factory where your father works, what subjects you learnt at school, the names of your friends, your boyfriend in particular. And as Emma works towards an understanding of your character by this method, various social and political assumptions would creep in uninvited. She would want to know whether or not your father was a member of the Soviet Communist Party, whether you come from a petit-bourgeois family which had or had not suffered during the Revolution, whether you have or have not any religious convictions. Emma probably wouldn't know much about Soviet communism or about the Russian Orthodox Church; but she would still think that by labelling you in this way, she would be approaching your character realistically.

'Finally, to complete her image of you, Emma would probably be given a battered Russian doll or a scarf which you might have worn, which she can finger like a holy relic, in the belief that the touch of a real object might release in her mind some intuitive sympathy with you. That is how in Britain, we approach a character realistically, by making up a jig-saw puzzle of presumed facts. And the results on stage often look like a jig-saw. You can see how all the pieces fit together, the wavy lines across the face, but the face itself is blank and expressionless without a will of its own.

'Is this how you see yourself?' I asked her. 'Do you wake up in the morning and think, I am a twenty-three year old girl with a father who is a factory worker in Minsk? Or do you lie there, wondering whether another ten minutes in bed would make you lose your bus, or whether Mr. Right will come along today, or whether smoking has given you lung cancer — yet? These are the feelings with which Beckett is concerned; and that is why I do not think of him as an unrealistic writer at all, though he may use extraordinary and unlikely images. These images, if you look at them closely, are simple ways of describing experiences which social realism ignores'.

At this point, I had to leave to catch my plane; but I kept wondering how she might have replied, if she'd had the opportunity. I have been hearing all year in my mind the voice of the great Russian Shakespearian scholar, Aleksander Anikst, who died last December and who had said in a conference in London that 'modern plays are too naturalistic, too close to everyday life. The general human problems are wrapped up in such clothing that the human element in them is not seen as it was in ancient art, in the Greeks and in Shakespeare, in particular'.

I would express this problem in a slightly different way. In Britain, and (I suspect) throughout the West and possibly the East too, we are surrounded by information which no longer informs, by facts — which tell us nothing, or very little. They have been devised for some bureaucratic

purpose which we may or may not know about, may or may not approve; and yet such is their power over our lives that we accept them unquestioningly as 'facts' and therefore more real than our other intimations of mortality. They come into our lives like the dreaded Inspector General in Gogol's play and we give them a more undeserved respect than Khlestakov himself received.

I am referring, of course, to opinion polls, marketing surveys, bank statements, social security records, all those bits and pieces of supposedly objective data which purport to tell us what we are and what we deserve from life. To give a precise example, I need only turn to my passport, which is full of libellous information about me. It tells me that I am fifty-four years old, which is ridiculous, and that I was born in, of all places, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex. Nobody is born in Leigh-on-Sea: it is a dismal watering hole where Cockneys go to retire. And I would never give a visa to anyone who looks like my passport photograph. It would be socially irresponsible. These external, factual records about me are so far removed from how I think about myself that I can see only one minimal connection — my name, although can even my name be said to be mine? when one word was inherited and the other chosen by my parents, and I had no say in the matter.

What distinguishes these so-called facts from ten billion other possible indicators is not that they are more real but rather that they fulfil a particular social purpose. They do not say anything about how I think, feel or behave, but simply distinguish me from somebody else at a frontier post. The related details on my passport provide a pattern (English, 54 and Leigh-on-Sea) which can be quickly sorted out from other similar patterns, such as Polish, 32 and Gdansk. They derive their authority from the uses to which they are put, not to their inherent quality of realism.

The same might be said of other signs and sign systems, including the artistic genres of realism and naturalism. They are not inherently more real than other modes of perception, unless we attribute to them some kind of primitive magic; but we can use them to distinguish one area of experience from another and by that means, to focus more intently upon one particular aspect of our life, ignoring the others. The reality lies in how the signs are used, not in what they are; just as, in the Christian religion, Jesus's words can enlighten or delude, according to how we interpret them.

But at the back of my mind, I can hear how that young actress might have replied to me, if she had had the opportunity last year. She would have said, 'But you *are* fifty-four and you *were* born in Leigh-on-Sea, unless your passport is lying. And these are *facts* which differ from how you may think about yourself. If you dream that you are thirty-two and a Cossack, then you are making a big mistake. That is the difference between fact and fantasy'.

'Of course,' I would say, 'but that is a mistake that actors are making all the time, professionally, as it were; and in their case, the reality lies not in whether they are thirty-two year old Cossacks or not, but in the use

which they make of that hypothesis. There is no short cut to realism. Even if I accept the external social facts about myself at their face value, I still have to discover through hard labour what being 54 and English actually means.'

And I have no doubt that we could have gone on discussing this question for the rest of last year and this year too.

In Britain, and throughout the West, the name of Konstantin Stanislavski is associated with an approach towards acting and directing which has transformed our ideas about naturalism in the theatre. What I like and admire about his writings is that he never takes realism for granted. He knew that it was a tough struggle to tell the truth under whatever social conditions one happens to find oneself; and that there are many ways of focussing the mind other than through a pedantic factualness.

Nonetheless, he bore witness to the search for truth; and the Stanislavski Symposium took place at a time in the Soviet Union when the old dogmas are crumbling. I went to a meeting of theatre directors from all over the Soviet Union; and it was a tortured, chaotic affair. 'For seventy-one years', a director from Vladvistock asserted, 'We have been told what to think. And now nobody tells us. How can we produce anything if we don't know what is expected of us?' 'How can we face up to the idea', said another, 'that the glorious revolution on which we have spent so much energy and time and blood was a mistake?' 'We have been living', said a director from Omsk, 'in a make-believe world. We are *still* living in a make-believe world . . .'

And yet they had all been trained in stage realism according to Stanislavski. The Shock of the New can be very painful for those who have to endure it.

None of us can feel confident that the facts on which we have learnt to rely are not, at some point, going to be exposed as superstitions. Stanislavski witnessed many such upheavals in his time; and left us his example as a way of coping with them. He took his theatre away from the distractions of the boulevard and back to its central task — of seeking to understand the human condition. Realism, in the theatre as elsewhere, means nothing more nor less than a renewal of interest in life itself; but, of course, this can take such an effort, such an intolerable strength of will.

[John Elsom, the former President of the International Association of Theatre Critics, is the author of many books on the theatre. He broadcasts frequently for the BBC and has written as a journalist for many papers including, in Britain, the *Observer* and *The Listener*.]

REVIEW OF RECENT CONTEMPORARY OPERA IN LONDON

by Diane Knill

MEDIA hype has been much in evidence in the contemporary opera scene in London this season. Some of it was deserved, particularly at the Coliseum where English National Opera managed to corner three first British performances which, with David Balkes' 'The Plumber's Gift' still to come, is a commendable feat.

Philip Glass's 'The Making of the Representative for Planet Eight' follows the success of Aknaten at the Almeida in 1987, and therefore carried most media coverage. Since his attractive minimalist music magnetises a following from both the rock and classical worlds it appeals to a wider audience than do most contemporary operas. The libretto by Doris Lessing is based on her novel of the same name which forms part of her science fiction series Canopus in Argos. The novel itself describes in poetic and ethereal language (unfortunately coupled with a weak knowledge of geology and meteorology) the death of a planet and its people through a massive climatic change. Lessing's message is clearly relevant to the green environment issues of today and the climatic changes which we look like experiencing through increasing levels of carbon dioxide and methane in the atmosphere and the destruction of the ozone layer. Unfortunately the libretto to Glass's opera is disastrous and utterly fails to convey either Lessing's prophetic message or her beautiful and poetic language. Neither does the libretto give any identity to the characters to which we can relate in our present environment crisis. Only Doeg (admirably sung by Andrew Shore) emerges as a credible being torn by the anguish and responsibility he feels for his fellow men.

The stage settings presented problems at Houston and were not greatly improved at the Coliseum. Quite primitive people are capable of building more than a slightly elaborate picket fence as a defensive system and the unisex apache style dress complete with dhotis verged on the ludicrous. Even a realistic snowstorm or the arrival of Johur's spaceship failed to rescue the opera from the banal and boring settings.

Minimalist music with its recurring simple motifs, chordal cells and distinct, regular and repetitious rhythms over long periods can carry with it more than a hint of monotony almost verging on boredom. In Glass's hands this apparent simplicity is an illusion which masks both the subtlety of his progressions and the inward dramatic intensity which gradually crescendoes to produce a work which is infinitely moving. In spite of its feeble libretto and uninspired staging The Making of the Representative for Planet Eight remained the only contemporary opera whose haunting music was in any way memorable.

Ten minutes away at Covent Garden, Luciano Berio's 'Un Re in Ascolto' was another first British performance. Previously a political message has been the hallmark of Berio's operas but in Un Re, Berio

embarks on a surrealistic adventure set loosely against the background of Shakespeare's Tempest. The Opera, through the thoughts of an ageing and ill theatre director, portrays man's self deception and his failure to grasp realities since he does not comprehend what he hears. This is not an easy philosophical idea to convey in words let alone through opera and more than one hearing would be needed to measure the success of Berio's intent. Unlike Planet Eight, Un Re in Ascolto is supported by an excellent libretto drawn largely from the exquisite poetry of Italo Calvino which is conveyed with great dramatic intensity in passionately lyrical music by Donald McIntyre as Prospero. The stage designs by Chris Dyer depicting a theatre in rehearsal are effective and the perfect foil for all the activity which takes place on stage between the rehearsing dancers, acrobats, chorus and actors. Graham Vick as producer highlights the combination of Berio's ironical wit with surrealism by the way in which he creates a parody of the auditions, swings the declaiming chorus into the air and surrounds the dying Prospero by a band of querulous self-seekers. The star of the first act was Robert Tear, who through his tongue in cheek characterisation of the manic director gave every appearance of hugely enjoying himself in his role reversal.

Eribert Reimann has been in the fortunate if not unusual position of having two operas staged simultaneously in London and both receiving their British premières. Unlike Berio's 'Un Re in Ascolto' which uses Shakespeare's plays merely as a backdrop, Reimann's Lear is a conscientious attempt to portray through opera the eloquence, agony and grandeur of Shakespeare's Lear. Not surprisingly Shakespeare's prose suffers by being first translated into German, forced into a libretto by Claus Henneberg and then returned to its native tongue by Desmond Clayton for ENO. In the end the libretto is a straight-forward and fairly skilful abridgement although unfortunately Lear emerges as a doddering, senile wreck rather than a figure of dignity. The opera is however intensely dramatic, bloody, cruel and exciting. The depths of Lear's anguish are poignantly depicted both dramatically and musically in the storm scene where the percussive effects of thunder and the reverberating brass are almost too realistic. In the opera's finest moment the terror of the storm gives way to the terror of isolation where against the oppressive stillness of steadily falling rain the lyrically beautiful Fool's song (exquisitely sung by Eric Shilling) gradually crescendoes.

Relying on serial and atonal techniques, Reimann succeeds in conveying a gamut of emotions and effective characterisations through musical innuendos as in Cordelia's six and twelve note motifs or Goneril's jagged and querulous rhythms. Set in blocks to either side of the stage, the strident and massive brass section in quarter tones and clusters of hexatones haggles with the savage and deafening percussion both of whom succeed in annihilating the unfortunate blood-splattered orchestra in the pit.

Opera Factory London Sinfonietta was responsible for the excellent joint productions of Strindberg's play The Ghost Sonata and Eribert

Reimann's operatic version of it at the Queen Elizabeth Hall. Written near the end of Strindberg's life when he was verging on insanity, the play gives a dark morbid view of what Strindberg perceived as the reality of life whereby people are tied irrevocably to their past which, though hidden, simmers just below the surface. The sets which seemed to be identical to those of the 1986 Zurich Opera Factory production were excellent. The use of mirrors and translucent screens produced an eerie twilight in which the dead, living dead and the living disappear and reappear instantaneously and dreamlike illusions are created in which reality is lost. Reimann's atmospheric music captures the essence of Strindberg's spiritual message in the spine-chilling scoring for strings and the exquisite melodic lines which he has written for woodwind. This is far more eloquent and subtle music than that for Lear. The excellent cast included the superb David Aldred as the disturbed and puzzled Arkenholz, Richard Suart as the malevolent Hummel and Christine Botes as the not-so-insane Mummy who at times brought an unintended but welcome hint of humour to this morbid melodrama.

Kurt Weill's The Rise and Fall of the Town of Mahagonny is hardly a contemporary opera in the strictest sense but its fully staged production by Morley Opera in March deserves a mention if only because it illustrates a serious gap in the London opera repertoire. Excellently staged and directed, the slick performance at Morley College included two young singers of potential; Robert Burt as Jimmy Mahoney and Anthony Marber as Trinity Moses. Last fully staged in 1963 at Sadler's Wells, this opera with Weill's racy and tuneful melodies and Brecht's satirical text so relevant to today, deserves more than one hearing in nearly thirty years.

The standard of singing in all these operas was almost always excellent. Whether singing within the melodious but narrow and taxing range of minimalist music or the wild fluctuations in pitch and dynamics of Reimann's atonality, vocal quality and intonation were sterling. Only poor diction, particularly in the female singers, flawed the scene. The demands made on today's singers in terms of technique and sensibility which compels them to move in a wide range of musical idioms surely merits not only large bouquets for all but magnums of the best champagne.

FIRSTS AND LASTS AND 'SPECIAL NUMBERS' OF QUALITY ART MAGAZINES: 1935-1967: PART II

by W. J. Strachan

THE five art magazines, with three of which I was involved as a contributor, have in common — the *sine qua non* of such periodicals — enlightened support and editors of distinction. The first in date, *Signature No. 1,* was the creation of that superb typographer, Oliver Simon of the Curwen Press. The equally distinguished Shenval Press, under the direction of James Shand, published and backed *Alphabet and Image* and its immediate successor, *Image.* Both the latter which covered together the period 1946 to 1952 were edited by Robert Harling whom some readers may remember for his novel *The Paper Palace;* others may have noticed his name as present editor of *House and Garden.* Eric Gregory, then chairman of the Yorkshire printers, Lund-Humphries — early supporter of Henry Moore and founder of the 'Gregory Fellowships' for poets and sculptors — was the *'éminence grise'* of *Typographica* with the typographer, Herbert Spencer, in the editorial chair. Finally, again with Shenval Press backing, Ruari McLean founded *Motif,* a welcome newcomer to fill the gap left by the demise of *Typographica* c.1954 (the magazine had ceased dating the numbers). *Motif* (No. 1, 1958) continued non-stop up to *No. 13,* in 1967, sadly under the shadow of the untimely death of the generous supporter of three of the five magazines, James Shand.

The mid-thirties were reasonably prosperous times, and *Signature* in its pre-war issues could indulge in the best reproductive methods — such as collotype — and even the occasional original. *No. 1* had an article by Paul Nash on Edward Bawden's drawings 'as good an example', he writes, 'as you can find of the modern type of applied draughtsmanship' (harnessed for example to Shell advertisements and book-illustration). The issue also had a piece on the printed and published wood-engraving of Eric Ravilious — he, along with the other two artists, soon to be enlisted as 'war-artists'. Among the items shown were: the Prospectus of the Golden Cockerel Press, carrying his design (a cockerel that rivals Jean Lurçat's in tapestry), the cover for the menu of the Double Crown Club and engravings for the Kynoch Press Notebook. Beatrice Warde, publicity director of the Monotype Corporation and, under the pseudonym 'Paul Beaujon', writer on typography, contributed reviews to this and other issues. I recall my VIth-form 'typographers' queuing up on her visit to us to secure her attractive 'swash' signature. That good and also 'populist' artist, Barnett Freedman (his submarine mates were to call him 'Mike' for Michelangelo!) contributed a dazzling orange-red and black alphabet of Decorative Initial letters — colour combination he favoured for the sleeve and illustrations for the First Editions Club of New York's *War and Peace.*

Up to the last number, 18, 1954, *Signature* — the art equivalent of

Horizon, what greater praise?—recorded all the best that was happening in the domain of art and applied art. There are interesting cross-references — evidence of the mutual interest between the literary and art editors. Robert Harling, for example, was upset by Cyril Connolly's pronouncement proposing to suspend the publication of *Horizon* for a year. 'It has drawn attention to the sad state of "little magazines" in this country'. The last number of *Signature* printed a eulogy of Oliver Simon in the poet, Edmund Blunden's flowing calligraphy: 'Here pause', wrote Wordsworth, 'in a yet dark time'.

To me the most memorable contribution to *No. 18* was Denys Sutton's perceptive look at some of the contents of that dazzling review, *La Revue Blanche*. I have a full-size reproduction of the *Album de la Revue Blanche* in front of me, with photographs of its artists and literary contributors. The *Revue* was founded by the brothers Alexandre and Thadée Natanson, and the Série parisienne ran from 1891 to 1903. Among its contributors were Gide, Léon, Blum, Fénéon, Marcel Proust; the artists (who provided lithographs in black and white and colour) include Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard, Vuillard and Vallotton — the latter with wonderful portrait woodcuts. If *La Revue Blanche* was the organ of *fin de siècle* intelligentsia in France, *Der Sturm*, and its writers and artists, is an equivalent document of Nordic expressionism. Edith Hoffman leads us, in her article, into that world of unreality whose leader (and director of the movement) was the poet, Herwarth Walden whom we are shown here through the eyes of his portraitist, the Austrian-born Oskar Kokoschka. Years later I was to dig out of the Tate cellars his expressionist painting of the sea at Polperro for comment in an article for *Studio*.

The balance represented by the title of the new magazine, *Alphabet & Image* is skilfully held in *No. 1*. On the one hand, an authoritative article by Stanley Morison on the 'Numbering of Newspapers' teaches us that there is no aspect of 'The Trade' that is not worth exploring. Then, Ruari McLean on Egyptian typefaces and Sir Francis Meynell with a piece, 'Design and the Printer'. On the other; 'image' comes into its own with an article by Francis Sarzano 'Illustrations of Mervyn Peake'. To me, idiosyncratic, they frighten rather than charm. That, however, is often his intention. For charm we turn to the work of Kate Greenaway — a favourite of Ruskin's — introduced by Percy Muir, an authority on children's books. The standard set in *No. 1* was maintained to a worthy last, *No. 8*. Here we have James Shand — as a contributor of an article on G.B.S. and Printer — dealing with all Shaw's familiar typographical eccentricities. Douglas Newton introduces the 'Paintings and Plastics of Edward Wadsworth', a founder member of MARS — with its emphasis on structural purpose. James Thorpe shows us examples of Charles Keene's fluid pencil-line. Ambrose Heal, writing on 17th century trade cards, illustrates the value of collected, so-called, ephemera to outside beneficiaries. I cannot resist citing another example which introduced the new subject of seals to me — a variety of seals on letters sent me by their collector, Alfred Fairbank, miraculously reaching me unbroken (and

naturally, remaining so).

Fortunately, *Image* soon came along to console us for the cessation of its predecessor. Since it emerged from the same stables, we could open *No. 1 (Spring 1949)* in confident expectancy. Robert Harling explained the transition: 'In *Image* we shall briefly now concern ourselves more widely with the visual arts in their fine, applied, plastic and other adjectival aspects'. Mention was made of articles I was to write on 'certain French artists'; also of other interests to be represented — photography, lithography, stencil-cutting, copper-engraving. The most complete 'declaration of intent' any editor can have ever made — and moreover, adhered to. *No. 1* included John Summerson on J. M. Gandy, architectural draughtsman; John Lewis on the Book-illustration of John Minton. They included the results of a trip he made to Corsica in the company of Alan Ross. A piece of interesting cross-fertilisation with literary magazines here. This last scheme was promoted by John Lehmann and readers of my first article will have remembered that Lehmann and Ross were editors of *London Magazine,* from respectively, 1953 and 1960 onwards.

Image No. 2 carried an article on the topographical drawings of John Piper. *The Cornhill No. 1* had published Piper's topographical drawings of Norwich (January 1946). Back to *Image No. 1:* Geoffrey Taylor on the drawings of the American artist, Ben Shahn; Basil Taylor on George Stubbs. In *No. 4* Harling who had expressed his regret about the suspension, for a year, of *Horizon,* went on to repudiate the charge made by *The Daily Mirror* that *Image* was 'highbrow'. 'Yes', he admits, 'we print half-tones on uncoated paper... But does this tot up to lavishness? Hell, no'. *Image No. 5* ('special') was devoted to wood-engraving in the 20th century and embracing technical and intellectual approaches to the craft as different as those of Gordon Craig, John Nash, David Jones and Sir Sydney Cockerell's favourite engraver, Joan Hassall. Sir Hugh Casson wrote on the sculpture exhibited in The Festival of Britain of which he was the organiser. His article included a photograph of Frank Dobson's 'London Pride', that is, the plaster model. This model went astray and it is only recently that it was discovered among some lumber and cast in bronze. So now it is once more resited on the South Bank.

I led off in *No. 8* (the last) with 'Experiments for a Book' — Henry Moore's sketches and two completed full-page colour lithographs for the Goethe/Gide *Prométhée* — the sculptor's contribution to the *'livre d'artiste'* genre. Perhaps the generous allowance of colour reproduction for this and an article on Gordon Cullen's Architectural drawings by Raymond Philip helped to deliver the 'coup de grâce' to *Image.* Harling wrote in his 'Mild Dirge' (1952)... 'There aren't that many people interested in keeping any small and mildly serious magazine alive... *Horizon* found it so... but, there it is, the money was going out too fast.'

Fortunately, in 1949 *Typographica No. 1* was launched. It started off sticking rather severely to typography and calligraphy. However, the editor livened up *No. 2:* Imri Reiner produced a glorious cover and the sculptor, Robert Adams a two-colour lithograph for a frontispiece. They heralded

a broader approach, Reiner's pages of Ornamental Lettering were a delightful contribution. In a 'special' issue *(No. 5)* devoted to 'Purpose and Pleasure in Printing', examples were displayed from 14 countries. From *No. 4* onwards a *résumé français des textes* was appended, particularly welcomed by the French artists I dealt with. Each issue had some surprise; *No. 12* had an informative article on music-printing with a reproduction of an original Beethoven piano score. 'The liberation of the letter' introduced examples by Dubuffet, Derain, André Masson. *Typographica* stopped at *No. 13.* I was lucky to have my contribution on Clavé's important lithographic illustrations and initial letters in the penultimate issue. So many articles were of interest to the general reader such as that on 'publishers' Colophons', announced by some 48 of them, printed black on the red cover of *No. 9* and repeated, with identifications, inside. How many of us could, unaided, have recognised the hand of Reynolds Stone in the colophons of Dent and Rupert Hart Davis ('Anchor' and 'Fox'), Eric Gill's in that of Collins, a Walter Crane in Cassell's or Sir William Nicholson's in the 'Windmill' device, signalling Heinemann? I, for one, cannot be too grateful to the compiler, Michael Alexander.

Two or three years of deprivation, then the exciting launch of *Motif No. 1* and an invitation to the party given to the contributors. For me an opportunity to express the pleasure in person to Edward Ardizzone for his book-illustrations — in particular to his own text, *Little Tim and the Brave Sea-Captain,* and to *Uncle Silas* by H. E. Bates. My contribution was on the Book Illustrations of Jean Lurçat, whose pioneer tapestry had been exhibited at the V&A in 1949. I interviewed him at his Château St. Laurent St. Céré, Lot. First we dined in the lofty mediaeval hall, off his own ceramic plates; above our heads the huge tapestry he had designed — woven at Aubusson, and awaiting its transportation to *Le Palais des Nations.* His book illustrations in his individual surrealist vein, *Géographie animale* and for *Les Fables de la Fontaine,* are inimitable and link up with his tapestry 'elements' — *'le coq', 'le papillon', 'la chèvre'. No. 1* also reproduced six portrait-drawings by Richard Guyatt — semi caricatural — including striking likenesses of Edward Bawden and the book-jacket designer of Faber, Berthold Wolpe. *Motif No. 13* and the last, recorded a tribute to James Shand — to me 'the printer as hero'. He would have seen and approved the contents — Robert Melville on 'recent Paintings by Francis Bacon', 'lettering on Building', a piece on the sculpture of George Fullard.

No new art magazine has yet appeared comparable in scope and standard of production to any one of this quintet of titles, each of which, while playing its own tune, carried overtones, linked it to the others and, occasionally, crossed the narrow frontier to the literary magazines. An enlightened treatment of contemporary typography, graphic and applied art — with many welcome illuminations of past work — for a period of thirty years, is something for which we have reason to be profoundly grateful.

ARAXA

by Jill Burberry

IT took me three years to get into Araxa. Perhaps that is as it should be. To an English ear Araxa sounds like a magical kingdom and my endeavours have the flavour of a zany folktale. Araxa is the original name of an Arab garden in Majorca that is now called La Raixa. I learnt about it in an article by Russel Page, the international landscape artist who died a few years ago. He restored the Alhambra gardens in Granada. In the article he also described Al Fabia, a garden created by Benhabet when he was governor of Pollensa and Inca. It fired my imagination and I made up my mind to visit them.

1987 was my first opportunity. I was staying in Palma, Majorca, and Al Fabia is not far away. It was open to the public and is easily accessible by car, or there is a train from Palma to Bunyola. Alfabia is an hour's pleasant walk further on along narrow roads between fields of orange and lemon trees.

Majorca was under Arab control from 902 AD until it was recaptured by 'James the Conqueror', of Aragon, in 1229. Benhabet surprisingly welcomed James with a present: 'Full twenty beasts laden with barley, kids, fowls, grapes', Henry C. Shelley tells us in *Majorca* which was published by Methuen in 1925. An old guidebook says he fell in love with a beautiful Christian girl. Benhabet laid out Al Fabia with the traditional eight terraces of the Moslem paradise. Happily the original design is unchanged and the garden still contains lovely pebble-patterned paths, pools and water effects. But the plantings I saw were old, overgrown and in need of renewal.

La Raixa is near to Bunyola too, but it had been sold into private hands and closed to the public. In 1988, with the help of a map, I found the entrance. In fact there were two drives with gates. One had a 'no entry' sign for cars and the other was marked 'private'. Once more I gave up. But last February I determined to try again.

Robert, a friend, offered to drive there and parked by the entrance that was barred to cars. We skulked guiltily along the winding lane past orchards of pale pink and white almond trees, which just that week had exploded into thousands of blossoms. Armies of olive trees, said to be around 1,000 years old, sprouted gargoyle faces from their gnarled trunks. The regiment to our left was twisted and bent by the wind into a state of retreat. Those on our right were almost erect and apparently bewildered by victory. A buzzard wheeled overhead, dropping his prey and swooping to recapture it before it fell to earth.

At the top of the drive we came to a fine archway, built for Cardinal Despuigs. He acquired possession of the estate by marrying into the Sa Forteza family. It had previously been given as a reward to the Count of Ampurias for services to James and later to the Sacristan of Genoa who sent soldiers to help him. We went under the arch into a formally

laid out drive flanked on both sides by broad terraces. On the right, lion masks set in a high wall spewed water. To the left is a charming pool and lovely views over the farmland and orchards we had just passed through. A dog barked savagely.

We braved the dog and went under another arch into a cobbled courtyard containing a well and the massive trunk of an ancient chestnut tree. A row of palm trees was almost leaning against one wall of the house. An elderly caretaker told us the house was private and that we could not go in. With the little Spanish I knew I tried to persuade him: 'For three years I have come to Majorca just to see your garden. Every year I have found it closed. I am a gardener. Could I possibly see it?' The old man called to a woman in an upstairs room. We never saw her. She was probably his wife. She might have been the German opera singer who we were told had bought the estate for half a million pounds.

After a few words with her he pointed to a flight of stone steps that appeared to vanish into the house and said something that sounded like 'Abajo'. Robert said that we were to go up. So we climbed two storeys of the vaulted staircase which led through to the other side of the building and out in the upper garden at the foot of a beautiful flight of Italian steps; a miniature of those at the Villa d'Este in Rome. At the top stands a statue of Apollo. The steps are lined with masked faces that once gushed water and whose mossy beards now drip greenish moisture. There are stone vases on the balustrade and four rather broken muse-like figures, probably left from a hoard of classical treasures that Cardinal Despuigs brought back from Rome and displayed in his home. At the foot of the stairs, from either side, a lion looked down. One seemed to be laughing. The steps straddle the eight traditional terraces that originally led to the harem which no longer exists. It was sited in this totally secluded area for the protection of the women. The stairs and accompanying water effects, the formal terraces to our right and the narrower terraces to our left; indeed all the garden and its broken down water courses were in desperate need of repair. We decided it would cost its owner another half million pounds to put right. But oh the pleasure in exploring it as it was!

From the top of the steps we walked along the lefthand terraces and found ourselves looking down on a man-made lake with a sheer drop on its far side. Three of its sides are straight like a huge water tank, but a wavy sculptured shoreline edges the path along the bottom of the hill. There were seats from which to enjoy the wide expanse of sky and pine trees rippling in the lake. A high waterfall tumbled generously into it. Concrete jetties stretched under the water, probably containing pipes and founts for water jets. A broken aqueduct runs along the far wall graced by a terracotta figure of a boy in his Sunday best. One of his legs was broken. Through a gate stretch more terraces; probably also part of the estate.

However, there was still plenty to explore on our side. So we went on up the hill. Each terrace has a narrow path on the edge and against the hillside were neglected plantings that included cacti, pelargonius, agaves,

yucca, lavender, montbretia, asphodel, cistus and deutzia; all gone wild. Towards the middle of the hill is a grotto. Within, a thick-set stalagmite has grown centimetre by centimetre, from centuries of dripping water, into the form of an old man. Beside him a stalactite pillar stretches from ceiling to floor.

As we followed layer upon layer of those terraces magnificent vistas sprang into sight over the sheer edge of one face of the hill. An octagonal look-out tower was sited to take full advantage of the view. Its lower room was empty, but as I peered through the shutters of the upper storey I nearly screamed. For in the dim light I slowly made out four seated figures, sprawling around a dead fire. When my eyes had adapted to the darkness I perceived that the figures were papier mâché models probably left from a tableau created for historical effect in the days when the house was open to the public. I said nothing but watched Robert's reaction. He was silent for a few minutes. Then he raised his beret to the phantoms within!

Up again to the next building which was a chapel. Inside were an altar, a crucifix and the most rascally looking friar I have ever seen. He too was papier mâché! Stopping to regain my composure, I looked on to the valley far below at what appeared to be a terracotta river. A closely packed flock of sheep hurried along the gulley, their recently dipped coats glowing rusty-brown in the sun.

On and up to yet another building at the very top. It was empty. In corners were stoops for holy water and Arabic inscriptions ran above the windows. Had it been the home of a holy hermit? Coming down we took another set of terraces that from time to time met and interzigzagged with those we had already traversed. They offered different but equally delightful views.

On returning to England I found a book at 'The Hispano and Luzo Brazilian Council' library in London which contains a few pages which describe La Raixa as it was in its prime: '... a mass of verdure — cacti, palms, plane trees, heliotrope, fifteen feet high roses, massed canna lillies beside dim pools, purple and white irises, narcissus, violets. A thousand perfumes mingle, and butterflies and birds play on the mossy paths. Everywhere is the sound of running water from runnels of yellowed marble six inches wide which irrigate the flowerbeds'. Another passage continues: 'Then one climbs up through lovely paths to the top of the hill, passing Moorish lookouts, and comes upon an artificial lake on the summit'. How could we have missed it? Is it still there? Oh I must go back if it is!

NOTE:
Mallorca the Magnificent is by Nina Lassey Duryea and was published by Faber and Gwyer in London in 1927.

[Jill Burberry is a professional gardener for the Royal Parks in London and a freelance writer. Her interests include Islamic art, metalwork and calligraphy.]

Literary Supplement

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW

by Betty Abel

Punishments. Francis King. Hamish Hamilton. £11.95. *First Light.* Peter Ackroyd. Hamish Hamilton. £12.95. *The Chymical Wedding.* Lindsay Clarke. Jonathan Cape. £11.95. *Getting Hurt.* Andrew Davies. Methuen. £11.95. *Island Paradise.* Kathy Page. Methuen. £11.95. *A Time to Love.* June Barraclough. Methuen. £12.95.

Punishments by Francis King is a subtle, thoughtfully planned novel in which a strong under-stated theme underlies the plot. A young medical student, Michael, recounts his experiences during a journey to Germany almost immediately after the second world war, in the company of a number of other English university students. They are to stay in the homes of German undergraduates. Theirs is a voyage of reconciliation and Michael later calls it a journey 'into a knowledge of others — and, more important, into a knowledge of myself'. His narrative is set between two brief passages dated 1981, although the experiences which he describes, with hindsight, occurred in 1948.

The account of his falling reluctantly but unmistakeably in love with an attractive, even seductive, young man, Jurgen, who leads most of their expeditions to bombed and ruined cities like Dresden and, more significantly, Rosenheim reveals that Michael is finding out much about himself which he had never previously suspected. Subsequently he marries Sally, one of the other English students, but not until he has realised that the encounter between himself and his former 'enemy' turned lover has left behind ruins other than those of towns and buildings. The confrontation, culminating in a trip to the erstwhile beautiful town of Rosenheim, between the English and their German counterparts, all innocent but nevertheless resenting one another under the surface courtesies, brings about an abrupt end to Michael's association with the forceful Jurgen who vanishes, leaving his infatuated lover a 'dry, disintegrating husk'. It is Sally who comforts and restores him, for she alone of them all understands that 'one of the best ways to punish people is to show them what they really are'.

Beneath the manifold activities of a traditional summer school — lectures, seminars, swimming parties and picnics in the woods — Michael plays out his drama on two levels, one the psychological plane and the other a history of the generations and inherited notions of national identities. The 'punishments' are similarly two-fold. The first lies in the knowledge that these few weeks have scarred, even wounded him in a way that will affect him all his life; they have bequeathed a complex, haunting set of motives that are just as irredeemable as those felt by his German hosts. The other shows him that the role of self-congratulatory, 'forgiving' benefactors ill becomes the English students, even as that of 'penitent', if also cynical, stance mars their German co-evals. This intelligent and moving book is highly recommended reading.

Peter Ackroyd's *First Light* is an immensely evocative novel. It conjures, in six parts each bearing a prefatory quotation, the vastness of the universe, the mysterious nature of pre-history and the possible if only dim awareness of both these immensities by a single human being, during his puny life-span and in his

limited material setting. Brilliantly executed, the book is an astonishing verbal *tour-de-force* rather than a novel as generally understood. It arouses in the reader a feeling not so much of suspense as of generalised anxiety. There are, however, fascinating scenes and events played out dramatically in a remote Dorset valley. Each writer quoted by the author before his chapter begins strikes the keynote and there is a positive roll-call of significant writers. They also dodge in and out of the text — Kipling, Wilde, Blake, Thomas Hardy and Frazer of *The Golden Bough* are the premonitory authors — and T. S. Eliot, James Joyce and others turn up in it.

Mark, the leader of a group of archaeologists, arrives in Pilgrin Valley to investigate a neolithic tumulus. Damian, an astronomer studying the giant red star Aldebaran, sits in an observatory on the adjacent moor. Other characters come along and thereafter provide the 'group dynamics' when the two sets of researchers begin to interact: there are two lesbians from the DoE, Evangeline and Hermione, presented for some reason as comical through their 'joke' names; an old comedian, with his Mrs. Malaprop of a wife, come in search of his ancestry. Mark's crippled wife, possessing a good deal more insight than physical strength, continually warns of impending danger both in the tumulus and from the stars and, finally, in despair at her childlessness, throws herself from a strange tower called St. Swithin's Column. The relations between members of the two parties, the diggers providing a detective story element and the star-gazers a dark, brooding symbolism, are developed against a backdrop of literary allusion, most of all of names taken from Thomas Hardy's novels. There are, besides the column itself, named from *Two on a Tower;* Jude, a dog, from *Jude the Obscure* (why a dog?); a countryman called Clare, though not Angel; a man known as The Woodlander and, of course, the Dorset landscape. This is all good stirring stuff for literary quiz games.

The most telling reference of all is the quotation prefacing Part Five, from *Two on a Tower.* It conveys in remarkably few words a dimension of outer space which Peter Ackroyd spends much of his book describing. Thus, 'I often experience a kind of fear of the sky after sitting in the observing chair a long time', he answered . . . 'That's partly what I meant by saying that magnitude, which up to a certain point has grandeur, has beyond it a ghastliness'. Precisely so. The other Hardy trappings are little more than echoes, if sonorous ones.

The plot is hard to delineate amidst so thick a welter of allusions and variety of moods but certain incidents hold it together strongly. The suicide of Kathleen, Mark's crippled wife, after their rejection by an adoption agency, is one of them; but the ensuing dialogue is stilted, almost a parody of country parlance, just as the old comedian's conversation is a parody of the stand-up comic's patter. It is, of course, possible, that the author intends to show people's uncertainty by their inarticulacy in the face of tragedy, when they revert to former speech habits. If so, it fails in its effect for it rather impedes the action. But one cannot be sure of Peter Ackroyd's overall intention. The final sequence compounds the confusion with its strange mixture of talk about the tomb's eerie contents (one is a fragile figure in kneeling position) and slapstick chatter on the periphery. Beneath the glittering exterior seems to lurk an enduring belief in 'destiny', whatever that implies. Ackroyd always commands a wide readership, perhaps because he uncovers mysteries without solving any of the puzzles they present. He plays many language games with great skill and flair. He surely means it when he quotes from *The Golden Bough,* 'Were [magic] ever to become true and fruitful it would no longer be magic but science'.

Mysteries of a different kind are promulgated in Lindsay Clarke's *The Chymical Wedding.* It is a novel full of riches, even though the effect is rather that of walking through a maze containing artefacts taken from the Tarot, alchemy, Jung's Archetypes, diabolism and the hermetic codes. Alex Darken, a poet whose divorce has plunged him into despair and caused a creative block, goes to recover to a cottage in Norfolk belonging to his publisher. There he meets Edward Nesbitt, formerly a Bloomsbury poet, with his American girl friend Laura, who is endowed with second sight. The village squire and landowner is Sir Henry Agnew. He and his daughter, Louisa Anne, wish to know more about the dabbling in hermetic pursuits carried on by their Victorian ancestors, also called Henry and Louisa. It soon transpires, however, that the late Louisa's frolics with the Rector of the village church were ultimately less mystical than scandalous. Their story is drawn in parallel with the modern one and a remarkable match is found between the two. They share the illusion that the ancient lore of alchemy could reveal a key to the secrets of the universe.

As entertainment the book is full of rich if artificial diversions: as a novel, it survives through Lindsay Clarke's skilled dialogue and characterisation. It exposes the fallacies inherent in 'alternative' life styles, including that induced by a belief in neo-Platonic concepts of how things are in the world. The so-called 'panaceas' of alchemy are shown up as thinly veiled delusions, as dangerous when misused as nuclear energy itself. The novel is exciting to read in spite of some tedious homiletic passages.

Getting Hurt by Andrew Davies is the beautifully told story of Charlie Cross, a man in the throes of obsessive love. It is an entirely destructive passion and Charlie, a solicitor who has suffered divorce already, is fully aware of this fact all along. Meeting Viola, a Polish emigrée, in a drinking club, he not only falls in love with her but also knows that it could be a disastrous mistake. He knows himself well but he also, instantly and blindingly, knows Viola. The ubiquitous photographs of her in her own flat provide warning enough but, throughout their stormy affair, he cannot suppress hope. 'I should stick to the law', he tells himself, 'which is at least clear'. What follows is the novelist's equivalent of a lyric poem. It is told in his own voice (using the device of an office dictaphone) and demonstrates all the complexities of masculine experience including the feelings commonly supposed to be exclusive to women. There is much contrasting humour, even satire, but the heights and depths of emotional pain are charted as though for sailing in the deepest seas, as one failure of love after another is recorded. The inevitable climax of Viola's disappearance with another lover (a mathematician, of all things!) compounds Charlie's ultimate despair and ends nothing for him: it only exacerbates the pain of the fatally inflicted wound.

The descriptions are economical, precise and revealing, especially that of a haunting recollection of a swimming scene where he best remembers her. Swimming out into the bay against the warning yellow flag of danger, she suddenly disappears but returns to him briefly and unexpectedly: nevertheless, the premonitions of her real elusiveness are strong and are finally justified. Once begun, this compelling novel has to be read to the end without interruption for all the imagery is cumulative and possesses extensive implications for the plot.

Island Paradise by Kathy Page is a novel portraying a science fiction world after the imagined cessation of all violence and wars. Society is supposed to be free from fear for only violence is seen as causing death; so the concepts of

death and dying are mentioned only in euphemisms. The Great Peace has been signed by the nations after the Unfought War. A sinister note is struck when the heroine, Laurie, realises that the vaunted 'freedom from fear' demands a Price which she is not prepared to pay.

The story then takes us through her longed-for trip to Island Paradise with her lover where there are many delights, until she meets the many 'not satisfied' and realises with shock that these islands had been cleared of their former inhabitants after the Great Treaty. Those who refused to go had been declared non-persons, deprived of official status. They had been joined by others seeking alternatives to a sterile life in Central City where even the birth of a baby had to be state-sanctioned, a place of antiseptic beauty but one which offered no choices. The 'choice' of a trip to Island Paradise is a carrot dangled before the eyes of an uncomplaining populace, each of whom may win points to be offered the opportunity to go. It seems a kind of freedom. But Laurie soon realises that it is a trap into which she and her lover have already fallen. They will inevitably become non-persons in a hopeless limbo. Her secret knowledge and the long silence of her lover after the 'holiday' gradually lead to her slow destruction but not before she has been forced to face a barren existence as one of 'the old', finally dying in the knowledge that violence has reappeared in the world with the 'Untimely' death of the President. There is a new king, a boy king, who first has to declare, 'We are at war'.

Kathy Page has written a parable, a *Waste Land* kind of allegory so powerful that it hardly requires the stage appearance of the 'boy king' to reinforce its impact. Unlike most science fiction tales this is a gripping novel in which the characters' emotions are credible and comprehensible, even in a totally alien society. The strength of her writing gives the story the essential quality of parables — an ability to raise in the reader's mind the grim moral that it could be foreshadowed already in our own stars. Is her society after all so alien?

A Time to Love, June Barraclough's fourth novel, is a wholly delightful love story with two heroines instead of one. A story set to begin with in the closing year of the reign of King Edward the Seventh, it goes on to span forty years in the lives of Edith Broughton and Sophie Ridsdale who have both arrived in the London publishing house of Miller & Penn from their respective homes in the provinces. Sophie is at once a suffragist by inclination, Edith a more retiring character. Thus, with a background of women's partial liberation at its inception and their fuller emancipation in the later stages of the story, when the Second World War has forced it, the novel takes in the major events of the years between the two world wars. It shows the repercussions of revolutions (some, like the Spanish, violent and some more peaceful) on the two women's lives. Moreover, the author's hold on the maturing of their natures is what most of all holds the reader's attention for she describes with sensitivity and compassion the stresses of their happy and unhappy attachments and of the vicissitudes of their work places. There are no stock historical episodes but the background of their lives is well researched and rings entirely true. The book is an excellent read.

ALSO RECEIVED

Life on the Nile. Janice Elliot. Hodder & Stoughton. £10.95. With obvious echoes of Agatha Christie, this story within a story has a deft, swiftly moving pace and is full of real, present day danger and ancient mystery. There are even two interpretations of 'ancient', one the evident Egyptian ruins and the other the unexplained murder, in 1924, of Charlotte Hamp's aunt in Aswan.

NON FICTION REVIEWS

ANCIENT ISRAEL

Ancient Israel. Edited by Hershel Shanks. SPCK. £12.95.

Since the beginning of Zionism and especially since the foundation of the modern state of Israel in 1948 there has been a growing world-wide interest in the Israel of old, how its territories were occupied, the extent of them and for how long they were held. This book is a short history of Ancient Israel from the time of Abraham to the destruction of the second Temple in 70 A.D. Reasons are given for not continuing the survey until 135 A.D. when the Romans finally crushed a further Jewish attempt at freedom and prevented Jews from entering the new town built on the remains of Jerusalem.

The book is composed of eight chapters, written by different authors, including Protestants, Roman Catholics and Jews, mainly American, all expert in the periods chosen. As one reads from chapter to chapter one is conscious not only of the changes in style but also of attitude, and it is necessary to adjust. The result is successful: the effect is to stimulate. The authors differ in their estimate of scripture as an accurate source of history. Were the Patriarchs real people? Were they eponyms, real or imaginary people whose names became that of a tribe? Certainly in the time of the Patriarchs the main interest was family rather than people. It cannot be sure if the town civilisation of Canaan was destroyed by the invasion of nomad families or collapsed from over-population or drought. It cannot be certain whether the life of Canaan was mainly agricultural or urban. The Patriarchal stories are ideology rather than history. So argues the author of the first chapter. 'An elaborate story emerged at the beginning of the people called Israel. Israel never existed, and could not exist, apart from the story which is the basis of its self-understanding and social order. In short the story gave the community definition.' Not all the authors would subscribe to this view.

The author of the second chapter has a more direct reliance on scripture. He admits the effect of archaeology of the 'word' and 'object' kind to get at truth but would be chary of biblical criticism. However, scripture itself gives different accounts. The settlement of Canaan as described in Joshua is quite different from the account in Judges. In Joshua settlement follows a series of successful attacks: in Judges the different peoples are living side by side. Was Canaan occupied through conquest, infiltration or social revolution and uprising?

As the chapters proceed historical facts can be more certainly established from outside scripture and in the final chapter classical authors, the Jewish historian Josephus, the Apocrypha and the New Testament become sources. But there still remain unanswerable problems. For example, how did ordinary people react to Hellenism in the second century B.C.?

In general the writers of scripture were more interested in theology than history. The role of God is made dominant and the history is selective. The purposes of God had to be reflected in the facts. However the chapter headings

give a clear historical sequence: 1. The Patriarchal Age, 2. Israel in Egypt, 3. The Settlement in Canaan, 4. The United Monarchy, 5. The Divided Monarchy, 6. Exile and Return, 7. The Age of Hellenism, 8. Roman Domination.

The whole book is of an extraordinary story, how a people emerged from a family or group of families, how they accepted a king for purposes of security and developed towards nationhood, survived in exile and later in dispersion. Increasingly Israel came to regard itself as a people apart. The book is well annotated so that any section can be explored in more detail. It is suitable for the general reader and the student. Its pictures, some in colour, make it a popular account but it is also scholarly.

LAURENCE TANNER

THE RED ARMY

The Claws of the Bear? Bryan Moynahan. Hutchinson. £16.95.

This is a history of the Soviet Army from its beginning under Trotsky in 1917 through to the first stages of Gorbachov's diplomatic offensive. This well-researched work will be of considerable use to anybody engaged or interested in the long drawn out and perplexing struggle for the survival of NATO. This is shown by a brief quotation from the end of the book. The author has an imaginative account of the first days of a possible conventional warfare encounter in Germany between Soviet attack forces and the NATO forces stationed there. He quotes a 1987 NATO assessment that says that within 72 hours the Soviet forces would reach the Hamburg-Frankfurt-Munich line, unless nuclear battlefield weapons were used against them. It is a NATO assessment but it focuses on the key argument in the present NATO crisis.

The author tries to show, and this is also essential, that the key Soviet strategic doctrine, based on the traumatic experiences of World War II, is to break through to victory, and fast. The deterrence doctrine does not ensure victory. The present 'sufficient defence' doctrine, explained by senior commanders, lays down that the Soviet forces, in a conventional engagement, must be able to inflict a pre-emptive defeat on an enemy, once it is concluded that the enemy plans to attack. This is not considered an offensive strategy. It appears also to be at the back of any realistic negotiations to remove the present 'imbalance' of NATO and Warsaw Pact forces.

The imaginary first battle scenes are also interesting because they show that modern warfare with its electronic and other advanced equipment imposes a fearful strain on the alertness, attention and reactions of those engaged in the fighting. Tanks, guns, missiles, planes and helicopters will be engaged in a narrow break-through corridor, their actions all, in theory at least, co-ordinated simultaneously. The author works out that, in an engagement on the Northern end, 60,000 British First Corps with 600 battle tanks and 200 guns would face 60,000 Soviets with 1,240 battle tanks, 1,100 armoured infantry vehicles, 18 surface to surface missile launchers and 200 guns. They can be expected to have 6,000 trucks. All this without planes and copters.

The author sees the Soviet Army and not the Communist Party as the real power. He describes in detail its organisation and equipment. The Nuclear Attack Force with its 298,000 Rocket troops backed up by 112,00 Navy and Air Force personnel, its 308 SS-18 missiles equipped with 10 warheads each, 600 kilotons of nuclear explosives, to mention just one missile type, is the senior most favoured service and the Soviet side has so far refused to put it

on the disarmament list. This is just one example. Yet, the Soviet side is worried. In the latest terms of language the American 'smart' arms technology with its computers, sensors and microchips is better than the 'rich' Soviet offensive capacity. Not surprisingly, the author reveals that in 1984 no fewer than 156 items of military equipment and 3,896 technical NATO documents have been passed on to the Soviet High Command by the agents of GRU, the renowned Soviet military intelligence organisation, by 20,000 trained agents. But, the author insists, there are no more Kim Philby's. It is money that counts. The 'smart' revolution in military technology has put the Soviet side at a disadvantage. But the enormous build-up of conventional forces suggests that basically the Soviet leadership wants to ensure that it can win a conventional war.

Ever since Stalin, the Kremlin has given absolute priority to the Defence industry. It has performed brilliantly, the author says, working in 'closed' plants. The Medium Machine Building Ministry, for instance, manufactures nuclear warheads. There is an enormous and unsettling gap between it and the 'normal' industries and the author quotes the old joke calling the Soviet Union 'Upper Volta with rockets'. The Defence Industry has seven million direct employees, 134 major final assembly plants and 3,500 plants for components. Now, in his opening address to the new People's Congress President Gorbachev has revealed that in this year's Budget 15 per cent of the total expenditure is on defence — 77.3 billion Roubles, nearly four times as much as the official figure of the year before. It is the first time figures anything like the actual defence expenditure have been published and 15 per cent is more than double the highest defence expenditure budget percentage in a NATO country.

The author deals with the Navy and Airforce as well as the Army and the Rocket Force. He also mentions two forces that keep a watching brief on the others. They are the 340,000 of the KGB and the 230,000 of the Frontier Force. These can be sent anywhere but they are not on the official list of Soviet forces. There are KGB cells in every formation. That they have work to do is shown by the revelation of *Izvestia*, the government paper, that every year 150 million gallons of army petrol are sold by soldiers to private motorists. There is, of course, the drink problem, despite Gorbachov. Officers get much better pay than civil servants. Senior Generals get paid more than Gorbachov.

Recruitment of the Officer Corps is careful, military families and Slavs being preferred with Baltics and Jews being kept out as far as possible. There is growing awareness of the high birthrate of the Central Asian Moslems compared with the Europeans. The uniforms and social manners of the Tsarist Army have been partly re-introduced. Also, from primary school age, boys are being prepared and indoctrinated for military service. There are only about 10,000 women in the Soviet Forces. These add up to 5,096,000 spread across 11 time zones. From Moscow to Khabarovsk in the Soviet Far East there are six days of rail journey to do over 8,343 kilometres and there are no highways. But the Soviet Union is the only major industrial power independent of outside fuel.

The first part of the book gives a fascinating and crisp account of the Red Army's past from Trotsky, the first organiser, enlisting Tsarist officers to Stalin's savage purges of the officer corps. Only one of four Fleet Commanders and 28 of 85 Corps Commanders survived. The politicians also suffered. Only two of the 150 Party delegates from Leningrad survived.

A vivid account of the main engagements against the Germans in World War II is given with many interesting details. The Americans, for instance, sent

245,000 field telephones, 409,526 army trucks and 14,572 million pairs of army boots. It helped on the road to Berlin. As for the Satellite Armies their role is a very restricted one.

LEO MURAY

FREUD

Freud. Anthony Storr. Oxford University Press. Hardback £14.95, paperback £3.95.

If, in fact, the brain is a computer, putting in overtime in the dimmed office of the bedroom at night, storing and comparing the input of the day, how does this dream-work bear a relation to Freud's interpretation of dreams? Fifty years ago, an old man died in pain at 20 Maresfield Gardens, Hampstead, still adamant that psycho-analysis was a science and that his discoveries transcended therapy to be a whole general theory of the mind. The schisms had already, notoriously, begun, and the debunking soon followed, but there has always been a general belief that there must still be a lot in it. Comparing the Freudian canon with modern refutatory research is a quieter, more meditative enterprise than it used to be in the 'fifties when Eysenck and others attacked with sharp swords. Anthony Storr, humane and lucid expositor, has here contributed to the *Past Master* series, not a mere handbook on Freud — the time and the need for that are long past — but an altogether more sophisticated and exacting evaluation of the theory *as it stands now.* It is too objective to be a defence of Freud. He tends to take the descriptive view — that Freud's clinical insights were extremely valuable but that general truths should not be extrapolated therefrom. He feels that psycho-analysis 'must resonate with something deep within us' but, to be honest, by the time that he has traced Freud's ideas from inception to mature polishing, and related them to any available modern confirmation or confutation, there is not a great mass of intact material left. The dreams lie in shreds and the Wolf Man is exploded. Modern therapeutic theory is much more concerned with relationships. Sometimes Freud is spectacularly proved right, as in his detection of the prevalence of sexual abuse of children, from which discovery he himself, ironically, moved away in some uneasiness. His techniques were, however, more important, Anthony Storr argues, than his theories of infantile sexuality. Freud taught the therapist how to listen, and allowed the patient more autonomy. A personal view of Anthony Storr's is that Freud was more interested in ideas than in patients; as an analyst he was curiously impersonal, lacking warmth. In the biographical section, he chooses especially to emphasize the obsessional nature of Freud's personality and his related bias towards generalization. It is slightly puzzling that he goes out of his way to describe Freud's mother, Amalie, as 'a vivacious and charming lady' when Peter Gay and Estelle Roith have recently shown that she was anything but that; perhaps he repudiates their views. He reminds us that Freud was not, of course, the first to 'invent' the unconscious. He points out how limited was Freud's clinical experience of psychotic patients and speculates on the difference that such experience would have made. He feels that Freud's excursions into art, anthropology and religion were mostly ill-judged. Freud was a dualist and he perceived and wrote of great opposites with a majesty with which Anthony Storr generously invests him. Equally, when he was right, and when he was wrong, Freud was always majestic.

MOLLY TIBBS

JUDAISM IN THE FIRST CENTURY

Judaism in the First Century. Hyam Maccoby. Sheldon Press. £4.95.

This is the latest book in the series 'Issues in Religious Studies' edited by Professor Peter Baelz and Jean Holm. It is written by a Jew but the standpoint of the series is neutral. Though primarily intended for students it is suitable for wider reading.

A picture of the religious movements within Judaism in the First Century is given. The main emphasis is on the Pharisees. Those who obtain their information about the Pharisees from the New Testament only have a partial and slanted picture, though it is true that there is a different impression in St. John's Gospel from that in St. Matthew's. Christianity began as a sect within Judaism and became separate when Jesus was held to be divine. The author examines the effect this had on Judaism, and how, dominated in their homeland and scattered about the world of that day, their faith remained steadfast and developed. They believed that God had made a covenant with Israel expressed in the Law or Torah. It was for Jews to accept the Law and try to conform. In this the synagogue played a developing part. Valuable information is given about the background to Jesus's utterances in the thought forms of his day.

To some, of particular interest will be references to the Abot, Sayings of the Fathers, the favourite maxims of the Rabbis from 300 B.C. to 200 A.D. Though sometimes tortuous and full of nuances they are models of common sense and moral insight.

LAURENCE TANNER

CRIMINOLOGY

The New Murderers' Who's Who. J. H. H. Gaute and Robin Odell. Harrap. £14.95.

This new edition of what has become a classic in the criminologist's library, first published in 1979, has not only been thoroughly revised but there have been a significant number of new entries — over 100 in all.

The result is perhaps the most comprehensive of all encyclopaedias of British and American criminal cases from the 19th century onwards. Almost all of the well known cases are encapsulated here, — one notable exception is that of the research professor, William Douglas, who fell in love with a Boston combat zone prostitute with disastrous results — copiously illustrated with, in those cases which did not end on the gallows or its equivalent, a summary of the rest of the subject's life. What makes the book such a useful one for reference purposes is the bibliography it provides. Each case has a series of numbers and, turning to them at the end, lo and behold there are the definitive works on the case. Take the classic Bywaters-Thompson murder as an example. There are no less than 22 references given.

Of course a book such as this is never wholly up to date. Almost concurrent with its publication came the Simms case, the Liverpudlian publican trapped, not through his own DNA fingerprinting, but that of his victim. He will no doubt appear in the next edition. Whilst there are references to some of the better known Australian and New Zealand cases, they are fairly sparse, as are the Canadian ones and the third edition could do well to incorporate more of

these. Again some references are thin. The piece on the Agostini-Morgan murder, 'The Pyjama Girl', almost wholly omits the long battle fought to prove the body was not that of Agostini's wife in the first place. Readers would wish the whole book to be twice its length. Indeed what we might really like is a second volume, and, if one is to carp about the present edition it is only about small things. Why is the Nan Patterson case under 'N' and not 'P'? Overall it is invaluable. Richard Whittington-Egan, whose own book, *The Bedside Book of Murder*, appeared too late to provide references for The Australian Bogle-Chandler killing and the murder of Elizabeth Short, the Californian Black Dahlia, has provided both a witty and thoughtful introduction.

JAMES MORTON

CONTEMPORARY LATIN AMERICA

The Dictionary of Contemporary Politics of South America. Phil Gunson, Andrew Thompson and Greg Chamberlain. Routledge, 1989. £20.00.

Despite the presumptuous use of the definite article in its title, this book contributes valuably to the rapidly expanding range of easily accessible reference books about contemporary Latin America.

The dictionary has several strengths. It is manageable; and its content is generally accurate. The non-specialist will not be confused by an assumption of prior knowledge; and the specialist will find precise information (e.g. the size of the 'no' vote in the 1980 referendum in Uruguay) which he will not normally have at his fingertips. The biographical sketches of major and secondary political figures are reliable, and are of sufficient length to be effective. Care has been taken to give space to countries that are easily overlooked (e.g. Suriname and French Guiana). And the dictionary sees the continent through Latin American eyes, not the more myopic of British ones. Thus Chile receives more attention than the Falklands/Malvinas.

A work of this kind inevitably has some weaknesses. Brazil, in the view of this reviewer, does not receive space commensurate with its significance. The authors — all of them journalists who have at some time worked with the *Guardian* — are strong on contemporary politics, but not, despite their concern to include it where appropriate, on recent history. (Thus, for example, the claim in the introduction that 'The chaos of present-day Colombia is illuminated by entries on the *violencia* of the 1940s and 1950s' is not entirely justified.) President Laureano Gómez was in office from 1950 to 1953, not 1949 to 1953, and was an admirer of Franco, and not, as stated here, of Mussolini, and even less of Hitler — a substantial difference. A more serious criticism is that the dictionary is effective in handling personalities and institutions (political parties, international agencies, even guerrillas). But its references are less effective in their approach to more amorphous groupings (e.g. civic movements, peasant leagues): and do not pay sufficient space to social policy (poverty, welfare, etc.), and new issues, such as the politics of energy, ecology, and the environment. Indeed, facts are handled with more care and assurance than ideas and concepts.

These caveats should not be taken over-seriously. The book deserves a wide readership, and will obtain it if it comes out in a paperback edition.

CHRISTOPHER ABEL

SHORTER REVIEWS

Inform, Advise and Support (Lutterworth Press. £5.95.) The Citizen's Advice Bureau Service, spread throughout Britain, forms one of the country's major charitable organisations. It was founded in 1939 to meet wartime needs. During the last fifty years it has grown enormously. In this volume, Jean Richards writes of its formation and history during the last half century. Sir John Clucas, the Chairman of the National Association of the CAB, in a short Foreword points out, 'Through over 700 bureaux and 400 other outlets, the Service now handles more than seven million enquiries a year'. It has always sought to be independent, along with government financial help and collaboration with other charities, and it is based upon voluntary workers at the bureaux. Jean Richards provides a useful and detailed account of the organisation's somewhat chequered history, and of its present activities.

Mary McCarthy (Sidgwick & Jackson. £15.00.) One of New York's leading intellectual figures, Mary McCarthy was from her co-founding or *Partisan Review* in the 1930s a severe but balanced critic of American life and letters. Her outstandingly intelligent coverage of the Vietnam War and her notorious feud with the hard Lilian Hellman are only two examples of the position she held in the centre of the stage at many points of the American cultural scene. Her three most famous novels, *The Group, The Company She Keeps* and *Birds of America* established her as a powerful voice in modern fiction writing. McCarthy's life has been as eventful as her novels: her second marriage, to Edmund Wilson the critic, brought her much misery through his violent treatment of her. She has been married four times. Carol Gelderman, the biographer of Henry Ford, undertook a complex if interesting task in writing her life-story and has performed it admirably. She deals well with the problem of treating privileged information with honesty and tact — an essential technique when most of the *dramatis personae* in a biography are not only still living but are also famous. She shows clearly the many-sided talent of her subject whose writings have helped to shape the thought and culture of our time.

The Crack in the Wall: Life and Death in Kowloon's Walled City (Hodder & Stoughton: New English Library. £10.96.) Hong Kong's Walled City is a lawless place because the inhabitants of the high-rise, illegal, sunless tenement blocks consist of a populace dominated by the gangs of the Triad. Police and strangers dare not enter. It will soon be demolished and all its inhabitants housed elsewhere. When in 1997, the city returns to the Chinese after a century of British rule, a sad blot on the Commonwealth's escutcheon will be erased. This book remains as a document, telling the story of the lives and ill-fortune of thousands of victims of drug smugglers. Heroin addicts and prostitutes abound there, extortion flourishes and fear stalks the streets. But it is more than a documentary account: it is written by a remarkable woman who has been in Hong Kong for twenty years, ministering to the poor, the addicted and the afflicted. Jackie Pullinger's first book, *Chasing the Dragon*, first described her work there. Now, in co-operation with a skilful and sympathetic photographer, she has produced an impressive narrative with equally telling pictures. The most extraordinary feature of her charitable, devoted life has

been the success she has experienced in converting to Christianity some of the most hardened criminals in the world by simply preaching and baptising them. She discovered that baptism in the Holy Spirit could bring about a painless cure: no withdrawal symptoms were in evidence during her unbelievable visits to the vice-dens, no attacks were made on her person: brutal gangsters were converted, beggars were clothed and fed. She achieved what no government committees, agencies or even church organisations have managed to do. There are thousands of cures to her credit. Her book is memorable and haunting.

The Gardens of England and Wales (The Shell Guide. André Deutsch. £17.95.) The Shell Guides are well known for their informative text, superb photography and excellent format for their purpose. The new one is a worthy addition, being a comprehensive descriptive list of famous gardeners and the gardens they created. Sarah Hollis's writing is lucid and she makes it easily possible for the reader to follow her instructions about finding the places she describes. The photography is the distinguished work of Derry Moore, as we should expect of the co-author (with George Plumptre) of *Royal Gardens*, and other important volumes. A most useful section is the opening chapter on 'Our Gardening History', with short biographies of the great makers of gardens in England and Wales, as, for example, those of Gertrude Jekyll and Capability Brown. There are ten detailed maps and an invaluable gazetteer, in alphabetical order for easy consultation. No reader, whether professional or amateur, will find a more pleasing and helpful companion to his study of gardens.

The Myth of the Social Market: A Critique of Owenite Economics (LINK-Liberal Information Network.) A serious attempt to unravel the intricacies of the 'social market' concept is made here by Duncan Brack, Director of Policy for the Social and Liberal Democrats. It stems from an invention, by German economic Liberals after World War II, which was taken up in 1970 by Sir Keith Joseph. Basically, it describes ways of encouraging competition whilst ensuring a fairer distribution of goods, although this 'social' element is ill-defined. There is an emphasis on the need for the reform of trade unions in respect of their wage demands. David Owen took up the 'social market' aspect of economic policy after the formation of the SDP, presumably thinking it would take his party down a new road in economic action. It gained no acceptance in any of the centre parties, however, and the mystery of why he embraced the notion at all is explored by the author. His attacks on government intervention and on the public sector in general lean far to the Right and probably did much to discredit his newly-formed party. David Marquand, in his foreword, concludes that perhaps 'the chief lesson . . . is that it is less important to be different than to be right'.

The Case for Regional Security: Avoiding Conflict in the 1990s (The Centre for Security and Conflict Studies, 217. £5.50.) In the apparent dawn of a new era in international relations, there is no room for complacency, says the author of the new Conflict study, Professor William Gutteridge. There are, he thinks, many potentially dangerous power vacuums. They are, for instance, in areas like Afghanistan; in Kampuchea, where the real danger of Pol Pot's trying to regain control of the area exists still; in Angola, where the settlement is by no means secure on its own. This wide-ranging geopolitical study shows that there is growing recognition of the inadequacy of solely military power. It is a timely document.

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TIES THAT BIND: PART ONE: BRITISH SOUTH AFRICAN RELATIONS INTO THE NINETIES

by C. A. Vale

THE political history of South Africa, like that of all states, is made up of a few enduring strands. In order to understand the time in which one lives, it is often necessary to recognise and come to terms with the past. Dennis Austin, writing on South African relations with the Commonwealth says, quoting Jorges Luis Borges, '. . . it is not the future but the past which is predictable', and he continues, in like vein, 'fortune tellers describe only the past and the calculation of future events ought to be left to the historians'.[1]

Lucien W. Pye, whose writings on political developments are widely recognised and respected amongst students of politics, explains why this is so. He writes: '. . . all political systems are deeply wedded to a particular place and time. The vital importance of the individuality of every polity means that its history is of enduring significance. Political systems cannot seek to advance merely by denying their past. Somehow they must seek to come to terms with what they once represented even as they take on new forms and content.'[2]

It is customary to regard South Africa as a Western state, not an African state, which it is geographically, nor as a Third World state, which it is if considered strictly from the point of view of development. What makes it Western? It is because it is governed by whites whose culture is of the West? Is it because it claims to espouse the capitalist economic system (which it does with little success)? Is it because South Africa is anti-communist and because the government frequently reiterates its support for the Western side in the bi-polar struggle between the two blocs? Or is it because of the circumstances which prevailed at the time of the country's foundation, when a Western government, Great Britain, handed over control to a white government which excluded black people? Would it not be reasonable to believe that the last question points the way to the answer, to wit, that South Africa is Western because whites were installed as the colonial inheritors?

This historical circumstance has had a profound influence on the fate of this country during this century. Whatever happens in South Africa is judged, not by African or by Third World paradigms, but by Western ones. Such judgement is not only rendered by the West, but throughout

the entire world, and by states which themselves would never endorse, and certainly do not try to live up to, Western norms and standards. Moreover, it is also rendered by South Africans of every hue, all of whom, regardless of their own indigenous or exotic value systems, accept that the rules of the game in South Africa are set by Western standards. But there are other strands in South Africa's past which have had a decisive influence on the nature of the country, and which distinguish it utterly from many of the Western states, like the United Kingdom, whose standards and values South Africa is presumed to share holus bolus.

One of these is the past of the pioneers and the explorers. This we share with every country where Europeans have transplanted their civilisation and their culture, and where the descendants of the original pioneers survive and enforce the observance of their cultural norms and values. Coming to terms with this part of our history means having to recognise that Europeans did not 'discover' South Africa, but merely constituted it in the image of a Western state. Until the present time, these European qualities have been enough to provide South Africa with an identity. But the times are changing, and a future is dawning in which all of South Africa's founding cultures will vie for recognition and incorporation into the South African identity. Some strands of our history still wait to be woven into the fabric of this country. The future will be read from the past, taking up more of that past than has been the case so far, for the culture and identity of the white man has not triumphed here alone. South Africa is an amalgam of cultures of which the Western is only one, and probably one of declining importance.

Another important strand in our history is the complex of inter-relationships which have existed amongst the various peoples of this country at various times. The relationship which occupies our undivided attention at present is the relationship between whites and blacks, because we perceive that unless new structures are forged to mediate the tensions between these two groups, disaster may befall us. In the past a variety of so-called 'solutions' has been found to the problems of race, ranging from total integration to forced segregation. Apartheid and separate development are merely part of this story, solutions which have compounded the problem, one might say. With this part of our history we have to come to terms as well; not only do we have to go back to the drawing board, but we have to resolve the crises created by our earlier solutions, as we endeavour to create new forms and give a new content to our society.

It is in the light of South Africa's decidedly uncomfortable position in the international community that I regard yet another strand in our history as of singular interest. This is the strand that used to be called 'the British Connection' in South African politics. Although there are many who would regard this as a rather old-fashioned subject, I must observe that it is central to my thesis that history points the way to the future and that no part of it is without significance, ultimately. What I hope to demonstrate is that the debate about the British connection is not over, merely that it has substantially changed its character. Not too

long ago, it was as immediate and urgent as the race problem[3] which we nowadays hesitate to call by that name, a sign, I believe, that we have adjusted to the fact that we can no longer avoid confronting it. Perhaps up to the time of the Soweto uprising in 1976, and no doubt because of that uprising, (tempered, perhaps, with a little disillusionment over what was developing in Rhodesia at that decisive time) it was possible to push the burgeoning demands of the black majority into the background in South Africa, as the aftermath of the Boer War dragged on towards its centenary. Since then, the political contest between the white groups has been upstaged by the need to accommodate the more urgent demand by the blacks for political recognition.

Therefore, the first argument I would like to make is that the British connection, as a subject of political debate, has moved out of domestic politics almost entirely. The English-speaking group, as a group, seems to have abandoned its domestic political ambitions, and individual English-speakers have lined up with the three mainstream political movements: the National Party, the Conservative Party and the extra-parliamentary pressure groups. The decline of the Progressive Federal Party represents the demise of an English-language domestic political lobby, but not the decline of liberal and radical politics (dictated until the last decade by English-speakers) which have moved out of the establishment forums into the streets — though very elegant streets they sometimes are. The time has gone when so-called liberal opinion was identified with the English-speaking group. Today something of the old, comforting illusion is maintained by the English-language press, and by the English universities that the mere fact of their Englishness confers some kind of moral and intellectual superiority on its possessors and admirers. But the realities are revealed when one considers the ethnic identities of the leading personalities in the mainstream movements referred to above.

This loosening up of internal white tribal politics has made it possible to recognise the new ways in which South Africa's British connections are affecting and, in increasingly important ways, influencing South Africa's external relations. From amongst a large number of influences, including language, common bureaucratic and organisational structures, legal principles and practice, and a shared value system based on British rather than American or continental norms, there are three important dimensions to consider which affect foreign relations, primarily if not only. They are:

The campaign to isolate and destroy South Africa;
The South African regional initiative;
The search for international acceptance of the South African reform initiative.

The international propaganda campaign against South Africa had its origins in South Africa itself and may be traced back to the Boer/Brit tribal conflict referred to above.

The dimensions of this conflict reach back as far as the establishment of the Union, but took on a far more ominous character when the Nationalist government was put into power in 1948. At that time the ethnic rivalry between the English and the Afrikaners was reinforced and

exacerbated by the emergence of what was claimed to be a new race ideology, called apartheid, and the domestic political struggle was internationalised in the name of universal human rights values. After 1948, the domestic conflict, which had always had an impact upon the relationship between South Africa and Britain, was effectively exported into the world arena. This was achieved partly by the newly-created United Nations which, even before the Nationalist election victory, had challenged Smuts's race policies (not yet apartheid and still pretty close to colonial models the world over), but largely by the wave of moral indignation which emanated from Britain, mainly by way of the self-righteous British press, stimulated and vigorously encouraged by outraged English-speaking South Africans who believed that in some way Britain could be relied upon as in the past to bring the upstart Nationalists to their senses.

This had indeed been the case during the first Nationalist government of Barry Hertzog and there were those who could not see why it should not be done again. Although apartheid was the central exhibit against the National Party government, the outrage was not entirely in response to the policy of apartheid — one is even tempted to say if at all — but did reflect the dismay at what the Nationalist victory meant for English culture and Englishness in general in South Africa. For the Nationalists set about dismantling the British structure with remarkable efficiency, for a party which was taken by so many of the English to represent a doltish and incompetent band of backwoods Calvinists and bigots; and with equal vigour began to entrench their own political domination, *inter alia*, by ensuring that their white English opposition would not be able to oust them by making common cause with other disenfranchised groups or by changing the demographic balance through immigration of English-speakers.

Thorough and thoroughly alarming as these steps were — the introduction of the legislation which came to be recognised as the key legislation to entrench apartheid, and the measures to frustrate the challenge of the English opposition — there was yet another piece of legislation which stirred up a virtual hornet's nest of opposition to the Nationalists amongst the English-speaking opposition. This was the Suppression of Communism Act passed in 1950, which eventually closed down a budding clutch of Communist and crypto-Communist organisations and sent a steady trickle of exiles abroad, many of them to Britain. In their wake, from abroad and mainly from Britain, leftist literature began to pour into South Africa and out into the world. London soon became the centre of a growing propaganda industry directed at South Africa. The notorious Treason Trial of the late fifties increased the flow of exiles; Sharpeville added a flood of panic-stricken refugees, filled with gloom about South Africa's prospects and bitterness at the failure of the government's policies; and then the Rivonia Trial sent a new batch of exiles abroad, once again, of whom many went to London. A roll call of the prominent characters who fled South Africa during these years reads like a rogues' gallery of South Africa's modern history's villains, or, depending

on your viewpoint, heroes. In H. R. Pike's account of the History of Communism in South Africa the following statement appears: 'For years London has served as a safe haven for much of South Africa's political scum and revolutionary rubbish. Bombers, saboteurs, violent and premeditated lawbreakers, killer terrorists, men and women as well as young people who have purposely planned and attempted to change the South African system by death and terror flee to London and are given a hero's welcome'.[4]

Two important results flowed from the early policies of the Nationalists: the first was that the exiles from South Africa, exiles both of necessity and choice, set up the beginnings of the exiled movements which were to become from the beginning of the sixties the main antagonists of South Africa in the outside world, the Anti-Apartheid Movement, the African National Congress, the South African Communist Party in exile, and SANROC, the South African Non-Racial Olympic Committee; and the second was that the British government was compelled to seek new solutions to the problem of the management of their Central and Southern African empire, which, as long as Smuts and the 'loyal Dutch' were in control could be entrusted, with suitable incentives for good behaviour, to the South Africans.

For the moment let us concentrate on the first of these consequences. There are many people in South Africa who would argue that the reform movement in South African politics has been necessitated by the inevitable ripening of the domestic crisis. They believe that the demands placed upon the system have arisen from a growing spontaneous demand from the disenfranchised and underprivileged majority to participate more and more fully in the political and economic system. They employ this analysis in order to argue that, since the crisis is a domestic one, the solutions too ought to be generated domestically. Which is simply another way of saying that the outside world should refrain from interfering in South Africa's domestic affairs. It is possible to agree with the latter argument without accepting the premise upon which it is based, since the weight of the evidence is that the domestic crisis has been transformed into an international crisis by the immensely effective campaigns against South Africa conducted with the active collaboration of the United Nations by the movements which established themselves in London in the Fifties and Sixties and from there expanded their influence throughout the Western world.

There is little reason to ask why London was chosen. Given the historical link with South Africa, London was inevitable. How fortuitous for these movements that it was London, at the centre of the most active and vociferous of the anti-colonial movements, the nexus of the entire international communications network, and the haven for innumerable refugees through the ages, which afforded them the platform from which to launch their propaganda assaults on South Africa.

So the first tie that binds South Africa with Britain to this day is the tie constituted by the movements such as the ANC and the AAM which

have, through their own efforts and with the generous and largely uncritical assistance which they have received from their sympathisers in Britain, not least among them the Labour Party, the trade unions, the press, and the churches with their South African affiliates, succeeded in isolating South Africa almost totally as a state in the international community.[5] It is a tribute to the strength of the other ties that the relations between the two countries remain cordial in spite of the damage which the exiled movements have done to South Africa from British soil.

NOTES:

1. Austin, Dennis, 'Britain and the Commonwealth: the South African Connection' in *Energos*, Vol. 14, 1976, p.51.
2. Pye, Lucien W., 'Identity and the Political Culture' in Binder, L. *et al* (Eds.) 'Crises and Sequences in Political Development', Princeton University Press, 1971, p.108.
3. Indeed, it is interesting and instructive to read that the struggle for domination in South Africa between the 'British' and the 'Boers' was actually referred to well into the thirties as a 'race' problem.
4. For a detailed account of the events of this period, the reader is referred to Pike, H. R. 'A History of Communism in South Africa', Christian Mission International in South Africa, Germiston, 1985.
5. In a recent paper on 'The ANC's International Isolation of South Africa', Prof. J. E. H. Grobler of the University of Pretoria says 'It would seem that the ANC had, by its undoubted contribution to the international isolation of South Africa, managed by 1985 to drive white South Africa into a desperate defensive position, from which it was preparing to fight back with everything at its disposal. White South Africa was routed... on the international battlefront.' (Unpublished manuscript).

[C. A. Vale is Senior Lecturer and Acting Head of the Department of International Relations in the University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg. Part 2 of his article will appear in September.]

The September number of the *Contemporary Review* includes *George Bush and the Problem of Divided Government* by David N. Thomas, *Changing Doctor-Patient Relationships* by Clifford Hawkins and *Memories of the War: a Notebook* by A. L. Rowse.

CHINA — THE PUZZLING UNCERTAINTY

by Leo Muray

THE massacre on Peking's main square on 4 June and the repression that has followed has changed the international scene critically, more than had been originally expected. China has been pushed into another period of painful instability after it had been told by Western experts and politicians that it was safely on the road to prosperity and at least selective Liberalism. For the time being, and for how long nobody can really guess, China has ceased to be, or to be considered, a super-power. That curious quadrangle of super-power balancing in the Far East — the US-Japan-China-the Soviet Union — is now distorted.

There was President Bush paying an early visit to his old 'friend', Deng-hsiao-ping when the 'pro-Democracy movement' was becoming noticed; there was President Gorbachev paying his first visit to Peking. He had worked for two years to sign agreements that would balance those Peking has had with Washington since President Nixon and he could not enter the main Peking Palace by the front door. This was as embarrassing for the present leaders in Peking as was the erection of a copy of the New York Statue of Liberty by the students on Tiananmen Square, a signal to all.

The pro-Democracy demonstrations attracting a million participants were so embarrassingly important for the Peking leadership because it illustrated so cruelly and dramatically that China is still deeply troubled and unstable. It recalls the Great Leap Forward of the Fifties, the Cultural Revolution of the Sixties and the vicious power struggle of the Seventies after Mao-tse-dong's death. Upheavals at ten year intervals that cost thousands of lives and crippled the economy and also society. These upheavals, of course, recall those of the old Empire with its changes of dynasties and favourites at the Court.

Under Deng the government decided on a carefully orchestrated 'Opening to the West'. But this was never meant as an opening of the Peking system itself. It was meant to be a carefully controlled opening to obtain Western capital and Western technology. Students and technicians were sent to the West, around 40,000 to the US, to acquire technical and financial knowledge, not to absorb political ideas and, worse still, adopt the range of Western consumer demands and living standards. The leaders believed that their system of government and rule was strong enough to cut out all real risks.

Deng had crushed the 'Wall Of Democracy' students' unrest brutally ten years ago and felt secure that the present 'Opening' would not put in question the essential feature of the system — as in the Soviet Union — namely the rule of the Communist Party. That rule is anchored in a Police and Vigilante system down to the smallest and most distant village and slummy backstreets in towns and cities, the 'Hu-tongs'. The authorities have for years made full use of modern and advanced electronics, video

cameras, phone tapping, listening devices. TV was fully used, especially the interviews foreign TV teams obtained from students and demonstrators who were then easily identified and many of them shot.

For the Peking regime the often advertised 'democratisation' meant that the Communist Party would be made more effective. For the Peking leadership it was obvious that the modern media must be used to determine as well as control, down to the smallest detail, the behaviour of the masses and to maintain tight control of all aspects of society. What happened during the Gorbachev visit and after proved that this had failed. Here one must bear in mind the enormous differences between the 80% peasantry and rural population and the town and city dwellers that are constantly increased by influx from the country; the vast distances in a country of 3.7 million square miles, 1,200 million population, 60 ethnic groups with their languages and a poor system of road and rail communications. This is why electronic links and TV are so vital.

Elections start at the level of small local cells that sort out delegates to the preparatory District Congresses. These in turn elect delegates to the 29 Provincial meetings and the National Peoples Congress is then made up from them. There are also advisory bodies made up of non-Communists. But its members are approved by the Party. Like the Soviet Party with its Leninist 'Democratic Centralism', meaning complete obedience down the line, the Chinese Party has its Central Committee and Politburo. But the really ruling body is the five member Standing Committee of the Politburo.

The basic ideology of the Peking leadership is an uneasy mix of Marx, rather than Lenin, and Chinese history. There is no straight line as seen by the West. Each event is complete and justified in itself: thesis, antithesis, synthesis. Office holders and individuals are judged by their performance. Their ideas count only when things go badly wrong. Because Party Secretary Hu-yao-bang failed in 1986 to control the students he was dismissed. His ideas became important when the students treated him as a 'Liberal' after his death in the Spring. Last May, the then Party Secretary Zhao Zhiang was supposed to get them under control and he tried with gestures of understanding in the first phase of the Tiananmen Square demonstrations. Again the students and their 'pro-Democracy movement' attached Liberalism to him which brought his end.

The students and the events in Peking and other cities are of vital significance for the Peking leadership since they have proved that the 'narrow opening' to the West does not work as they thought it would. Tiananmen Square showed that dramatically with its thousands of deaths. The students and the workers and officials they had attracted sang the Internationale; they demanded the withdrawal of a single leading article in the Party paper and a 'dialogue' with top party officials. At that crucial moment they still believed in the Party. But the Party leadership was split and therefore unable to respond. The split was between those who stuck to the 'narrow opening system' in order to maintain control by the Party and those who accepted a 'wider opening'. The fact that the

foreign media and their TV teams were allowed to operate throughout the crisis proves that split.

So do the revelations that the crisis discussions in the Standing Committee were leaked to the universities. Official reports now stress that it had been a tiny minority of plotters supported from abroad who had started it. But there had been real panic during the Gorbachev visit, fear that the thousands of student demonstrators would storm the Imperial Palace on the Square demanding to see Gorbachev. They would have to be shot down in front of TV and the credibility of the Party and the regime fatally hurt. Deng is known to have feared that too. So the Standing Committee decided to send in the Army.

Because of the split the Army, and the Standing Committee, had to show first that the mass repressions and executions that had been decided on were justified, by sending in first hundreds of raw recruits, unarmed to arouse both the fear and the confidence of the masses on the Square that they could hold their own. The clashes that resulted then justified the decision to send in veteran Frontier Corps units with their armoured vehicles to squash the masses physically. Then Deng himself could later appear and thank the Army for its restraint, pretending that nothing much had happened. But at the same time, thesis and antithesis, the propaganda machine continues to stress that the few plotters wanted to seize power, while advertising at the same time thousands of arrests.

The Army with its old Marshal Yang-kun, the President, had thus been called and Yang-kun's brother, the Army Political Commissar and his son organised the action on the Square. But to balance power between the Party and the Army the head of Security, 64 year old Qiao Shi, who has had some Western experience, was encouraged to emerge and take over the present repressive actions. His son, Xiao, incidentally, is reading Economics at Jesus College, Cambridge and may now have been spirited away. The mass executions, many in public, the purges, the unrelenting pressure on everybody to surrender anyone who took part in demonstrations anywhere, even if they were members of the family, is designed to recreate the fear and submission of the days, 20 years ago, when the Red Guards were rampant, and again, when anyone who had some education was banished to feed pigs. The very scale of the efforts made shows what a serious defeat the Party has suffered.

There is also the unexpected return to charges against Taiwan, the independent Chinese island regime. The 'pro-Democracy' movement is now denounced as having been set up by Taiwan agents. In the past few years that 'narrow opening' has meant a discreet measure of mutual tolerance. This is gone now. Peking is now judging every country by its reaction to its policy of suppression. The handful of men who run the Standing Committee at present are committed to not turning back. It would destroy their authority. Executions are a normal and traditional feature of Chinese life that has not changed for thousands of years, just like Mao's decree banning couples from having more than one child, the decision stands. As Deng once stated: 'In China even a million people can

be considered a small sum'.

Protest statements and protest actions by the West are carefully registered and so are the differences in reaction by individual governments. Moscow's careful restraint and the very modest reactions of Asian and African countries are being noted. The collapse of tourism, the chief earner of hard currency, and the closing down of offices of Western firms as well as the hold up in important loan negotiations are not at all welcome. As long as they are for reasonably short periods, that is accepted as the gestures of the basically inferior standards of the West. The Peking leadership is very conscious of the importance of China as a vast market and feels confident that the Westerners will return as customers and partners.

Attention to the economic aspects of the crisis is vital for an understanding of the situation. The opening of the West was decided on in order to carry out economic reforms and improvements while leaving the 'system' intact. The West was asked to provide capital as well as adequate and advanced technology, in exchange for profit. By accepting this deal, the Chinese thought the West had accepted a cimmitment to keep within the Party's narrow definition of that opening.

Under Deng's leadership Peking took that risk because it had to. The annual income of a Chinese peasant is estimated at around £200. There is a rural population of around 960 million. There are 60 million who live below the very modest subsistence level, 15 million of them in towns and cities. Since the 'narrow opening' there are now a few million prosperous farmers with cars and TV sets where there is electricity. Nominally some basic food prices are frozen and, inevitably, slight price rises, due to genuine or manipulated supply bottle necks, hurt at once. The Party and the government authorities are aiming at a 10% growth rate and are trying to limit inflation also to 10%.

All the time Party officials and managers of enterprises have to work out a compromise in their planning and actions between what is economically useful and profitable and what is, socially and politically in Party terms, tolerable. The nature of these compromises varies according to the regions and cities. There is also the instruction to be 'market-orientated'. In the vast hinterland there is less market orientation than in, say, Shanghai or Canton. This has led to widespread corruption and the emergence of contrasts between peasants who still drown their baby daughters and their sons in the towns who have a video and a motor bike. There is usually at least one radio in a village. These emerging contrasts in life style have increased the vulnerability of the Party. There are now 500,000 enterprises in the country, 225,000 in the coastal provinces.

The rural population is keeping quiet and watching. But now, after Tiananmen Square, for the first time since the take over by the Communist Party in 1949, a real underground movement against Party rule is emerging because, in the eyes of the demonstrators in every major town, the Party has failed them. Hence the charges against Taiwan. That movement is only just becoming organised. It is said to be strongest in

the cities, in the coastal region and in Peking. It is worth recalling that Zhao Zhiang, the deposed Party Secretary, had been accused also of favouring the coastal Provinces too much.

The Underground is expected to become more visible when 87 year old Deng, the supreme leader, passes from the scene. In the Far Eastern region all the powers are watching whether the Peking leadership can cope, above all whether there is the prospect of another million demonstrators on that square or in another big city. It could happen in North Korea or Vietnam. There had been a similar upheaval in South Korea. It matters to Japan too where corruption is now an open wound, just as it is in China. It was noted that the Japanese, while blandly criticising events, hastened to send their businessmen back. The period of instability in China is very useful for Vietnam at a critical moment when its leaders are trying their own opening to the West to save a moribund economy.

And then there is Hong Kong. Britain is more directly affected by what has happened than any other Western country because of the agreement to hand over Hong Kong in 1997. When Britain and Imperial China signed the 100 year lease treaty, it was about a modest trading post and its use. Nobody could have foreseen the five million trading and banking centre of today. Then, there were a few thousand British subjects there and today there are 3.25 million claiming that. One could well argue that this transformation has altered the commitment to hand back the territory at the time stipulated.

Then there is the 1984 agreement that accepts the idea of One Country — Two Systems and guarantees that most conditions prevailing in Hong Kong at the moment will be tolerated for 50 years after 1997. Here again, events in Peking have altered the situation because they directly affected the One Big China System. In fact, put simply, the pro-Democracy movement wanted to alter that system and to a certain degree bring it nearer to the Hong Kong system. The reaction of the Peking leadership shows that it will act in Hong Kong, quite legitimately in their view, if they perceive that a threat to their One System emerges.

For Britain events on that Peking square have created quite unexpected problems. Any vote in the Colony would produce an embarrassingly overwhelming majority against the handover. This is accepted generally. Such a handover against the will of the population would undermine Britain's position and prestige worldwide and would be exploited by friend and adversary. This is the more so since it is now impossible to guess, even, what kind of government there will be in Peking in 1997 and whether it will control the whole country. It is not at all unlikely that there will be the problem of whom to hand over to. The safest course would be to assume that Britain is now forced to declare the retention of complete freedom of action regarding the treaty. Demonstrations are now showing that Hong Kong will be as restless and potentially rebellious a centre as Peking. It is significant that the Party Secretary of Shanghai, Jiang Zemin, is replacing Zhao Zhiang. He knows how to deal with big cities. There is real, deep uneasiness in the top ranks of the Party.

CUBA AFTER THIRTY YEARS: THE GORBACHEV VISIT AND AFTER

by Tony Kapcia

IN April 1989 the world's media descended on Havana to witness the postponed and potentially combustible meeting between two of the 'giants' of the Communist world, Fidel Castro and Mikhail Gorbachev, a meeting full of possibilities and symbolism but a meeting that served to remind us of a number of truths.

Firstly, it reminded us that, in spite of three decades of sustained blockade and pressure, not to mention various setbacks, the revolution begun in 1959 was still alive and well (although opinions vary as to its health), and still, of course, led by that same charismatic *Jefe Maximo* who initiated the insurrection in 1953. Secondly, it reminded us of the Soviet Union's importance, since the imposition of that blockade in 1960, to the revolution's survival. Thirdly, however, it reminded us regrettably of how little the world's media have understood the whole process of change in Cuba in all its thirty years.

For most of the media coverage seemed to be set strangely in a time warp, presenting the encounter in terms common, but rarely accurate, in the early 1960s, i.e. seeing Cuba in terms of an Eastern European-style system and relationship with the Soviet Union. The strangeness of this perspective lay in the fact that it had been thankfully absent from analyses for most of the 1965-85 period (i.e. between the start of Cuba's more independent period and the emergence of Gorbachev), and that it involved an inversion of stereotypes, with Gorbachev (although only four years the junior) seen as the dynamic young radical and Castro as the ageing reactionary despot, the latter image often presented with more than a touch of nostalgia for the radical Fidel of the 1960s. Furthermore that same coverage, perhaps inevitably, did scant justice to the complexity of the relationship by its exclusive concentration on the admittedly mesmeric personalities involved.

What truth is there then in these perceptions? The first point, about the survival of the revolution, is for many the outstanding achievement of the whole phenomenon, a process, moreover, which still shows sufficient evidence of change to justify the epithet 'revolution'. That survival must be attributed to a wide range of factors, many of which have now, after three full decades, also begun to pose often serious problems.

The most obvious of these factors is the unquestionable, and well-documented, social progress achieved. Cuba's success in spreading health-care, education, employment, income distribution, and so on clearly does much to explain the revolution's popularity both at home and abroad, especially within the Third World; moreover, these social benefits have continued to expand, at great cost, in times of austerity.[1]

The second explanation is the political culture which, in the 1950s, helped create the conditions for revolt and which, throughout all three

decades of change, has continued to radicalise and mobilise, with an ideology that mixes an often moralistic nationalism and a radicalism, both inherent and adopted. The former, rooted deeply in the late colonial experience of Cuba and the then suffocating domination by the powerful Northern neighbour from 1898, has been sustained and intensified since 1959 by invasion (notably in 1961), by the reality of economic siege and by the simple fact that, for Washington, detente does not yet extend to US relations with Cuba, but also, more positively, by such factors as cultural and sporting success and the impressive outflow of aid to other parts of the Third World — military, medical, educational and technical. The latter, also rooted in Cuba's history of rebellion and frustration and steeled subsequently by the siege and mobilisation experience of the 1960s, has been sustained by the leadership, by education and by the countless channels of political socialisation.

This last point introduces a third explanation: the extent of the social and political involvement of a highly articulate population, achieved through a wide and, for some, daunting array of organisations that induce participation.[2] In a continent where vast sectors of the population can often be politically marginalised or excluded, this level of participation is not only remarkable but understandably attractive for many, whatever fears it may hold for European observers. Beyond the non-electoral organs, one should also cite the fundamental role of the armed forces (FAR) and the FMC, the Federation of Cuban Women.

Clearly, any discussion of the Revolution's thirty years must, however, include the elements we began with — the personalist factor and the Soviet connection. There is little doubt that, in a highly centralised structure and especially in the turmoil of the early years, Fidel Castro's hand at the helm has so often been critical to the revolution's definition, policies and popularity. The rousing million-strong rallies of the 1960s and 1970s may have gone, but the public identification is clear; for many, 'Fidel' is the symbol and leading representative of a process which has, problems and criticisms notwithstanding, brought benefits and a considerable collective self-confidence. Moreover, one should not ignore, in a close-knit, well-communicated society, the role of others in that small group of rebels and activists who took over in 1959 and who still dominate political life, unaffected by any deep internecine strife (remarkably in the history of the Communist world) and only really diminished by the deaths of such as Che Guevara, Cienfuegos, Santamaria, Sanchez and Dorticos.

As for the Soviet Union, as the Cubans readily acknowledge, the revolution could not have survived in its present form without the permanent Soviet lifeline, notably of ready and cheap credit[3], cheap oil and the guaranteed purchase of much of Cuba's vital sugar exports; in addition, the military support from the Soviet Union has constituted a reassuring shield over the years, not in nuclear terms (witness October 1962) but in terms of advice, supplies (not least for overseas activities) and a minimal but sufficient presence to warn potential invaders. At times

that reliance has been critical — in the aftermath of the blockade, after the crisis of the 1970 harvest[4] — and its continuing significance has been proven by the role played in Cuba's current economic difficulties by the Soviet reduction of supplies and subsidies.

Yet that same crisis has a number of often complex, and surprising, causes, not all of them economic. The credit squeeze imposed by the Reagan administration from the early 1980s clearly affected an economy which had, since 1971, deliberately opened itself up to Western loans, goods and investment, an opening, however, that gave rise to several pressures. Some of these were rooted in the very successes of the 1960s and 1970s. For the satisfaction of 'basic needs', a priority objective from the 1950s, had, by the 1980s, created a population whose wellbeing it perhaps took too much for granted and whose material expectations had rocketed beyond what was either practical or desirable for a tightly-run, still vulnerable, economy. This was especially true of a Havana population which had seen conditions improve steadily, but certainly at a frustratingly slower pace than in the preferred countryside, only to experience the galling spectacle of Florida-based emigres returning with evidence of considerable (even if artificially inflated) prosperity.[5]

The 1970s opening-up, economically, partly to stabilise after the erratic years of the 'siege economy', partly to restore confidence, involved therefore the acceptance of loans and goods (all, of course, to be paid for in hard currency), but also, as a result, the partial re-subjection of Cuba to the vagaries of the world commodity and financial markets. The disaster that overtook Latin America from 1982 — of rising interest rates and falling prices — therefore also affected Cuba, serving to remind the leadership, and population, of Cuba's continuing and essential Third World status, a fact that the 1970s prosperity had obscured. That crisis now led to the necessary, and painful, adjustment — cuts in imports and consumption and a drive to eliminate 'waste' — which has inevitably conflicted with recently raised expectations (especially of a generation which did not experience the hardship of the 1960s) and has begun to create political pressures.

These pressures came to be directed against many of the features that, ironically, the 1970s reforms had created — the increased bureaucracy and inefficiency of a Party which, having throughout the 1960s steadfastly refused to institutionalise itself, had now become partially corrupted by the new system, and also both the privileges inherent in this new Party-led materialism and the inequalities resulting from the recently approved (limited) private sector. The potential for political crisis was considerable — a crisis of confidence and commitment, and, underlying that, a challenge to the hitherto strong ideology which had guided the revolution in the 1960s.

In 1986, therefore, at the Third Party Congress, Castro launched the campaign of 'rectification' ('of past errors and negative tendencies'), directed at a number of identified targets: at the perceived political shortcomings of inadequately committed (and often 'capitalist minded')

Party members, at the neglect of the ideological imperative, at economic inefficiency and waste, and at those same 'technocratic' reforms of the 1970s which had brought Cuba to its current economic and political problems. The campaign, therefore, has often seemed, to a world intrigued by Soviet *perestroika,* to be contradictory: on the one hand, pursuing strictly economic goals of efficiency and streamlining (including reducing over-employment in enterprises and seeking profitable Western trade and investment links), while, on the other, seeking to 'harden' political resolve and to revive the level of ideological commitment, of Party and population alike. To many observers, the renewed emphasis on Che Guevara and the whole 'moral economy' of the 1960s sits uneasily alongside the pragmatism of the declared economic policies.

Therein lie apparent Cuban reservations about *perestroika.* The leadership's perception of the 1970s is that the damaging reforms of the 1970s (in part akin to those advocated within Gorbachev's USSR) were the very ones encouraged by the Soviet advisers and their 'technocrat' proteges in Cuba — perhaps to end the instability and unreliability of the idiosyncratic Cuban model — and were adopted too imitatively by the Cubans in ways that were both irrelevant and dangerously distorting. In the same way, they feel, the economic liberalisation implicit in *perestroika,* while perhaps relevant to a Soviet economy better able to withstand competition, is not applicable to Cuba's essentially Third World economy, which, rather, shares the increasing perspective of many in Latin America that the need is for moves away from and not towards a failed neoliberalism. On the other hand, if *perestroika* means Soviet determination to reduce its 'fraternal aid' to Cuba, then Cuba is obliged to diversify its trade, seeking Western European and Japanese outlets and inputs.

Politically, too, the attitude to *perestroika* and *glasnost* is complex. For if the Soviet process involves dismantling five decades of hide-bound Stalinism, and its neo-Stalinist Brezhnevian sequel, then Cuba simply does not share that past, they repeatedly argue. Indeed, in Cuba, the problem of the dead weight of bureaucracy did only arise after 1970 (hitherto one might argue that there was insufficient bureaucracy!), and has always been tempered by the countervailing 'Fidelist' and personalist nature of the leading circles, reasserted in the late 1970s, and by channels of participation which, for all their obvious limitations, simply were not echoed in the Soviet Union. Here one might cite the CDRs — unquestionably, and especially in the 1960s, a valuable forum for debate as well as for vigilance and socialisation — and the Popular Power system, where, at municipal level, the required six-monthly meeting of delegate and electors, whereby the former is called upon to 'render account' has often proved to be a remarkably open forum for often critical discussion and has resulted in an astonishingly high turnover of delegates. A further Cuban argument is that *glasnost* might be relevant to a process less demonstrably popular and militarily safer than the Cuban, but that Cuba is still the 'front line' against 'imperialism'. The popular Cuban perception of its status as an embattled enclave may be strange to European ears,

but it is a reality which United States, and Soviet, policymakers ignore at their peril.

The recent evidence of an obviously officially approved internal debate, often frank and far-reaching, also casts doubt on the supposed total resistance to *glasnost*, although this questioning is as yet limited in scope and base — extensive and palpable in certain, but not all, academic, intellectual and activist circles, and, to some extent, at the grass roots, but so far lacking clear channels of communication and popularisation. Moreover, the recent warming towards the question of religion, evident not only in Castro's public interest in Liberation Theology (not as new as many observers imagine) but also practically in the attitudes of many in both the upper and lower echelons of the Party, and the revival of a Catholicism which never enjoyed a strong social base in Cuba, all point to a degree of ideological openness — albeit perhaps more 'moralistic' — that at least partly undermines the 'hard-line' image.

One point should also be made clear. However deep and significant this process of economic and political 'rectification' is, it almost certainly predates the Gorbachev reforms, which have, however, accelerated and confirmed it. Even in the supposedly 'orthodox' 1970s, for example, the overseeing of the economy by Carlos Rafael Rodriguez[6] was never untrammelled and in the early 1980s the government foreshadowed 'rectification' by curtailing the newly approved limited free peasant market. Furthermore, it was clear in the 1970s that the 'Sovietisation' of both domestic and external policies was often in appearance alone. The 'orthodox' Popular Power system, reportedly introduced at Soviet urging, was in fact not orthodox in its entirety and did not replace the existing CDRs; and the partial rehabilitation of the old PSP group was subsequently limited and even reversed at the end of the decade, with many of the guerilla veterans once more in the ascendancy — most notably Osmani Cienfuegos's role in the economy.

Yet it is perhaps in foreign policy where the 'Cubanist-Fidelist' stamp has been most clearly visible. The Angolan intervention of 1975, at the time seen by many as proof of Cuba's 'surrogate' role, is now mostly interpreted as a coincidence of Cuban and Soviet interests and motives, with the Cubans evidently initiating the moves to support their long-standing allies, Neto and the MPLA. The undoubted popularity of the whole experience, especially in the early years (often for a variety of ideological and personal motives) and the prestige it has earned for Cuba in the Third World — not least the turning-point of Cuito Carnavale in 1988, one of the decisive battles since 1945 — underline the importance for Cuba of this, and other, overseas activities. Certainly, it should be seen in the same light as Cuba's long-running support for the Sandinistas in Nicaragua, and, more briefly, for Bishop in Grenada, and its extensive, impressive and clearly prestigious aid to over 40 Third World countries. From that point of view, reports of the Angolan withdrawal of 1989 being attributable to Soviet pressure need to be treated with caution, since, although Soviet logistical support has been fundamental, the

Cubans' ability and willingness not just to act alone but even to force Soviet compliance has not totally disappeared.

This perhaps explains why, in April, the two leaders failed to act out either the paymaster-debtor relationship which some expected or to produce the predicted sparks. 'Agree to differ' seems an apt assessment of the outcome of the meetings between not just two leaders but also two processes with different definitions, different problems and different policies, but also with an obvious ideological and economic affinity. Certainly it would be foolish to expect Cuba to have any intention of severing its Soviet links: on a pragmatic basis alone, the Comecon connection has been vital to both the 1970s progress and to the cushioning of the 1980s debt blow, but beyond that the Cuban leadership evidently still has an unshakeable commitment to the concept of world socialism. Yet those links seem likely to continue to be determined as much on Cuban as on Soviet terms, given that the last thirty years have seen little sustained Soviet capacity to fundamentally influence Cuba's political or economic direction.

Nor too does the Soviet Union envisage such a separation, however much the often embarrassing and costly support might be slimmed. For the Cuban model — heretical and wayward though it may be to some Soviet eyes — continues to constitute a powerful advertisement for socialism to many in the Third World, thereby bringing vicarious prestige to Moscow; and Cuba, in some Soviet considerations, may well still count for something in global strategy. Beyond that, there is evidence that the survival of an embattled Cuban socialism brings solace in Moscow.

Despite this, it is clear that the Soviet dimension is, now, less likely to fundamentally affect Cuba's future direction than a number of other factors. As with the question of Castro, it is now simply insufficient a pressure to be the sole, or even the main, determinant of a process that has become increasingly complex over three decades.

So, if these two, most visible, factors do not constitute the key to the future, what does? The first alternative factor must be the success or failure of the current economic restructuring, the attempt at a twin-track policy of pragmatism and ideology, at a viable, but acceptable, middle way between the strictly 'material' criteria of efficiency (itself with an ideological purpose) and the resurgence of the 'moral' imperative.

The second factor is the extent of the internal political debate. That the revolution is still popular few, outside Miami or Washington, deny, but that popularity has been sorely tested in the 1980s, as it was in the 'pressure-cooker' of the 1968-70 period — by a range of tensions, by shortages, by sustained demands, and perhaps even by the effects of Angola. There is little likelihood that discontent, however vociferous (and here one should remember that visiting journalists tend to gain their impressions from the more openly disgruntled Havanans), will be either serious or organised enough to challenge, or even seek to challenge, the hegemony of the Party or the leadership or the basis of the system. The much-publicised 'Human Rights' organisations simply do not match, in

significance or support, their Eastern European counterparts, and those who suggest a Solidarity-style Church-backed dissent totally fail to understand the nature of the Cuban political culture and of a Church whose radicalism, and lack of social base, makes such a challenge unthinkable. One should, moreover, always remember that any discussion of organised dissent in Cuba has to consider the simple fact of a large emigre community in the United States; the potential opposition is in Miami, not in Havana, an option clearly not available to the Eastern European dissidents.

A third factor, as ever, is of course the United States. Full commercial relations would still represent a basis for a more natural Cuban economic profile, although it is doubtful if American entrepreneurs could recapture more than a small proportion of Cuban trade with Eastern and Western Europe, with Canada and, above all, with Japan, and Cuba could probably sell little, especially sugar, to the United States. But the abolition of the blockade would certainly ease pressure, not least in costs. A lifting of the siege would also ease political pressure internally, but the nature of the domestic American scene makes full detente a distant prospect at best, and certainly not one sought at all costs by the Cuban leadership.

In a perverse way, however, the United States may well be the key to Cuba's immediate future. For one must remember that, since 1959 (i.e. before the move to either Marxism or the Soviet Union), the leadership, and the population, have had a consistent perspective of a world divided not necessarily along East-West lines, but rather North-South. To Cuban eyes, the United States is, in the latter conflict, the unquestionable enemy, the cause of the problem and the target of policy; therefore, if detente blurs the East-West divide for us, or for the Soviet Union, it by no means alters the Cuban image of the fundamental, and unbridgeable, North-South divide. Moreover, the more the Soviet Union moves towards that blurring, the more likely Cuba is to increase its interest and profile, and its self-definition, in the Third World.

NOTES:

1. One recent example illustrates this: in spring 1989 the number of doctors in Cuba was given as 1 per 366 inhabitants, with the newly created Family Doctor Programme being given an accelerated boost to add 2,000 more per year.
2. Here I refer especially to the Committees for the Defence of the Revolution (CDR) and the Popular Power system. The former, set up in 1960 as a means of anti-invasion or subversion vigilance system, are small neighbourhood committees or councils that cover the island (with over 6 million members) and now deal with a range of social, environmental and political aspects.
3. Estimates of the Cuban debt to the USSR vary from $7 to $17 billion.
4. This refers to the vain attempt to produce a record 10 million tons of sugar.
5. The result of these tensions was the exodus, via the port of Mariel, of about 125,000 Cubans in 1980.
6. Rodriguez was one of the leaders of the pre-revolutionary Communist Party (the PSP) who led the move towards Castro's guerillas in 1958.

[Tony Kapcia is a Lecturer in Latin American Politics at Wolverhampton Polytechnic.]

WHY LORD MACKAY WAS SUSCEPTIBLE

by R. D. Kernohan

W. S. GILBERT originally planned *Patience* to satirise rival clergymen but decided it was safer to make do with poets. Perhaps he also planned a comic opera about a Scots Free Presbyterian Lord Chancellor who fell out with the English Bar, tussled with the judges, and was disciplined by his Presbytery and Synod for going to the wrong kind of funeral. If so he gave up the far-fetched idea. He settled for a more plausible plot about a susceptible Lord Chancellor who was entangled with a fairy called Iolanthe.

The Free Presbyterians who disciplined Lord Mackay of Clashfern (and from whom he seceded when his friends' appeal on his behalf was lost) are an implausible cast for a comic opera. For one thing the chorus would refuse to sing anything but unaccompanied psalms. There would also have to be a guarantee that not even a recorded version would ever be played on Sundays. And anyone who struck a wrong note would be solemnly censured.

To almost everyone outside the Highlands and Islands of Scotland the precedings probably seem a bewildering and confusing mixture of comic opera, farce and bigotry. Letters of protest to the 'Presbyterian Synod' have come to the Church of Scotland from the Surrey suburbs. Almost every newspaper has at some stage got its headings in a twist, confusing the Free Presbyterians with the better known, equally Highland, and rather more numerous 'Wee Frees' of the Free Church of Scotland. The opportunities for confusion increased as soon as the narrow verdict against Lord Mackay led to the creation of yet another tiny conservative Presbyterian denomination, the Associated Presbyterian Churches formed by the Free Presbyterian minority. They, even before the Mackay case, had resented the authoritarianism of those controlling the sect — for example in suspending a minister who had allowed a Roman Catholic priest to say prayers at a local authority committee.

But the affair is worth rather more understanding than it has generally been allowed. Some of those who have been ready to pronounce on it, such as Lord St. John of Fawsley, have not seemed to be well acquainted with the facts, emotions, history or doctrines involved. To treat it as mere bigotry, and to find the Lord Chancellor's involvement incomprehensible, is to betray an ignorance, however understandable, of matters whose intrinsic importance is at least arguable and complexity indisputable.

Although the Church of Scotland was finally settled in its Presbyterian forms and order after the Glorious Revolution of 1688 there have always been other strains of Calvinism in the country. Some extreme Covenanters stayed out then and a succession of secessions followed long before the great disruption of the Kirk in 1843, over patronage and State control, which created the Free Church of Scotland. Its outstanding leader and adornment was Thomas Chalmers, one of the great European churchmen

of the age. The Free Presbyterians broke away from that Free Kirk 50 years later when it seemed to qualify its adherence to the strict Calvinism of the 17th century Westminster Confession. They were never reconciled with the larger minority of 'Wee Frees', also mainly in the Highlands and Islands and with the same doctrine. This larger minority convinced the courts that they were entitled to the Free Kirk name (and such of its property as they could use) when the majority took a major step towards Presbyterian reunion in 1900. The majority (as the United Free Church) merged in 1929 with the Established or Auld Kirk to create the reunited Church of Scotland, leaving a further small remnant with the United Free label.

One of the paradoxes of this situation is that ultra-conservative Calvinism took root in the Highlands and Islands, which once resisted the Reformation and now rejected liberal theology. The Westminster Confession was the work of the Presbyterian sector of English Puritanism, assisted by Lowland Scots. The disruption, though well supported in the Highlands and Islands, drew its leadership and strength from the Lowlands, especially from the business and professional classes that thought of themselves as progressive and forward-looking. But the doctrine and discipline acquired a Highland style and Gaelic accent, even some distinctive characteristics. For example in the Church of Scotland, as well as the ultra-conservative denominations, there is a Highland reluctance among churchgoers to become communicant members. A large part of the congregation on any Sunday will consist of 'adherents' who don't feel good enough to come to the Lord's Table at the solemn (but infrequent) Communion celebrations. In other areas of belief and practice the Calvinist Highlanders simply hardened attitudes which the rest of Presbyterian Scotland was now inclined to relax, for example in a strict Sabbatarianism or attitudes to the Christian Year.

Often this has seemed no more than a rearguard action against the modern world. The Sunday ferries get nearer to Stornoway every year and in Lewis and Skye even the Free Kirkers and Free Presbyterians can have Christmas trees for the children (but may keep them in the bedroom, where visiting ministers and elders do not penetrate). And not all TV sets are switched off on the Sabbath.

The Free Kirk and the Free Presbyterians are strongest in the Northern Hebrides, where they account for more than half of all churchgoers, outnumbering the mainstream Kirk and sparring with the Roman Catholics of South Uist and Barra on such theological questions as the Sunday opening of council owned recreation grounds. The two ultra-conservative denominations also have occasional dignified disagreements with each other, the Free Kirk sometimes having to defend itself against improbable charges of latitudinarianism. It is also said that the Free Presbyterians are self-excluded from the main campaign against Caledonian MacBrayne plans for Sunday ferries because the Lord's Day Observance Society is 'too broadly based'. Yet within the conventions of Hebridean society people co-exist in an amicable way and in a very law-

abiding society. The visitor who shows a decent respect for the community's ways (especially on Sunday) finds it welcoming, kindly, and unfailingly courteous.

But on the mainland the Free Kirk and the Free Presbyterians have to come to terms with a less isolated society, no longer Gaelic-speaking to any extent. That applies both to the Northern Highlands beyond Inverness (from which Lord Mackay's parents came) and to the Hebrideans and other Highlanders who follow the old path to Glasgow and Edinburgh. They are then, in the American phrase, 'off the reservation'. They are free to lapse without social stigma, though the lapsing often amounts to no more than attaching themselves to the Church of Scotland. One former Moderator of the General Assembly was raised in a Free Presbyterian manse. A leading liberal minister of the Kirk in Edinburgh was brought up as a Free Presbyterian. While he preached intellectual and aesthetic sermons, others in his family walked across town to the Free Presbyterian church, since they couldn't take a bus on Sunday.

For the ultra-conservatives who stay loyal to confessional Calvinism the answer is sometimes akin to what French Royalists under the Third Republic called 'internal emigration'. The Highland nurse works happily on the Sabbath since 'works of necessity and mercy' are the Christian's duty on all seven days. And Lord Mackay, it is said, has always put in a power of work on Saturday in order to keep Sunday clear — perhaps with practical as well as spiritual benefits when Monday morning comes. Bank managers, computer analysts, and teachers who happen to be Free Presbyterians make similar adjustments.

There are probably three reasons why Lord Mackay's problem has seemed unique. First, Free Presbyterians and Free Kirkers with his kind of intellect and aptitudes are far more likely to go into the ministry than into law or politics. Secondly, the Free Presbyterians are a small body, with perhaps no more than 6,000 members and deeply committed adherents, so that by the law of averages not all that many are in top jobs. Thirdly, the same law of averages ensures that not many Free Presbyterians attending Roman Catholic funerals will be photographed doing so.

A fourth reason has been suggested, though to evaluate it would demand searching the hearts and even the sub-conscious of his accusers and, more important, the dominant clique in the Free Presbyterian denomination who took up the case (originally raised by a maverick group in Yorkshire) and made it their own. Power and prestige among the Free Presbyterians traditionally rest in the ordained ministry, even though elders share the rule of the Church with them. The theory of the Church does not demand that elders should be deferential to them. In practice they are, as they tend to be (sometimes unreasonably so) in far less conservative Presbyterian Churches.

It may be that Lord Mackay's eminence was not an unmixed blessing for him in his Church. His own congregation knew him, as countless other people in Scotland and beyond do, as an extraordinarily gracious

man whose great gifts and success go with an unassuming manner which bespeaks an inner humility, hard though it might be to convince the Inns of Court of that. Perhaps the more these things were noted — perhaps with comments about how odd it was that he was also a Free Presbyterian — the more inclined the Ayatollahs were to make an example of him, especially as attendance at requiem masses has always been a cause of protest and argument in the Free Presbyterian Church, a few of whose zealots would even like to censure attendance at funeral services of 'backsliding' Protestant Churches. Past protests (not necessarily with the force of Synod decisions) had encompassed sundry members of the royal family and such zealous Protestants as Sir Edward Carson. They, however, were not susceptible to Free Presbyterian discipline. Lord Mackay was, until driven out. Curiously, attendance at requiem masses for fellow-Highlanders seems to have been regarded less seriously, though Highland Protestants (like some Irish ones) might limit themselves to attending a Catholic graveside or making a visit of condolence.

This seems a case of being more Calvinistic than Calvin himself, who did not necessarily regard anyone's presence at a mass as 'idolatry'. Presbyterians and Calvinists today disagree about whether the Westminster Confession's description of the mass as 'abominably injurious to Christ's one sacrifice' remains valid, though almost all outside the Free Presbyterian Church would regard attendance in circumstances like Lord Mackay's as entirely a matter for private judgement. Some, including quite determined Protestants, have accepted invitations to join in the Communion, sometimes cheered by the knowledge that the invitation probably breaks Roman rules. Moreover the Westminster Confession is not a ranting denunciation of the mass but a rejection of practices and doctrines associated with it and of the 'gross idolatries' these doctrines were believed to have caused. It is not all that different from the approach of the Thirty-nine articles (with their reference to 'blasphemous fables') to which generations of Anglican clergymen assented.

The irony of the case is probably that Lord Mackay, on any reasonable assessment, would have to be rated an ultra-conservative Protestant. It is not in his nature to use wounding words himself about anyone else's faith; but no more is he a conformist who would accept a formula with so many mental reservations as to make it meaningless.

However the extraordinary affair raises questions which go beyond the Lord Chancellor's private beliefs and concept of his public duty, especially when faced not merely with an ecclesiastical sentence (six months' suspension as an elder and from Communion) but with the far more important demand that he repent of his 'offence'.

It probably means that the Free Presbyterians will become an even narrower and smaller sect. It also opens up prospects of a legal wrangle about some of their assets, including the property of the seceding congregations and the stipends and manses of their protesting ministers. There is an added complication of the considerable legacy income built up by the Free Presbyterians, much of it from a rich non-member who

admired their stand for principle, though it might now take a court to decide what the principle was.

More important, the split raises the question of whether a more coherent ultra-conservative Church can emerge in Scotland. To some extent various Brethren and independent Baptist groups play that role, but they lack the public standing of the Free Kirk, even if its membership (including committed adherents) is 25,000 at most. The natural, if eventual, destination for the seceding supporters of Lord Mackay is in the Free Kirk, which has the same confessional basis and Highland traditions. But the Highland traditions are both a limiting factor and a wasting assest. Glasgow's housing estates are not to be converted by Gaelic Psalms.

For some time there has been a tension within the Free Kirk (which has some formidable theological intellects) on its role as a Highland ghetto and its relations with other conservative evangelicals. It is not so much a party battle as a searching of conscience and anxiety about the future, sometimes influenced by speculation about whether in the longer ecumenical term the Church of Scotland itself can hold together as its numbers shrink, its evangelical wing grows in strength, and its policies are still mainly determined by dominant liberal and ecumenical influences. The Kirk can cope with a good deal of internal friction and will never be wrecked by political controversy, however much it is publicised. But what if some new scheme for bishops slips past in the name of ecumenicity, or some declaration about a possible role for the Bishop of Rome as permanent Moderator of a worldwide General Assembly — call it primacy or Petrine minister of whatever? If that ever happens there will be people in Scotland looking for a new spiritual home, but needing a much more comprehensive evangelical church than Wee Frees, never mind the Free Presbyterians, can provide.

[R. D. Kernohan is the Editor of the Church of Scotland's magazine *Life and Work.*]

THE TREASURE OF THE CITY OF CULTURE

by Mary E. McClune

THE Burrell Museum in Glasgow's Pollok Estate fulfils the dream of Sir William Burrell to make a gift of his collection of art treasures to the public, in a country setting, away from pollution and in light which, though showing the treasury to advantage, would not damage the delicate textures of objects vulnerable because of their frailty and age. The City of Culture can offer a vision of 4,000 years of civilisation, in a building of light and space, which is in itself a work of architectural genius.

Heated, air conditioned, equipped with comfortable seating, in Scottish woodland, the building defies the Scottish climate. Ceiling to floor glass allows the visitor to feel he is out of doors in some remote rural paradise, in parkland, where in summer trees, grass and flowers bloom and in winter a country snowfall can be enjoyed without chill. Only a few miles from the centre of the city, the museum offers wonder, warmth and a wealth of exhibits.

The entrance is through the first of two portals from Hornby Castle in Yorkshire, cleverly integrated into the building. They were the gateway to the Courtyard and the Great Hall at Hornby, and were items to be exhibited. How better to do so than to use one of them to welcome the visitor?

Glass, grandeur and the glowing pink of sandstone are first impressions. Romanesque, Gothic and Renaissance doorways, set into the fabric of the building, lure the visitor to taste of the mystery of the ancient civilisations; of Egypt, Assyria, Persia; Old Testament places with names which drip like honey from the tongue.

The glory that was Greece, the power of Rome, treasures from oriental Dynasties, like Shang, Zhou, Qin and Han; Tang Song Jin and Ming. Schoolchildren, with clipboards and calculators, twenty-first century computer people, yet another civilisation, sing the names. They seem unimpressed by the age of the exhibits. The security system thrills; it is electronic.

Through the second sandstone portal of Hornby Castle, is the courtyard of a Roman villa. Here stands the gigantic Warwick Vase, framed in a glory of wild fig trees. From the Roman Emperor Hadrian's villa in Tivoli, by way of the second Earl of Warwick, the nine ton, two thousand year old piece, restored in the eighteenth century, is one of the few exhibits not actually purchased by the enigmatic Sir William Burrell; the man who found publicity repugnant and would allow no press interviews or personal profiles to be published in his life time. He was a private person, publicity was only to be directed to his collection.

Rumour has it that the Scottish collector was birled (excuse the pun) in his windswept grave above the Ayrshire town of Largs, on the day the trustees paid more than £250,000 for the Warwick Vase.

Sir William was renowned for his business acumen in the shipping world, and enjoyed haggling for a bargain with an art dealer as much as bringing off a profitable business deal. The 'Millionaire Magpie' was not a man to squander money. The purchase details of the entire collection, some eight thousand pieces, are noted in his own neat handwriting in twenty-eight school jotters costing no more than a few old pence.

The unseen omnipresence of Sir William grips the imagination. No portrait, no photograph of the great man, hangs in the museum; not even in the reconstructed Dining Room, Drawing Room or Hall of Hutton Castle, the Burrell home in Berwickshire, overlooking the River Whitadder.

Bought from Lord Tweedmouth to house his collection, his family and servants, in that order, the castle would allow Sir William to live in baronial style, something he had aimed at all his life.

From 1915 until 1927, Lady Constance and their only child, Marion, lived in rented country houses and spent many months in the Marine Hotel in Troon, while work was carried out at Hutton Castle, to allow the collection of stained glass, tapestries, medieval and Elizabethan furniture and statuary to be built into their home and become part of their daily life. A large staff of domestic servants and estate workers was engaged. Sir William now took up the life of a country gentleman, showing his treasures to the close circle of friends whom he invited for shooting parties and as house guests.

A master electric switch was installed in Sir William's bedroom. It was not uncommon for Hutton Castle to be plunged into total darkness, when the master retired at 10 pm, irrespective of whether his guests were still up and about. Boxes with locks encased the light switches throughout the castle: even the family had to obtain the keys from Sir William, before they could switch on. The Hutton Castle Rooms were reproduced in the museum at Sir William Burrell's express wish, as part of the 'Deed of Gift' by which he turned over the collection to the City of Glasgow in 1944.

The rooms seem somewhat out of place in the modern museum. They are dark Gothic places. They have the feel of the eccentric about them. The visitor has a sense of intrusion into the home life of an unusual and somewhat less than happy family. Admittedly the Hutton Castle rooms display priceless furniture and fabrics, paintings and tapestries in their own setting, but visitors, more used to brighter more convenient homes, are relieved to know that those 'good old days' are part of history. The small exhibits, ceramics from China and the Near East, Chinese jades and bronzes, Japanese prints bring joy to the heart.

The collection of stained and painted glass is so extensive that it has been catalogued separately. Decorative glass was a speciality of Sir William's. Both at Hutton Castle and at his former home, 8 Great Western Terrace, Glasgow, an elegant Alexander Greek Thomson house, stained glass panels featured in the public rooms, stairways and landings. There are 600 panels in the collection. The medieval stained glass is among the

world's finest and compares favourably with collections displayed in the Victoria and Albert Museum and New York's Cloisters.

Not everyone has a 'hang up' about tapestries, as Sir William had. There are 150 in the Burrell Collection. He considered them to be his most valuable acquisitions and undoubtedly they were his favourite pieces. The tapestries and Near Eastern textiles are the most colourful exhibits. The sections containing Sculpture, Church Art and Paintings, though smaller in number of exhibits, are nonetheless intriguing.

Since no charge is made for entry, except to the Car Park, there is no restriction on who can afford to visit the Burrell Collection. Indeed, in summer at the height of the tourist season, especially at weekends, roads leading to Pollok estate are jammed with traffic as visitors from all over the world queue to view the collection. The sheer extent and variety of exhibits ensure that everyone will find something to capture his interest.

A personal favourite is a tiny Cradle Reliquary. It is only ten inches in height by seven-and-a-half inches in length and could easily be overlooked among other larger pieces of the work of fifteenth century Netherlandish craftsmen. These reliquaries were often found in convents, probably given to the nuns as Christmas gifts. They were Christmas 'cribs' which cradled a tiny Christ Child doll. Such pieces are extremely rare, but 'The Christ' has been separated from the cradle in the Burrell Collection, so the value of the piece is lessened, and its true meaning lost. The tiny carved 'pieta' and figure of St. Martin, relics of whom were probably contained in the reliquary compartment, are marvels of craftsmanship in their microscopic detail. Should the 'Christ Child' ever be found, which is virtually impossible, the tiny masterpiece would be priceless. To find out more information about an exhibit of this sort, there are 'teach ins' in the well equipped Lecture Room. The computerised archives and cross filing system for information are a far cry from those twenty-eight school jotters.

Sir William Burrell was probably educated at Abbey Park Boarding School in St. Andrew's. It is thought that the antiquity of the beautiful East Coast city gave him a taste for collecting. He left school at fourteen and joined the family shipping firm as a clerk, spending ten years learning the then flourishing family shipping business. It was in connection with the business that he travelled widely in Europe, and later to Australia and New Zealand. His travels compensated for his lack of formal education. He became an expert in the Visual Arts, though never a scholar in the bookish sense.

There never was a library of any significance at Hutton Castle. Books are conspicuously absent from the exhibits in the Burrell Collection. The only book mentioned in the catalogue is the Book of Hours. These devotional books, used during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, were lavishly illuminated by hand. They were used by private individuals with prayers arranged for the eight canonical hours of the day. French Books of Hours are the finest and most sought after. The one in the Burrell Collection was handwritten and decorated by a Breton lady in the middle

of the fifteenth century.

Sir William Burrell's decision to hand the Burrell Collection over to the city of Glasgow must have been made in the light of encroaching old age. He was eighty-two, when he signed the famous 'Deed of Gift' which contained so many conditions for housing the collection that, although he lived for another fourteen years, he spent his last years in argument and acrimony over its terms, especially those relating to the site of a permanent home for the Collection. The arguments over siting went on until December of 1963, when the Trustees of the Collection, the Maxwell Macdonald family, owners of the Pollok Estate, and the National Trust for Scotland finally agreed with Glasgow Corporation on the advantages of building the Burrell Museum there.

A competition was held in 1970, sponsored by The Royal Institute of Architects to find a suitable design. The winning entry arrived only after an extension was granted on the final date of entry, because of the postal strike. It is the realisation of this winning entry by a team of young architects, lecturers in Architecture at Cambridge University, which is today the permanent home of the Collection.

It must have caused heartbreak to the ageing Burrell family to see Hutton Castle gradually stripped of its glory. The very panelling was removed from the walls, crated and put into storage for the enjoyment of future generations of visitors to view in the present museum. Hutton Castle was no longer a baronial mansion. Gone were the days of shooting and house parties. Sir William Burrell, after bequeathing a treasure to the citizens of Glasgow, ended his days in a neglected estate, which he tried to run on a shoe-string.

He would have been appalled that anyone should write an article such as this on his life, but surely the writer can be forgiven for expressing a tiny measure of the delight his collection has afforded so many people.

[Mary E. McClune is a graduate of St. Andrew's and Jordanhill Colleges of Education and retired Deputy Head Teacher in Strathclyde. She writes in various genres. She has published two short stories and several articles.]

BI-CENTENARY REFLECTIONS: THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AND IRELAND

by J. J. N. McGurk

THE dramatic events which unfolded in France from 1789 until the end of the century and the ferment of ideas which preceded and accompanied them are collectively called the French Revolution by some historians. Historical debate on the impact they had on the rest of Europe has hardly ceased since the Parisian mob stormed the Bastille on 14th July 1789. The entry on Louis XVI's diary for that day was *Rien*, meaning he had no time to hunt. For the peoples of these islands the news from France and the continent in the 1790s was at times exhilarating, at times shocking and, literally dreadful. Charles Dickens caught the confusion and ambiguity.

> It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness . . .[1]

In France in 1789 there were bread and grain riots, the States General met at Versailles in May. There it was made perfectly clear that the nation's sovereignty lay in the Third Estate, and that the true postulates of human society were simply 'Liberty, Equality and Fraternity'. The Bastille fell, feudal privileges were abolished, a 'Grand Fear' held many in thrall, martial law was declared and the secularization of the Church's lands went on apace. Many of the principles then enunciated by the French, it could be argued, were the commonplaces of British and Irish political thought, formerly used to justify 1688 but, in France, employed to declare a new era in which liberated man, or at least middle-class man, would take control of his own destiny. On the eve of these momentous events in France, George III, King of Great Britain and Ireland, went out of his mind. The regency crisis ensued in Grattan's Parliament on College Green in Dublin but was cut short by the King's recovery, and overtaken by the impact of what was happening in France.

The regency crisis however led directly to the formation of a formal Whig party in the Irish Parliament and though they commanded about one third of the MPs their programme of reforms was modest and their political audience small; but their politics were clearly dominated by the Jacobin triumphs in France. In Ireland, as elsewhere in Europe, the rapid spread of revolutionary ideas changed the face of politics, and had also brought about major domestic results by 1791. It was, however, a combination of the aggressiveness of the Irish Catholic Committee and pressure from London, as well as French inspired ideology which beat the inflexibility of Dublin Castle to give in to the re-enfranchisement of Catholics in 1793. But the reforms were piece-meal and beggarly. The majority Catholic population had been ever estranged from its established rulers by exclusion from the administrative, economic and political life of the country by the Protestant ascendancy. A brutal Penal Code of laws prevented them from the restoration of land and of those powers

land-ownership conferred. English rule in Ireland was one of the admitted European scandals. Little wonder agrarian warfare, albeit localized, became endemic throughout the eighteenth century.

J. A. Froude painted a rhetorical and lurid picture of the state of Ireland on the eve of the French Revolution:

> The executive Government was unequal to the elementary work of maintaining peace and order. The aristocracy and legislature were corrupt beyond reach of shame. The gentry had neglected their duties till they had forgotten that they had duties to perform. The peasantry were hopelessly miserable; and finding in the law not a protector and a friend, but a sword in the hands of their oppressors, they had been taught to look to crime and rebellion as the only means of self-defence. Never anywhere were institutions more ripe for destruction than those which England had planted in the unfortunate island which to their common misfortune nature had made part of her dominions.[2]

Froude had forgotten to add that the Irish Catholic traditionally looked to France for support, indeed to any of Britain's enemies abroad. It was, however, the Protestant community, not the discontented and disadvantaged Catholic majority, in which revolutionary nationalism would take root and aim at breaking the British connection. The impetus from French revolutionary ideas would eventually bring about some union or alliance between extreme Protestant reformers, patriots and radicals and Catholics to give a leadership and direction to revolutionary and republican ends. Paris, after all, had abolished all distinctions of creeds in religion. Ulster Presbyterians were hereditary republicans. In the successful revolt of the American colonies many of their kinsmen had played notable roles. Did they not see the logical traits of their independent principles which would give new heart to Irish radicalism?

The young Dublin Protestant barrister, Theobald Wolfe Tone, became the mouthpiece of these Irish aspirations and the catalyst of political and military action. Tone was an acute observer of politics from the galleries of the Irish House of Commons; he became a powerful pamphleteer, and an even more influential advocate of Ireland with the French. His 'Great Discovery' influenced the rest of his life like a religious vision, and indeed, the very direction of Irish history. In his own words the Great Discovery was,

> That the influence of England was the radical vice of our Government and that Ireland would never be either free, prosperous, or happy, until she was independent, and that independence was unattainable whilst the connection with England existed.

Tone's whole aim and political philosophy was therefore nothing less than,

> to break the connection with England, the never failing source of all our political evils, and to assert the independence of my country . . . To unite the whole people of Ireland, to abolish the memory of all past dissensions, and to substitute the common name of Irishman in place of the denominations of Protestant, Catholic and Dissenter.[3]

Here is one of the oft-cited sentences in the sacred texts of Irish nationalism, indeed Padraic Pearse referred to it as the whole gospel of Irish nationality. Tone's pamphlets, especially *An Argument on behalf of the Catholics of Ireland*, were the finest of his publications and a masterpiece of propaganda. It was reprinted and distributed by both Belfast Presbyterian reformers and by Dublin Catholics; he convinced both that

they had one common interest and one common enemy. Tone was one of the few Irish politicians who found himself at home in both Belfast and Dublin: in both cities the level of political radicalism was sophisticated and through Dr. William Drennan and his circle in Belfast the full United Irishmen movement was born. Through his efforts and those of Napper Tandy, a ward politician of great popularity in Dublin, the Dublin Society of United Irishmen came into existence in November 1791. With the other reform pressure groups the Catholic Committee demanded the abolition of the remaining penal laws, the abolition of tithe, lower taxes, a just and efficient administration, and parliamentary reform. Manifestos were published. Volunteer corps and political clubs passed resolutions. A plan for parliamentary reform dividing Ireland into 300 constituencies equal in population was put forward and suggested that every man should have a vote. One prominent Dublin member pointed out that it was only logical that women should also have the vote, but it was then thought impracticable.

The example of France was constantly cited, but the London government, the Lord Lieutenant in Ireland and his advisers were conservatively entrenched, thinking that any change to the Protestant ascendancy, at a time when the established order all over Europe was under threat, would simply be the slippery slope to anarchy. Fitzgibbon, the Lord Chancellor, argued that Catholic emancipation would open the door to parliamentary reform, which in turn would break the connection with Britain which was essential to Irish social stability and Britain's strategic safety. The British government, faced with the certainty of war with Revolutionary France, was extremely anxious to have Irish opinion conciliated. By putting pressure on the Irish government the relief act of 1793 swept away any disabilities and gave Catholics the vote. By then Great Britain was at war with France rather than with the revolution — Ireland was more directly involved in a conflict which as 'the French wars' would last twenty years, than in any war since 1690/1691. Agrarian discontent broke out in Ireland itself against tithe and rent and in fierce competition for land; sectarian rural riots broke out in Ulster leading to the celebrated 'battle of the Diamond' and hence to the formation of the Orange Society (1795), the aim of which was to defend 'the king and his heirs as long as he or they support the protestant ascendancy'. All of this was most discouraging to the declared aims of the United Irishmen 'to unite the whole people of Ireland', and especially as some United Irishmen enlisted in the Orange Society.

Their opponents, the Catholic Defenders who harboured plans to seek French help, stir up a rebellion and secure the restoration of their lands, joined the United Irishmen in their thousands more to right their religious and agrarian grievances than influenced by high political principles.

Meanwhile the second anniversary of the Fall of the Bastille was celebrated by radicals throughout the British Isles but nowhere more vigorously than in the streets of Belfast. The Northern Whig Clubs ate

dinners and made speeches, the volunteers paraded and fired off a *feu de joie* and the citizens sent an address to the French National Assembly which elicited enthusiastic replies from Bordeaux and Nantes. Thomas Dermody (1775-1802), the precocious Irish poet, whose forgotten grave is in a Lewisham cemetery, then wrote of the French:

> Like the soldiers of Cadmus . . . at the moment of least expectations started up from the very ground and became, pardon the expression, a mob of heroes.[4]

In Dublin the booksellers advertised every conceivable book, play or pamphlet on contemporary France and all her doings. Mirabeau's speeches, the constitution of 1793 and the works of 'John James' Rousseau, particularly his *Inquiry,* commanded a wide readership. As early as November 1789 the Dublin Theatre Royal put on stage a production of 'Gallic freedom or the Destruction of the Bastille'. In Belfast 'The Guillotine' was staged, a drama on the execution of King Louis XVI; the playwright disclaimed all bias of party or faction, but the conflicting roars of 'Off, Off' and 'Go on, Go on' must have bewildered or amused him.

The *first* anniversary of the fall of the Bastille passed unnoticed in Ireland but the publication of Edmund Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France* in November 1790, by putting the counter revolutionary case with immense erudition, powerful rhetoric and prophetic vision, sparked off the great debate on the political and historical significance of the revolution that has hardly died down. There were eight Dublin editions of the *Reflections* before the end of November. Within five weeks of its first edition the academic board of Trinity College, Dublin, with unaccustomed haste conferred on Burke an honorary degree, 'the friend of public order and virtue and consequently of the happiness of mankind'. For the rest of his busy life the affairs of France and of Ireland would occupy his mind and vast talents.

Burke's Irish origins and connections made him conscious of the dangers of the endemic social divisions, political resentments and religious clashes which could so readily bring about a revolution in Ireland and which, in fact, broke out in 1798 a year after Burke's death. In a perceptive, yet controversial, modern introduction to the *Reflections,* Conor Cruise O'Brien points out how Ireland was never far from Burke's thoughts as an oppressed and therefore dangerous island in which revolution was perfectly imaginable. When he wrote of the full horrors of the execution of the king, the September massacres and the Reign of Terror had not as yet taken place, but prophetically he saw the revolution unleashing a challenge to civilisation itself, of how life was nasty and brutish and likely to be short when the rights of the men of property, education and authority were trampled upon in the interests of an ugly and specious egalitarianism. His policy for Ireland was firmly based on the primacy of imperial and party interests; for him London was indubitably the centre of Empire. 'Ireland', he wrote, 'cannot be separated one moment from England without losing every source of her present prosperity and even every hope for her future'.[5]

Theobald Wolfe Tone devoted his life *usque ad mortem* to the very

opposite of Burke's view, namely, the establishment of an independent and democratic Irish Republic. However, the best known and most effective reply to Burke came from the pen of Tom Paine in his justly famous *Rights of Man* — Part One, published in March 1791, and Part Two, in February 1792. Paine was an iconoclastic critic of the establishment and of Burke, its protagonist; his stance at once was rational, practical and progressive; he showed up the defects of the *ancien régime* in France and its counterpart in Great Britain. He gave radicals principles and aims by sketching out a programme of social reforms and demonstrated how the equal and natural rights of man were in fact safeguarded by the new French Constitution. By November 1791 there were thirteen Dublin editions of Paine's work. In June, 1792, Paine was elected an honorary member of the Dublin Society of United Irishmen. That body was greatly impressed with his advocacy of popular participation in government on the grounds of natural right as well as his scheme for cheap government and the reduction of taxation. Just as Burke spoke for the politically respectable, in Paine's *Rights of Man* the new Radicals found a Bible and a champion. Paine spoke a different language from previous radicals; following the French example he showed how a new kind of government could be brought into existence without arguments going back to the Witan, Magna Carta and the 'Great and Glorious' revolution of 1688. His new government had no room for hereditary monarchy, landed aristocrats or an Established Church. Burke's appeal to history and tradition was thrown out as 'a presumption of governing beyond the grave'. The optimistically forward-looking radicals in the United Irishmen, like the Belfast confidants of Wolfe Tone, Drennan, Emmet, Sheares and Sinclair, were heady with schemes for reform built on Paine's inspiration and that of the French revolution; a national system of education, criminal law reform, a welfare state, old age pension, grants to the young setting out in life, and all to be subsidised out of taxes on real property.[6]

But more than likely the important impact of Thomas Paine and the French revolution on Irish society was to unite, in what would otherwise have been an unholy alliance, radical Protestant reformers and Catholics. Indeed, by 1793 Paine's *Rights of Man* had become so popular in Ireland that when he went to Paris he could honestly claim to be the political philosopher of the imminent Irish Revolution. It was in Paris too that Paine took in the new recruit, Lord Edward Fitzgerald who was swept off his feet by the revolutionary camaraderie of Paris. Lord Edward fell completely under the spell of Paine's radical fervour. Was it that which drove him on to seek and organise French help for a rising in Ireland? His death in Thomas Street, Dublin, 19 May 1798, at the hands of Major Sirr gave Lord Edward a niche in the pantheon of Ireland's patriotic martyrs.

Radical agitation for reform went on apace from 1791 under both the United Irishmen clubs and the Catholic Committee, Northern Whig clubs and in such newspapers and journals as the *Northern Star* and *Press*

and *National Journal*, the organs of the Dublin radicals. The proprietors of the former had to clear their name for publishing an address from the Jacobins of Belfast, a political club, among many in that city. The excesses committed in France during the Reign of Terror under Robespierre and Danton were excused on the grounds of war and on the new freedoms of a people suddenly released from tyranny. Admiration for France continued; even when Bonaparte sacked the Directory and dissolved the legislature, many in Ireland were blind enough to hail him as the great democrat or, in the words of William Drennan, 'the great pacificator of Europe'. To the radicals of Ireland the French were the champions of 'progress' and every effort should be made to invite them into Ireland as liberators.[7]

On the counter-revolutionary side many efforts were made to convince the disadvantaged Irish what a French invasion would mean in reality. Handbills circulated around Dublin reminded the citizens of the general prosperity of the nation in the previous twenty years, and of the excellent value they received in services for the low taxes paid. A French invasion would turn them into slaves, dependent on haughty demagogues and blood-thirsty harridans. Unbelievably, Dubliners were asked to recall how their ancestors had suffered, not from the ravages of the Elizabethan and Cromwellian soldiery, but at the hands of the Danes! Irish farmers were warned that a French invading force would certainly not go hungry as long as they had a cow, bullock or a sheep on their land. It is difficult for the historian to calculate the extent to which this counter-revolutionary propaganda gained adherents in Ireland over the radical reform cause. Meanwhile, the men of action among the radicals began to organise themselves militarily and sought help from France.

In the spring of 1794, a French agent, The Revd. William Jackson visited Dublin and contacted Wolfe Tone, who persuaded him that conditions were such in Ireland that a French invasion would be given a firm welcome. Jackson hoped that Tone would act as Irish agent to France and supplied him with a list of contacts. Jackson talked freely (apparently he nightly consumed three bottles of claret). In any case, all his movements were being reported through the offices of a double-agent, one Cockayne. Jackson was arrested in his lodgings in Dame Street and, on being convicted of treason, dramatically committed suicide by taking poison in the dock on 30 April 1795.[8]

Tone through influential friends cleared his dealings with Jackson and was allowed to emigrate to America, which he used as a stepping stone for more French contacts. Until 1796 Ireland was little discussed and of little significance in French strategical thinking. But Tone's advent in Paris coincided with the dominance in the Directory of Carnot who was then, early in 1796, working out a plan to break British resistance. The fact that Ireland lay far out to the west made it possible for a French expedition to avoid the British naval blockade and, once the French commanded the Irish ports, British trade and communications could be seriously disrupted. On 24 February, Tone gained his interview with

Carnot who made him explain himself in French. In halting and horrible jargon, as Tone tells us in *Diary,* he said he was an Irishman representing the Catholics and Dissenters of Ireland who were sympathetic to France and eager to throw off the English yoke; to that end they wanted arms, money and the help of an invading force, which, if large enough, should land near Dublin and, if small, somewhere in the north. He gave James Monroe, the future President of America, as his reference and declared that Carnot was well known as the organiser of victory in Ireland, and that it was even known he spoke English! Tone emphasised that once the French landed the Irish people 'would flock to the republican standard in such numbers as to embarrass the commander-in-chief.'[9]

After nearly three months of interviews, the drafting of memorials, and making further contacts, the Directory decided to send an expeditionary force of c.14,000 under the command of General Lazare Hoche who at 28 years of age was among one of the most brilliant of the revolutionary generals; Tone himself was, at 32, five years older than Hoche and six years older than Napoleon. The launching at Brest was delayed until December and at one stage was almost called off because the troops were needed in Germany. In the event it sailed, 45 ships in all, and just as the winter storms set in. The fleet was scattered; ten ships were lost, one destroyed in action, four wrecked and five captured. The units which reached Bantry Bay failed to make a landing. The invasion failed and the main reason apart from the hostility of the elements seems to have been that no proper orders had been taken for a procedure to be followed in the event of a separation, but under Hoche the bulk of the fleet returned safely to France.

In Ireland the government took vigorous counter measures to disarm, break up or dissolve the clubs, societies and organisations giving magistrates extensive power to search for arms; it imposed curfews, suspended *habeas corpus* and passed an insurrection act. The upholders of law and order were determined to maintain the British connection and to resist French aggression while the United Irishmen were equally determined to win emancipation, reforms and independence. By the middle of 1798 a plan of rebellion had been prepared and communicated, despite the government's anti-conspiracy activities. A few days before the insurrection broke out, Napoleon had sailed for Egypt as the main French overseas objective. Only minor French expeditions arrived in Ireland and those after the suppression of the '98. In August a small French force under General Humbert landed at Killala and was joined by many Irishmen who then in a short and exhilarating campaign routed the yeomanry and militia at Castlebar in Co. Mayo, but Humbert was soon surrounded by Cornwallis, the viceroy, with superior forces and brought to the surrender at Ballinamuck in Co. Longford on 23 September. Another small French expedition landed near Lough Swilly but a larger British squadron captured most of the French ships in October. On board the flagship was Theobald Wolfe Tone, serving as a French officer. He was court martialled in Dublin and found guilty of treason, but before he could be

executed he took his own life on 19 November 1798.

Perhaps the most important legacy from the French revolution to Ireland was nothing less than militant republicanism. The white on Ireland's national flag, the Tricolour, is the Jacobin white, a symbol of that legacy. Tone's concept of the nation was close to the French nationalist and revolutionary tradition. Padraic Pearse and James Connolly studied and absorbed Tone's teachings and learned the lessons of revolution for 1916. Perhaps, too, a lesser known result of the revolutionary era on Ireland but one of immediate influence, impossible to gauge, was the foundation of the Royal Catholic College of St. Patrick at Maynooth (1795). At the outset of the French Revolution there were about 500 Irish students preparing for the priesthood in the Irish colleges, notably at Nantes, Lille, Rome, Douai, Paris and Bordeaux. Although the Provisional Government had exempted the Irish colleges from the confiscation of Church properties and guaranteed the Irish inmates from the rigours of the Civil Constitutions of the Clergy, the mobs ignored the exemptions and attacked the colleges. There were Irish students, especially in Paris, who openly supported the revolution, yet, when the Reign of Terror broke out, the Irish bishops asked the British government's permission to set up a national seminary in Ireland to avoid henceforth sending students to France 'where they could be contaminated with sedition and infidelity'. Britain, at war with France, alarmed that returning Irish would preach treason and rebellion and encourage French military intervention in Ireland, readily agreed with the request of the Irish bishops. French tendencies in the education of the Irish clergy were short-lived, but as an indirect result of Franco-Irish relations in the revolutionary era they may prove an interesting reflection, one which occurred to Edmund Burke who asked that the new institution at Maynooth should provide for lay as well as clerical education. Ireland's traditional haemorrhage of soldiers and students to France was in a sense reversed as French expeditionary forces tried to land in Ireland and as emigré French clergy made their impact on the founding of the national seminary.

NOTES:

1. Charles Dickens, *A Tale of Two Cities,* the opening lines.
2. James Anthony Froude, *The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century,* 3 vols., (1872-1874, II, p.162, p.163.
3. Cited in Frank McDermott, *Tone and his Times* (1939), p.182.
4. Cited in R. B. McDowell, *Ireland in the Age of Imperialism and Revolution* (Oxford, 1979).
5. C. Cruise O'Brien (ed.), *Burke's Reflections of the French Revolution* (Penguin 1969).
6. T. Paine, *The Rights of Man* (Penguin ed. 1987) *passim.*
7. A selection of William Drennan's letters can be found in D. A. Chart (ed.), *The Drennan Letters . . . a Selection* (Belfast, 1931).
8. F. MacDermott, 'The Jackson Episode in 1794', *Studies* (Dublin, 1938).
9. Dr. Marianne Elliott, author of *Partners in Revolution* (Yale University Press, 1952) has written a new life of Tone which will be published in October 1989, as *Theobald Wolfe Tone, a Biography* (Yale University Press, 1989). Professor R. B. McDowell has completed an up to date collection of Tone's writings; the first volume is forthcoming from the Oxford University Press.

BRITAIN'S WAR AIMS IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR

by A. D. Harvey

EUROPE found itself at war so suddenly in August 1914 that it was only after the first clash of armies that the various governments began to face the problem of explaining to their peoples not only why the war had started but also what objectives needed to be secured before it could be honourably ended. The government of Italy, which came to the decision to join in the war only after detailed negotiations with potential allies, could point to a list — even if only a list edited for public consumption — of internationally recognised territorial claims. The government of France, which was able to present the war as a resumption of a contest in which they had been defeated more than a generation earlier, could cite the injustice of a dictated border settlement which could now be righted: indeed the reannexation of Alsace and Lorraine, the two provinces which had been lost to Germany in 1870, was specified as a war aim to the Russian Ambassador on 5 August 1914 and to the Chamber of Deputies on 22 November 1914. But as far as Britain was concerned, there were no territorial claims against Germany, and it was necessary therefore to find some other, perhaps more abstract, war aim.

Even in the first weeks, when it was still supposed that Germany would be easily crushed between the Russian steam-roller and the French *ésprit d'attaque,* the Italian ambassador in London was informed by Sir Edward Grey's private secretary, 'As in the days of Napoleon England will not replace the sword in the scabbard till she has succeeded in eliminating the permanent danger of a hegemonic power in Europe.' The threatened German hegemony was objected to not merely because it was foreign but also because it seemed to embody unacceptable social and moral values: a Declaration organised by C. F. G. Masterman and signed by 52 well-known British writers, published in *The Times* on 18 September 1914, spoke with horror of 'the domination of the whole Continent by a military caste'. This military caste was of course the Prussian officer class: on 9 November 1914 Asquith told guests at a Guildhall banquet:

> We shall never sheath the sword which we have not lightly drawn ... until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed upon an unassailable foundation, and until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed.

Prussianism was evidently a danger not only to the smaller nations: Lord Sydenham, formerly secretary of the Committee of Imperial Defence, claimed:

> Now, as in 1805, we are fighting for our lives against a great military Empire fired with ambitions of world domination which could be realised only by our destruction.

More than a year later Lloyd George told an American press magnate that Britain could not accept peace until the 'final and complete elimination of Prussian militarism'; yet even by this stage definitions of the essential nature of Prussian militarism were hard to come by. Fairly

typical was the obscuring rhetoric of Billy Hughes, the prime minister of Australia, who referred to Prussianism as 'that monstrous excrescence upon civilisation which is like a cancer eating out the very vitals of all that is worthy of permanence in civilisation' — or perhaps he was simply referring to the German nation as such. The distinction between Prussianism and Germany was occasionally made but generally not found worth exploring.

For the first year or more of the war much of the domestic propaganda within Britain not only side-stepped these problems of definition but also concentrated on exploiting a traditional chauvinism which to a large extent served as a pretext for the avoidance of thought altogether. Apart from some posters exclaiming 'Remember Belgium!' or showing an illustration of the 1839 treaty with the caption 'The Scrap of Paper: Prussia's Perfidy — Britain's Bond', the typical recruiting poster was in the mode of Alfred Leete's famous portrayal of Kitchener with his finger pointing and the slogan 'Your Country Needs YOU', or the homely appeals to the men of Britain to assert their masculinity — 'Women of Britain Say Go' and 'What Did You Do In The Great War, Daddy?' A Frank Brangwyn poster displayed in stations of the London Underground depicted a battle scene: 'At Neuve Chapelle. Your Friends Need You. Be a Man'; another Underground poster by Gerald Spencer Pryse, showing a platoon marching, mounted officer in the rear, past a ruined Baroque church with the captions 'Through Darkness to Light. Through Fighting to Triumph', was entitled in large letters 'The Only Road for an Englishman'. 'Remember we are writing a new page of history. Future generations cannot be allowed to read the decline of the British Empire and attribute it to us', a captain in the Rifle Brigade told his father shortly before his death in action in October 1914.

The avoidance of objective analysis was perhaps made necessary by the identity of Britain's allies. The atrocity stories about German soldiers hacking off the hands of Belgian children seem to have derived, in some roundabout way, from reports of how, only a dozen years previously, Belgian officials in the Congo had ordered precisely this kind of mutilation to be inflicted on recalcitrant native children; but what had happened in the Congo could be blamed on old King Leopold who had since died. More awkward was the claim that *'We are fighting for the cause of constitutional liberty and popular government'* which required especially deft foot-work when it came to writing pamphlets about 'Our Russian Ally', and *The Times* reported:

> The Stockholm newspapers ask how the relentless Russification of Finland is compatible with England's declaration that the Triple Entente is fighting for the freedom of small nationalities.

And it was all very well for the secretary of the National Union of Teachers to write:

> We fight against the German Emperor now as our forefathers fought against Napoleon, who was a very much greater man. We fight against the Kaiser because he seeks to enslave the world to Germany, as Napoleon tried to enslave the world to France;

but France was now an ally, and the French revered Napoleon as a

national hero who had been shamefully treated by the perfidious English. The first Trafalgar Day after the outbreak of war saw unprecedented numbers filing past Nelson's column in Trafalgar Square: 'it is doubtful whether such large crowds have ever been seen on any previous anniversary,' *The Times* reported. Trafalgar Day remained an occasion of patriotic celebration throughout the war, but Waterloo, where Napoleon had been defeated in person and where the Prussians had figured as allies, was in effect shelved: even regimental Waterloo Day dinners ceased to be held as 'Official festivities would be out of place and likely to wound the susceptibilities of our Allies'.

There were other ambiguities in the British position, which were dealt with rather sharply in Bernard Shaw's *New Statesman* supplement of 14 November 1914: reprinted as a pamphlet entitled *Common Sense About The War* this sold 75,000 copies. Less attention was given to a manifesto issued by General Manie Maritz on the borders of South West Africa on 16 December 1914:

> the former South African Republic and Orange Free State as well as the Cape Province and Natal are proclaimed free from British control and independent, and all white inhabitants of the mentioned areas, of whatever nationality, are hereby called upon to take their weapons in their hands and realise the long-cherished ideal of a Free and Independent South Africa.

Maritz's uprising was quickly suppressed: but it was not to be the only insurrection aimed against British government during the war.

A series of articles by H. G. Wells, published in *The Daily Chronicle* and other papers during August, proposing a kind of league of nations to ensure the impossibility of future wars, was issued as a pamphlet under the catchy title *The War That Will End War* and enjoyed a large sale, indicating that Prussianism was not the only variety of militarism held in suspicion by the British public. But there were others who took a totally different view of the situation, and these were often people of more influence in official circles: people such as Leo Amery, MP:

> While our military task is rightly to crush Germany, our political writers of all shades are forgetting our political object is the defence and welfare of the British Empire. All this harping on Prussian militarism as something that must be rooted out, as in itself criminal and opposed to the interests of an imaginary virtuous and pacific entity called Europe, in which we are included, is wholly mischievous. We are not part of Europe.

The entry of Turkey into the war at the beginning of November introduced a new dimension. Partly perhaps it was something in the eastern Mediterranean air, far removed from Fleet Street and the need to posture idealistically before maiden aunts and neutral professors. Even Leo Amery remarked, passing through Athens:

> this war seemed to sink back into its perspective along with the Persian war, far greater in all it meant for mankind, or the long destructive war between Athens and Sparta which is so much more like it.

Of course the Ottoman Empire, sandwiched between the domains of the Tsar, British-controlled Egypt and British-ruled India, seemed to have little to do with all that sob-stuff about poor little Belgium. It was quickly obvious however that the Ottoman state was unlikely to survive the war in its current form, and that it would be Britain which would contribute most to its demise. This was a major reversal of British

policy: since before the Crimean War Britain had aimed to contain Russian expansion by preserving Turkey. In 1913 Sir Louis Mallet, the British ambassador at Constantinople, had written:

> I assume that it is in the interests of Great Britain that the integrity of what remains of the Turkish Empire should be maintained — a division of the Asiatic provinces into spheres of interest could not benefit us, but would seriously affect the balance of power in the Mediterranean, our position in Egypt, in the Persian Gulf, to say nothing of India, and might bring about a European war.

This was also the view of Sir Edward Grey, the Foreign Secretary. The British government were genuinely committed to assisting Turkey to achieve practical reforms and Grey even seemed to be moving towards some sort of joint European intervention in Turkey:

> We alone can certainly not put Turkey on her feet: she would when her fears subsided resist efforts at reform and play off one Power against another unless all were united.

By the Spring of 1914, having survived war with Italy and with the Balkan States, Turkey was seen as facing a potentially even more serious threat from the opposite quarter of the compass. In March 1914 Sir Louis Mallet wrote to the Foreign Office about the deteriorating relations between Constantinople and the Arab leaders Hussein and Ibn Saud:

> The need for caution is apparent at the present moment, when there is evidence of a concerted movement on the part of the Arabs. If these projects should mature and if the Arabs are eventually successful in defeating the Ottoman armies the loss of the Caliphate would probably follow, when, shorn of a further large portion of territory and of religious leadership, Turkish rule, as it exists today, would presumably disappear. Europe might then be faced with the question of a partition of the Turkish Empire.

It was beginning to appear that the British policy of maintaining the Turkish Empire was breaking up under their feet. Within another eight months this policy had completely disintegrated.

The British Foreign Office was in no particular haste to establish an alternative policy. Russia's demand for Constantinople and control of the Straits was informally conceded in November 1914, though an official agreement was not concluded till the following Spring. Discussions also took place with French officials. Rivalry over oil concessions in Mesopotamia had stimulated Foreign Office concern since the very early years of the century, and had been settled by the so-called Foreign Office Agreement as recently as March 1914. Nevertheless Mesopotamian oil was only one, and rarely the principal, point at issue in the discussions with the French: initially Britain's objectives were given as an 'opportunity to develop Lower Mesopotamia', land communications with the Mediterranean and 'influence in an area sufficient to provide the personnel engaged on Mesopotamia irrigation work with suitable sanatoria, and hill stations, and containing an adequate native recruiting ground for administrative purposes'. Though evidently taking it for granted that they should assume the role of one of the Ottoman Empire's successor states, the British seemed to bring little enthusiasm or vision to bear on the matter.

Meanwhile developments elsewhere had introduced a new perspective. In August 1914 the Russian Commander-in-Chief, Grand Duke Nicholas, had published a manifesto to the Polish people promising them autonomy

under the Romanov dynasty after the war, and in November 1914 a Polish National Committee was formed under Russian sponsorship. The effect of this was rather spoilt by the fact that it was Russia which had taken the lion's share in the eighteenth century partition of Poland and which had repressed Polish nationalist uprisings in 1830 and 1863, and till July 1917 Jósef Pilsudski, afterwards the dominant figure in the post-war Polish republic, was trying to set up a rival nationalist organisation under Austrian, and later German, auspices. In Britain more attention was excited by Tomás Masaryk, a professor at the Czech university in Prague, former deputy in the *Reichsrath* at Vienna, and leading propagandist in the cause of Czech nationalism. His campaign for an independent Czech state obtained widespread sympathy in Britain, not least because it offered another 'small nation' to be displayed alongside Belgium and Serbia as a victim of Germanic imperialist oppression. When Masaryk was appointed professor at the School of Slavonic Studies at King's College, London, Asquith promised to take the chair at his inaugural lecture and though indisposed on the actual evening, sent along Lord Robert Cecil with a message to be read out to the audience:

> First and foremost the Allies are fighting for the liberty of small nations, to the end that they be left in future free from the tyranny of their more powerful neighbours to develop their own national life and institutions.

Britain's pose as the champion of small nations received something of a blow in the Dublin rising at Easter 1916. This was *the* classic failed *Putsch* inaugurating an era of classic failed *Putsche*. As in 1798 a country at war with Great Britain attempted to send a leader of the Irish people to liberate Ireland — Casement in the role of Wolfe Tone, a German U-boat instead of a French ship of the line, the gallows at Pentonville instead of the suicide's knife at Dublin Barracks. Although the nationalist rebels gained little popular sympathy till after the rising was put down, it did not look very good abroad: and anti-British propagandists made the most of it, especially in the US.

Early in October 1916 A. J. Balfour, philosopher, ex-premier and currently First Lord of the Admiralty, drew up a memorandum on British war aims in response to a request from Asquith for his colleagues' views on this topic. Writing in a tentative and speculative tone Balfour advocated 'rendering a policy of aggression less attractive by rearranging the map of Europe in closer agreement with what we rather vaguely call "the principle of nationality".' The publicity whipped up in Britain and the US by Tomás Masaryk in favour of an independent Czech state was acknowledged by the suggestion that the Czechs should receive independence. Poland, somewhat contaminated in British eyes by Pilsudski's attempts to do a deal with the Germans, received more ambiguous treatment: Balfour favoured 'some kind of home rule for Poland' but thought 'The more Russia is made a European rather than an Asiatic Power, the better for everybody', so that the preferred solution would be for Poland to remain a semi-autonomous part of the Tsar's empire. Balfour also proposed that there should be no interference in the internal affairs of Germany or what was left of Austria-Hungary after Serbia and Rumania

(and the Czechs) had taken their slices, but that compensation should be obtained for damage done by the German invasion of Belgium, north-eastern France and Serbia, and for the shipping (mostly British) sunk by German U-boats.

Balfour's memo, with its emphasis on a European settlement, helped prepare the English cabinet for President Wilson's Peace Note of December 1916: the reply drafted by Lord Robert Cecil essentially followed Balfour's proposals, stipulating the 'liberation of the Italians, as also of the Slavs, Rumanes and Czecho-Slovaks from foreign domination'. The emphasis on the problem of the European nationalities was probably quite consciously determined by the need to play up to public opinion in America; when talking to politicians from Canada, Australia and New Zealand, Balfour hastened to acknowledge that 'the essential thing was the security of the British Empire and not Central European philanthropy'.

When the official version of the Balfour-Cecil proposals were published in the second week of January 1917, they excited the sarcasm of the Austrians:

> If the enemy desire above all the restoration of outraged rights and liberties, the recognition of the principle of nationalities, and the free existence of the small states, it will suffice to point to the tragic fate of the Irish and Finnish peoples, the extinction of the freedom and independence of the Boer Republics, the subjugation of North Africa by England, France, and Italy, and, lastly, the oppression of Greece, which is unexampled in history.

The Entente demands for the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary and indemnities from Germany also seem to have been a little too much for Wilson, and on 22 January 1917 he told the US Senate:

> it must be a peace without victory.... Victory would mean peace forced upon the loser, a victor's terms imposed upon the vanquished. It would be accepted in humiliation, under duress, as an intolerable sacrifice, and would leave a sting, a resentment, a bitter memory upon which terms of peace would rest, not permanently, but only as upon quicksand.

Wilson soon abandoned this statesmanlike and prophetic position as a result of experiencing two revelations. The first was that he was about to lead his country into the war, a circumstance requiring a different slogan from 'peace without victory'. The second revelation was the fall of the Tsar which, by establishing a democratic regime in Petrograd, removed the anomaly of democratic Britain and France being in coalition with the Tsarist tyranny against the militarised Central Empires, and simplified the confrontation into one of 'democracy at war with autocracy'. This aspect of the Russian revolution had been quickly seized upon by the British: four days after the establishment of the Provisional Government in Petrograd, Lloyd George, the prime minister, told the Commons on behalf of his government:

> They are confident that these events, marking as they do an epoch in the history of the world and the first great triumph of the principle for which we entered the War, will result, not in any confusion or slackening in the conduct of the War, but in the even closer and more effective co-operation between the Russian people and its Allies in the cause of human freedom.

Wilson misread the situation in exactly the same way. Within a few months a new tyranny would emerge in Petrograd, and would publish to the world the extraordinary and hitherto secret terms of the Treaty

of London, signed not only by the sinister emissaries of the Tsar but also by the official representatives of democratic Britain, France and Italy: in the meantime, in announcing that the United States had to go to war with Germany because 'The world must be made safe for democracy', Wilson took the opportunity to lecture the elected representatives of the United States on the subject of Constitutional Theory and International Morality:

> Cunningly contrived plans of deception and aggression, carried, it might be, from generation to generation, can be worked out and kept from the light only within the privacy of courts or behind the carefully guarded confidences of a narrow and privileged class. They are happily impossible where public opinion commands and insists upon full information concerning the nation's affairs.
>
> A steadfast concert of peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic government could be trusted to keep faith within it or observe its covenants....
>
> Does not every American feel that assurance has been added to our hope for the future peace of the world by the wonderful and heartening things that have been happening within the last few weeks in Russia? .... the great, generous Russian people have been added in all their naïve majesty and might to the forces that are fighting for freedom in the world, for justice, and for freedom.

Meanwhile, in London, the Imperial War Cabinet, at the instance of the Dominions' prime ministers, was deciding to hang on to the colonies seized from Germany since 1914 and to the various territories liberated from the unspeakable Turk. The Entente reply to Wilson's Peace Note of December 1916 had mentioned 'the enfranchisement of populations subject to the bloody tyranny of the Turks; the expulsion from Europe of the Ottoman Empire'. By the following Spring Lloyd George was offering his colonial colleagues the 'disruption of the Turkish Empire as an Empire' as one of the British Empire's principal war aims:

> those fair lands are a blighted desert, although once upon a time they were the richest in the world.... The Turk must never be allowed to misgovern these great lands in the future. We owe it these countries, for the gifts with which they have enriched mankind, that we should do something to restore their glory.

But like Wilson, Lloyd George also chose to explore the propaganda potential of the short-lived parliamentary regime in Petrograd. A British note supplementary to the official Entente reply to Wilson's Peace Note, dated 13 January 1917, had warned of the continued menace of 'Germany, or rather those in Germany who mould its opinions and control its destinies', but at that point, with the Tsar seemingly still firmly in the saddle, it had not been politic to ventilate demagogic theories about the functioning of despotic governments. After the fall of the Tsar however Lloyd George felt free to emphasise the war's essential nature as a war against autocracy, and to announce, 'We can make peace with a free Germany. It is with a Germany dominated by an autocracy that we cannot make any terms of peace'; and from about this time British propaganda began to devote more attention to the discussion of the historical evolution of German militarism under the malign influence of Prussian *Junker* leadership, in an attempt to flesh out and amplify the previously rather vague rhetoric about 'Prussianism'.

Yet a certain vagueness continued to prevail. A meeting at Blackpool sponsored by the semi-official War Aims Committee in September was reported as having given 'a clear indication of the great value of empha-

sising the meaning of America's entry into the war as the complete and final justification of the Allied cause from a democratic point of view', but as late as December 1917 it was felt that 'the force of campaign would be greatly increased if our War Aims could be stated in something like definite terms'.

Eventually it was the views of President Wilson, and the Fourteen Points promulgated by him on 8 January 1918, offering independence, autonomy, guarantees to subject people everywhere, which became the rallying point of the Entente and their most successful propaganda weapon within the armed forces and on the home front of the enemy. But of course it took more than Princeton rhetoric to convince good British imperialists like Leo Amery, now a leading light of the British War Cabinet secretariat. While Wilson was raving at Congress about:

> this intolerable Thing of which the masters of Germany have shown us the ugly face, this menace of combined intrigue and force which we now see so clearly as the German power, a Thing without conscience or honour or capacity for covenanted peace,

Amery was noting that Naumann's *Mitteleuropa,* a tract (a best-seller in Germany) which advocated a German-dominated free-trade area in Europe, was the only book he had read in 1917 'which really mattered, and that mainly because I had thought so far in the same direction myself'.

Of course, Amery was dreadfully right-wing but this seems mainly to have meant that he had no false shame about professing the prejudices which other people were influenced by but would prefer not to admit even to themselves: his views were not so unacceptable as to prevent him achieving senior cabinet rank less than four years later. He had, incidentally, been assistant secretary to an interdepartmental committee appointed in August 1916 under the chairmanship of Sir Louis Mallet to consider 'Territorial Changes'; this committee's recommendation that German East Africa should be retained after the war to provide a land link between Cairo and the Cape was endorsed by a committee of the War Cabinet in April 1917, but the German colonies were not mentioned in the Entente's reply to President Wilson's Peace Note, partly because Poor Little Belgium seemed disinclined to allow the British a completely free hand in German East Africa. Meanwhile in Italy respected writers were not ashamed to insist on the justice of a policy of annexations which would have astonished even Naumann:

> Not to know the imperial nature of this war of ours and to reduce it merely to a vindication of *the sacred boundaries which Nature marked for the Fatherland* means to have understood nothing of the psychological torment of a whole people during the epic May of 1915 . . . .
>
> An imperial war, therefore: a war for the conquest of wealth and political prestige, for expansion, and not just beyond the unjust old borders of the Alps and the Adriatic, but for the conquest of new opportunities that can be offered to the exuberant energy of our sons.

What the Italian expansionists particularly and urgently desired were the French and British colonies in the Horn of Africa, Djibouti and British Somaliland: their allocation to Italy would not only link up their struggling colonies in Eritrea and Somaliland and provide better harbours, but would

also remove the main competition to Italian commercial exploitation of Ethiopia and to eventual Italian control of both Ethiopia and the Yemen.

Once America had entered the war Italian claims were simply an embarrassment to the British government, and in the event Italy received very little of what had been promised in 1915: Trieste, Trento, South Tyrol, and, eventually, about half of the territory claimed beyond the River Juba in East Africa. Since the British Empire received an accession of over 800,000 square miles in the post-war settlement the Italians felt they had some cause to be aggrieved. The fact is the British ministers had gone into the war to maintain the British Empire's position and prestige (and their own) and had been as willing to give away other countries' territories to satisfy one type of ally, like Italy, as they had been afterwards ready to embrace high and wordy principles of justice and self-determination to satisfy another type of ally, represented by Woodrow Wilson. Germany's colonies were merely a side issue: 'We did not enter the war for gain', *The Morning Post* remarked piously, 'but Providence and the blood of our people have given these Colonies into our keeping'. In the event of course these colonial acquisitions were to prove one of the more durable parts of the Peace settlement; German South West Africa remains a colony to this day.

[Dr. A. D. Harvey's article is a shortened version of a chapter in his forthcoming book, *Fire and Money: British War Making 1793-1945*. His previous books include *Britain in the Early Nineteenth Century* (1978) and *Literature into History* (1988).]

THE CINEMA: A QUARTERLY SURVEY

by David Shipman

I make no apology for starting with a film more than fifty years old, partly because I believe the industry is cavalier towards its riches. Can you imagine the excitement there would be if *Casablanca* and *Singin' in the Rain* were hidden away for a couple of generations? Instead of being an annual feature on the box in the living-room they would be remembered, tantalisingly talked-about and finally seen by more people than ever went to *The E.T.* I don't know when *Mayerling* was last in Britain, but it's certainly not been shown in London since 1952, when I decided that it was imperative that I see it. In the interim other movies have found their way to the top of my 'unseen' list. One was *Un Carnet de Bal,* which I programmed at the National Film Theatre in 1972. Many people then who had seen it back in the Thirties thought its 'aura' had flown, and it was impossible to disagree. So what of *Mayerling,* which because of a complicated situation involving rights wasn't available for that 1972 season?

To start with, what does one expect of the historical films of the Thirties? — the simplifications and stateliness of the Warner Bros. biographies, or the idiocies of 20th Century-Fox's *Suez,* in which Ferdinand de Lesseps (Tyrone Power) and the Empress Eugenie (Loretta Young) loved each other in vain. Certainly Europe always managed these matters better: two years after *Mayerling* the French made a good film on the fall of the Romanoffs, *La Tragédie Imperiale,* quite as complex as *Nicholas and Alexandra,* aimed at more sophisticated audiences over thirty years later, in 1971. *Mayerling* has a distinguished precedent, *Tragödie im Hause Hapsburg,* made in 1924 when many of the participants, if I may so call them, were still living. The actor Kolomon Zatony was the only one of the screen's Rudolfs to look like the Archduke, and the screenplay takes the accepted view that he did not die solely for love. In this version of the events, made in France in 1936 by the Russian-born director Anatole Litvak, he looks like Charles Boyer because it is he who is playing him; and he shoots Marie Vetsera, his 17-year-old mistress, because they are not allowed to marry. But wait a minute: other aspects of the Crown Prince are sketched in: his estrangement from his father, Franz Joseph, and his involvement in Socialism. The piece doesn't get far with these but suggests, whether truthfully or not, that Marie (Danielle Darrieux) attracted him because she was one of the few people he had ever met who behaved naturally with him, and who didn't seek some form of advancement. And Boyer brings a dimension to his performance which was never permitted him in Hollywood, a wild-eyed battiness to suggest the incipient insanity to which he refers. He speaks of suicide to Marie quite early on and then often, so that the end when it comes is anti-climatic: but till then, with Boyer at his most deeply romantic and Darrieux as youth and simplicity personified, it is one of the screen's best

realised love stories — the meeting, the wooing, the establishment of the relationship.

What is not in the film — and I don't mean the truth — is as effective as what they have chosen to show to tell the tale. *Mayerling* is not a great film, though at times it approaches perfection. We have everything to learn from it to judge by *Distant Voices, Still Lives,* an extended pub sing-song interrupted by some unilluminating and (of course) humourless scenes from provincial life, Liverpool variety, in the 50s. It was written and directed by someone called Terence Davies, and is confessedly autobiographical; it comes to life only once, as if by accident, as the boy based on his younger self enviously watches his elder sister and a friend put on their make-up to go to a dance. Yet, yet, believe it or not, a (the?) Society of British film critics voted it the Best last year, while the pseudonymous film chronicler of *Time Out* put aside his usual cynicism to observe that 'a better jury might be found' for the European Film Awards, since it disregarded the many nominations for this effort. I had been warned that it was the case of the Emperor's New Clothes, an infliction which seems to strike our critics annually, and I ask about them rather than the lucky, hapless Davies and his inability to communicate at even a minimal level (you cannot imagine how interminably he holds on to dull shots of doors, for instance). Do those who know nothing of working-class life think that it is like this, therefore truthful? And do those who do, showing it to be joyless and hopeless, like the film because it confirms how right they were to get the hell out of it?

Infinitely better — though still fairly uninspired — is *The Dressmaker,* set in the same city during the war years, when a plainish naif youngster (Jane Horrocks) goes after an American soldier because that's what all her friends are doing, and he (Tim Ransom) goes after her because his buddies are all chasing English girls. They are entirely unsuited, have nothing in common, and she is unwilling to supply what he wants most, sexual intercourse. So, if you follow me, is the film, as directed by Jim O'Brien and written by John McGrath from the novel by Beryl Bainbridge. I believe the sexual revolution began during the War, when handsome, well-paid Hollywood lookalikes searched for some local nooky, and many English girls found to their surprise that they were only too agreeable to oblige. The boy's fumbling attempts here have no sensuality, no passion, no hurt, which may, however, be truthful: but when he realises that her good-time auntie (Billie Whitelaw) is available the piece is equally reticent. It is implied that she has been 'untouched' since her husband died over a decade ago to which I say: surely not, looking like that, in wartime? I have the distinct feeling that those who made this film think it *terribly* un-English to show that sex is important, and after all the original novel was not named for either of the two women in a sexual dilemma but the puritan spinster aunt, played soundly and sympathetically by Jane Plowright. I have long admired this actress, so I hope you will not mind if I point out in parenthesis, now that she is appearing regularly in movies, that she is playing the sort of roles once

taken by Kathleen Harrison. Since she was an actress for whom I also had a fondness I mean no disrespect in saying that it is a far cry from Sir Laurence's second wife, Vivien Leigh.

Well, sex: it's certainly the cause of *Scandal,* which gives the Profumo Affair another going-over. The best thing about this resurrection is the remark by Lord Rawlinson, who was Attorney General at the time, that Stephen Ward was not the sacrificial lamb that folklore has made him out to be. Well, he would, wouldn't he? — especially as this movie fingers Tories as the most likely partners for call-girls. As Ward, John Hurt exudes a certain seedy charm and seems a convivial fellow to be around. Ian McKellan, a much better actor, can do nothing with Profumo: after all, the man has atoned by his work for charity, so why be mean to him? This Profumo is polite, timid and kind, and where neither actor seeks to get beneath the surface nor do Michael Caton-Jones, who directed, and Michael Thomas, who wrote it. The result is a helpful-enough gamble through the known events, with spite only for Lord Astor (Leslie Phillips), who did start them off by loaning a cottage to Ward, but who is made to represent all those high-flying chums who dropped him when they looked to conclude so horribly. Joanne Whalley-Kilmer's Christine Keeler is a not-too-bright girl who sees every reason why her body should lead to the joys promised by Ward, while the Mandy Rice-Davies of Bridget Fonda is more ambitious and more mercenary. About ten minutes after these two have met there is a montage of them preparing for a party — close-ups of stockings being suspendered, bras being fastened, lipstick being applied: this says everything that needs to be said. But it says it slowly and without oomph. *Scandal,* in other words, could have been very much better. It could also have been very much worse.

From that, it is only a short haul to rape, and *The Accused* certainly satisfied me. Its true subject is the processes of the law, as applied to a cheap, tarty girl (Jodie Foster) with a mouth like a truckdriver. It is not entirely unthinkable that she should have been gang-raped in a road-house while other louts of the male variety urge on the participants: but the Assistant District Attorney (Kelly McGillis) does a deal with the defence lawyers to settle for 'reckless endangerment' rather than 'sexual assault'. She had failed to take into account the blow to the girl's self-esteem — indeed, she didn't suppose she had any. Her growing understanding of her client brings the whole close to feminist tract, but for those exciting thrillers about the machinations chez politicians read 'lawyers'. Jonathan Kaplan directs, very well, and Miss Foster deserved her Oscar — perky, realistic, one of life's losers, but I do wish she hadn't been a little transformed to 'our' expectations towards the end. That is when we eventually see the rape, incidentally, during the final trial: it is nasty, with no concessions to taste in either direction but left me wondering about the human race in the way I do as I contemplate the doings of Mrs. Thatcher.

Like Miss Foster, Geena Davis in *The Accidental Tourist* comes on as the most ghastly woman imaginable, and she's much more likeable in

the end. She pushes herself into the life of an unenthusiastic traveller (William Hurt), the 'accidental tourist' of the books he writes. His wife (Kathleen Turner) has left him for reasons which become clear late in the film, when indeed she decides she wants him back. He had reluctantly begun a relationship with Davis, but had left when she wanted a permanent commitment. This is a comedy of embarrassment — of people who say or do the wrong thing because they mean well; it is also a comedy about selfishness — of people who choose well or badly in telling themselves that they are acting for others. Or they do not choose at all, like Mr. Hurt, till at the end he has to plumb for the woman who will disturb his complacency less. As written by the director Lawrence Kasdan with Frank Galati from the novel by Anne Tyler, the result is not literary, for it's a film of nuances and feelings — or rather the lack of them: imagine Antonioni as a suburban American with a sense of humour.

Because of the cost of films these days, and because Coppola, Cimino and a few others ruined it for the would-be auteurs, the big ones this season seem to be the work of people like Kaplan and Michael Apted, of sound workmanship rather than individuality (Kasdan is another matter). Apted was responsible for *Gorillas in the Mist,* the story of that tough American lady, Dian Fossey, who took on all comers (and there were some unsavoury customers among them) in first 'observing' and then protecting a herd of gorillas in the wilds of Africa. The knowledge that she was eventually murdered adds a poignancy to the feelings engendered in the audience in her fierceness in fighting for the 'right' things. This is more than an enjoyable film but I was not too comfortable during the romantic interlude with a *Life* photographer (Bryan Brown), because I suspected it was the usual old Hollywood fiction. I have not had time to discover whether I was right, and I am reluctant to write further on the film after discovering that Fossey was in the end not a bit like lovely Sigourney Weaver, but a foul-mouthed, drunken bitch, ridden with paranoia. Still, the film more than hints at this last-named, which is something.

Nor have I any enthusiasm to say much about David Mamet's *Things Change,* which has ideas and twisty plot-lines, but of such slight effect that you have forgotten them five minutes after leaving the cinema. In the days of *Mayerling* or more precisely *A Slight Case of Murder* and *Red Dust* you wouldn't have been given even a B budget for this one. Still, Don Ameche, enjoying a second career in his eighties, is on fine form as a Sicilian cobbler offered a small fortune by the mob if he will confess to a murder done by one of them, a man who looks like him. More substantial is *Mapantsula,* a film about Apartheid from within, directed by a white South African of German extraction, Oliver Schmitz, with a cast of blacks playing various low-life types. For a long while the piece cuts between scenes of a number of them in detention and their activities in the townships: and I found these only worked for me because I was trying to figure out what was going on — though in good-tempered fashion, in keeping with its tone. But the message is devastating.

Literary Supplement

HAROLD MACMILLAN: ON THE WAY TO POWER

Macmillan 1957-1986: Volume II. Alistair Horne. Macmillan. £18.95.

No-one recently departed is more deserving of a good comprehensive biography than Harold Macmillan. Alistair Horne proves once again that he is well qualified to provide one. In the first of these two fine volumes he took Harold Macmillan to the doors of Downing Street, after many ups and downs and much family painfulness. He carries him now through six and a half years of (on the whole) successful Chairmanship and twenty-three years of glorious 'life after death'. At first sight it seems strange that Macmillan took so long approaching the top. When I first met him in 1938 he was already forty-four and neither had nor seemed likely to have ministerial office. He discussed with me (not seriously perhaps) the idea of joining the Labour Party. It needed the sponsorship of Churchill, who gave him his great chance in North Africa, and later the collapse of Eden (and in a different sense of Butler) to open the way to supreme power.

Alistair Horne says of him that he was the 'best read and perhaps most intelligent Prime Minister, certainly of this century'. That seems a rather extravagant estimate, even if one confines oneself to the last fifty years. Churchill (as Macmillan would have been the first to admit) surpassed him in genius. Wilson, as a young man, was academically superior; Attlee, even more shrewd. Nevertheless, let us agree that Macmillan possessed a massive intellect, with a width of knowledge and a constructive bent which place him on a high level. His wit though, as Macaulay might have said, sometimes paraded with 'injudicious and elegant ostentation', could on occasion be dazzling.

His courage, outstanding in peace and war, was of the truest kind that overcomes fear. My wife once sat next to him at a provincial dinner before he was Prime Minister, but after he had been in office. Throughout dinner he spoke neither to her nor his other neighbour, he was too busy going over and over his speech.

He was a genuine Christian. In 1980 he said on television, 'If you don't believe in God, all you have to believe in is decency. Decency is very good, better decent than indecent. But I don't think it's enough'. As Alistair Horne says he fundamentally believed both in God and decency. We learn in the earlier volume that, as a young man, he very nearly 'Poped'. He remained a faithful friend of Monsignor Knox till the latter's death.

What held him back for so long? Horne lays much stress (no doubt correctly) on his loneliness, which persisted to the end. The prolonged infidelity of his wife must have been a kind of torture; his relations with his children did not compensate. To many he appeared cold; he was indubitably shy. Was it the loneliness of spirit that led to so many human problems or the human problems which led to the loneliness?

Horne makes very effective use of Macmillan's fascinating diaries, while warning us that they cannot be treated as his considered thoughts. He does not shrink from illustrating what he calls 'the least attractive characteristics in Macmillan'. 'After Gaitskell had made a vulgar and violent attack on me' during the 1959 May Day Rally to Trafalgar Square, Macmillan exploded in his diary: 'He is a contemptible creature — a cold-blooded, Wykehamist intel-

lectual and *embusqué*.' It encapsulated all his feelings about Gaitskell.

Macmillan enjoyed a not-undeserved reputation for being unflappable. He lost his poise on occasion, over Suez, over the so-called night of the long knives, over the so-called Profumo case, and over his sudden resignation on health grounds. But when all is said he responded firmly and imaginatively to the biggest challenges. His work for Anglo-American friendship brought about his greatest achievement.

FRANK LONGFORD

ENTERTAINING EUROPE

European Diary 1977-1981. Roy Jenkins. Collins. £25.00.

Faced with 668 pages of text I ask myself why the author decided to publish this book. In his preface he notes that 'the Brussels years were likely to be a sharply isolated segment of his life' so, instead of continuing to write biographies of Prime Ministers and Presidents following *Asquith, Baldwin* and *Truman*, he dictated into a machine 600,000 words and then cut and shortened the original manuscript into a daily diary of his activities as President of the Commission of the European Community. Incidentally the book also includes eleven potted biographies of his Fellow Commissioners and about a dozen names of members of his Private Office.

But the daily diary becomes readable for some people because in addition to the description of his role and activities as President of an International Body, he describes his movements not only all over Europe, but in the United States, India, Japan and China, with generous and admirable illustrations of the many distinguished people he met.

In his Introduction Mr. Jenkins states that 'commitment to European Unity and British participation in it became my most dominating political purpose'; in 1971 he led 68 Labour MPs into the *Yes* lobby on the principle of joining Europe, later he resigned from the Opposition front bench. The years 1971-72 marked a growing disenchantment with the *mould* of party politics; in referendum year 1975 he was joint president with Whitelaw and Grimond, of the *Britain in Europe* organisation. My own credentials for sympathising with Mr. Jenkins is that I spoke as a non-party member of the same organisation for several candidates in the same campaign. But, much earlier, indeed in 1948, I attended the Hague Congress (boycotted by Attlee) which created the Council of Europe and the first attempt to create a European Parliament and in 1959 published two books on the subject and was British Chairman of the College of Europe at Bruges.

I have, however, recounted these facts about Mr. Jenkins because he himself in his Introduction makes it clear that any serious politician would put the prize of becoming Prime Minister top priority above any alternative office and that he was torn between accepting the offer of the Presidency and the possible election to the leadership of a national political party. We all know that Callaghan succeeded Wilson as the last Labour Prime Minister.

What the Diary reveals is that he worked hard and achieved much for the European Commission, but also that another 'dominating purpose' was never far from his mind and that in the latter part of his Diary he was haunted by the idea of leading some version of a third national political party. Hence the meticulous preparation of the Dimbleby Lecture, constant visits backwards and forwards from his home in Brussels to *East Hendred*, his country home in Oxfordshire, constant committees with like-minded people in all parties not excluding Ministers dismissed by Mrs. Thatcher. His own hospitality was

generous and his reception by Prime Ministers, Presidents and Princes all over Europe and outside it was equally generous. These facts are described in some detail throughout the Diary, often including details of food and wine and comments about his neighbours at table. For example, when receiving his 21st Honorary University Degree at Bristol University 'I enjoyed sitting next to Dorothy Hodgkins, OM' or referring to an American visitor 'a second cousin of Adlai Stevenson'.

I have already asked the question — what made Mr. Jenkins publish this long and detailed Diary about his four years as President? Incidentally his Vice-President, Christopher Tugendhat, an ex-Conservative MP wrote a shorter book of his experiences, in 1986, entitled *Making Sense of Europe* (reviewed in this journal by me with the heading *Wise words from Brussels.*) Does Mr. Jenkins throw fresh light on the better organisation of Europe? Do his visits to other European countries and his discussions with Heads of State contribute anything of value to our understanding of Europe? After all he was an active President of the Commission. He concentrated on the European Monetary System and won a partial victory with seven participating countries and a practical success with the use of the ECU in private transactions. He also raised the status of the Presidency, by gaining his right to be present whenever Heads of State attend meetings. Whether we learn anything new about the actual working of the whole European System, Civil Service, Parliament and Court, I rather doubt.

Perhaps I should add this further note. I knew Mr. Arthur Jenkins, Roy's father, in the House of Commons. He was a South Wales mining and labour Member, he became Attlee's Political Private Secretary and was a very kindly man, much respected. I have called Roy *Mr. Jenkins* throughout this review because he was of another generation and served in the Second World War with honour, whereas my contemporaries were Eden, exactly the same age, and Macmillan. Indeed we rarely met. Ever since his excellent book on Asquith, I have tended to regard him as more of a Liberal than Labour. True he was much paised as Chancellor of the Exchequer and then as Home Secretary — note that he was never Foreign Secretary. He was never also a beloved Party man as his father was or Jim Griffith or George Thomas (later Earl Tony-Pandy) or Aneurin Bevan — all from South Wales. Perhaps his interests were wider and friendships more social and intellectual.

The more I read the book itself, the surer I became that Roy Jenkins never would lead any political party, much less the Labour Party, because with all his gifts he has no popular base in British politics. He might have remembered Winston Churchill's warning about his 'own dreams of some new grouping of men and ideas... need one add that the party machines always prove the stronger'. But, I, shortly in my 93rd year, have been much entertained by Roy Jenkins's elegant entertainment and reception of the same all over the world.

KENNETH LINDSAY

THE VIEW FROM GEORGETOWN

Special Relationships, a Foreign Correspondent's Memoirs from Roosevelt to Reagan. Henry Brandon. Macmillan. £16.95.

Henry Brandon is right to call his memoirs of 40 years as the Washington foreign correspondent of *The Sunday Times* 'special relationships'. From his first press conference in Washington, December 23, 1941 — when he was a

privileged member of the press corps who met FDR and Winston Churchill on the Prime Minister's visit to Washington two weeks after Pearl Harbour — Anglo-American relations became for him a succession of contacts, interviews or friendships with almost all the big names on the American scene. It rested on the Georgetown circuit, the elegant and expensive Washington suburb, where lived politicians, editors and journalists climbing the ladder; the business of Washington was then, as now, politics — and talk about politicians. His chronicle of 40 years of history is built on a detailed diary of his own movements, and studded with memories of: John Foster Dulles, George Kennan, Eisenhower ('His White House years gave me my worst days in 36 years of reporting from Washington'), Truman, Dean Acheson ('as close to being an aristocrat as any American I have known'), Kissinger, John F. Kennedy, and Robert Macnamara. Few reporters have known so intimately so many of the major figures in our time. In a pre-television age, foreign correspondents were the elite corps of their profession, and those in Washington were the creme de la creme; and they were listened to as much as talked at. The immediate post-war years were still a time of trust between government and press, not — as now — of suspicion and confrontation. Brandon dates the change from camaraderies to adversary to Chappaquiddick, and then to Watergate; and adds that, with TV, the presidential press conference became showbiz.

Brandon brought his own special qualities and background, as a Czech refugee, a knowledgeable Central European, and a gifted linguist. Since he covered conferences in Moscow and Paris as well as New York and Washington, his memoir is a vivid and sharply personal diplomatic history of the post-war world. It is history built up out of innumerable biographies, and rich in anecdotes, told by a shrewd and genial observer who is also a master raconteur.

ESMOND WRIGHT

VICTORIAN FICTION

The Longman Companion to Victorian Fiction. John Sutherland. Longman. £35.00.

Of all the great achievements of English literature, Victorian fiction is not only the closest to us in time but the most complex. Victorian values and Victorian speech survived into the lifetime of many of us and sometimes, in the quiet, civilised corners of England, they still survive. Yet strangely the closeness of the Victorians can make it harder to understand the world they were describing in their novels.

The other thing that makes it difficult to appreciate Victorian fiction is its sheer size. The great names — Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, and George Eliot — so often hide the slightly lesser talents from our view. Thus most people only know Victorian fiction from dimly remembered school essays or the re-reading (or television adaptation) of a great classic like *David Copperfield* or *Barchester Towers.* It is relatively easy to know the leading Victorian writers but much less easier to know Victorian fiction.

Professor Sutherland has performed a valiant service by compiling a guide to the world of Victorian fiction. For once, the title of a reference work is apt: this truly is a 'Companion'. He provides biographies of some 900 writers as well as summaries of about 600 novels. Here we have not only considered essays on the major novelists but accounts of novelists who have sunk, almost without a trace, since their one three-volume novel appeared on the shelves

of Mudie's Circulating Library.

It is not just in providing this useful information that the 'Companion' is of great value. Professor Sutherland is well known for his fine work of scholarship, *Victorian Novelists and Publishers,* and he has drawn upon that work for this Companion. Unlike the precious 'lit-crit' set who see literature as their private reserve, he understands that the world of literature was (and remains) as much the world of publishers, agents, shops, magazines and £.s.d as of writers. Here he gives a short history of the many publishing firms and journals that satisfied the Victorian appetite for reading. These nursemaids and governesses of fiction often give the best clue to the character of the novel that emerged from their nurseries.

What did it mean to be published by, say, Henry Colburn? If you consult the Companion, Professor Sutherland will tell you the dates of the firm's existence and will give you some account of the founder himself, though even his diligent research cannot determine if Henry Colburn was 'a bastard of the Duke of York or of Lord Lansdowne'. He does tell us that this firm catered for 'the West End carriage trade . . . [as] the main architect of the so-called "silver fork" genre . . . novels by aristocratic authors, depicting the life of aristocrats'. He then goes on to list the firm's best-known names and ends with a characteristic summary: 'Colburn is a vilified publisher who in fact contributed much to the development of the Victorian fiction industry, not all of it bad'.

The usual way a volume of this magnitude is compiled is by assembling a few dignified academics who lend their names (much the way the Victorian aristocracy lent theirs to tawdry advertisements for miracle cures) while the work is done by a team of eager research assistants. Such efforts usually result in a massive and massively boring tome which entombs the life of the past. Professor Sutherland has done his own research and writing which, as he admits, risks 'a higher degree of error and bias'. He adds that it 'sometimes results in a zestier book' and so it does here.

This book certainly has zest. Many of the entries, particularly those about minor novelists or the particularly sentimental novels, can be exceedingly funny. After reading volumes of second-rate writing one has to strike back and humour is the best way: one of Ouida's canine novels is described as 'the monologue of a garrulous and unusually philosophical dog' while a character in one of Charlotte Yonge's novels 'is deservedly scalped by the Indians'.

In addition to biographical entries and summaries of novels and publishers, this book has several useful and entertaining entries on types of novels such as the regional or sensational novel. It is a pity that there was not space for more entries like this as Professor Sutherland's knowledge of Victorian fiction spreads so wide.

Inevitably in a book of this size there are bound to be minor errors. The only consistent one that appears in several entries is the failure to distinguish between Evangelical Anglicans and Nonconformists. To describe Trollope's *Rachel Ray* as 'a picture of dissenting culture' is quite wrong. (This is in the biographical entry under Anthony Trollope; the summary of *Rachel Ray* correctly describes the novel as a portrayal of Evangelicalism.) The second Lord Monkswell, far from being a 'servant' of the LCC, was a member of the first Council elected in 1889. Also one wonders why there is no entry for the editor of the *British Weekly,* Robertson Nicoll? Although the paper only started in 1886 it did make a sizeable contribution to late Victorian literature, as did Nicoll himself.

The only other complaint is one of style. While most of the entries are very well written, those on the vast array of Victorian lady novelists follows recent 'feminist' etiquette and drops any title. This, of course, does save the odd space and no one, surely, wishes to deny the right of any modern lady to dispense with any title or to describe herself as a manuscript (Ms). Even so, it is hard to think of Mrs. Oliphant as Oliphant or Mrs. Trollope as Trollope. Finally, he occasionally adopts the American use of referring to clergymen as 'Reverend Brown' instead of the proper English use, 'The Rev. Mr. Brown'. These are minor irritants in what is otherwise a superb Companion to take with one whenever setting out for a stroll through the many pleasant byways of Victorian fiction. It is lively, entertaining, well-researched and informative.

JAMES MUNSON

ESSAYS BY RAYMOND WILLIAMS

What I Came to Say. Raymond Williams. 280pp. Radius Century Hutchinson, 1989. £14.95.

This is a collection of occasional pieces by the late Raymond Williams. The Preface claims it represents 'the most *characteristic* set of his writings yet put together', but its hope that it 'will encourage us to read the "ideas" as they actually take shape and move' would have had better prospects of fulfilment if a list of Williams's publications had been supplied.

Williams refers to his own experience from time to time, most explicitly in the first part of the volume, which is the least lucid. His Welsh boyhood and affiliations figure largely in essays on Community and Wales and England. His relations with Cambridge are the subject of another essay. It becomes apparent that he spent some time in adult education before returning to Cambridge as a Lecturer and College Fellow. The Faculty to which he belonged there can be identified as the English Faculty. Some biographical information would have helped not only interpretation of these essays but also understanding of what led him to produce the works he did.

This collection does not represent the full range of his output but concentrates on his considerable and influential writing on contemporary culture and its historical roots. He used the term 'culture' in the anthropologist's rather than the art critic's sense. More than most writers he realised that what is heard and seen has more importance for most people than what is read and that film, radio, television and video recordings have overtaken print's advantage of continuing availability and are now major cultural forces. The collection contains some interesting discussion of newspapers, films, television, and the Arts Council, as well as three essays on East European authors and one on Marx and culture.

BRUCE PATTISON

THE MOUNTBATTEN BACKGROUND

The Mountbattens. Antony Lambton. Constable. £12.95.

This is a valuable study about the ancestral background of Earl Mountbatten of Burma. Antony Lambton maintains that the Earl's biographers have neglected this aspect, and yet this is the key to vital aspects of his character. He belonged to a German family; and in 1914 his father was forced to resign as First Sea Lord by reason of his German background and his continuing close family links with his relatives in Germany. This greatly affected the

young Louis Mountbatten, then aged 14. As a German, he lost his own friends and became permanently embittered. In the result he kept his personal life quite separate from the distinguished career which followed with its climax as Viceroy of India. He was determined to prove his close links with royalty through his membership of the Battenburg family and indeed that he was royal himself. In this he appears to have deliberately distorted the truth. 'The efforts made since 1938', writes Mr. Lambton, 'to obliterate unpalatable historical facts and replace them by figments of his imagination were distasteful'.

This study is directed to put the record right. He discusses the various European royal families and grand dukedoms littered over the continent in the nineteenth century, Mountbatten and his family mixed in these circles as equals. But unhappily this association was tainted by illegitimacy. Louis was descended from the so-called Prince Alexander of Hesse (1823-1888), who was the illegitimate child of Baron von Glancy. He lived openly with the wife of the Grand Duke of Hesse from 1820. Lord Mountbatten's blood was further tainted by the morganatic wife of Prince Alexander being a commoner. It is all very complicated and Mr. Lambton unravels relationships. In the result he is satisfied that Mountbatten's family claims fail. It is a volume which completes the full study of Mountbatten's background and thereby his obsession with his family history.

ARNOLD DE MONTMORENCY

LEADERSHIP ANALYSED

Great Leaders. John Adair. Talbot John Adair Press, 1989. £15.95.

This handsomely, even lavishly, produced book seeks to discover the characteristics of leadership by ranging through history from Socrates to Mrs. Thatcher. The names selected and discussed are nothing if not catholic: Roy Thomson of Fleet (the Canadian newspaperman who by way of STV and *The Scotsman* became proprietor of *The Times*) and Jesus, Sir John Harvey-Jones and Hitler. Machiavelli, Harold Wilson, Generals Slim and Montgomery... to name only a few. He dots his analysis with quotes and phrases culled from an equally wide range of sources, but he is stronger on the classics and on Chinese soothsayers than on any other.

Mr. Adair, who has made a profession out of books and talks on this theme, was once a lecturer at Sandhurst. His book has the flavour of OTC lectures, and is at its best in describing the now-fashionable 'country-house' sessions that arose from the war-time War Office Selection Boards, or 'Wosbies' to those who ever experienced them, of whom in the long-ago this reviewer was one. He does not analyse the strengths and weaknesses of so short an assessment as they constitute, as against, say, the judgement of a college tutor who has lived with his students for terms, or even for years, nor, in similar fashion, the judgement of a good manager of his staff. He is at his weakest in coping with humility, to which he pays proper tribute, but which is not usually seen as a component of leadership, and, by contrast, showmanship and/or television. He needs to consult his Puritan theology to discover the real as distinct from the fashionable meaning of 'charisma'. But he can be forgiven, since he pays tribute to Mr. Lord, the great Academic RSM at Sandhurst. A book from him would be welcome that analysed why, in wartime, and it would seem, in the many crises of peace, amateurs and short-service wallahs fall back on, and always with total confidence in, the regular army NCOs. What in their training and experience made them such reliable and stimulating 'trusties'? They, and

not least those of them who did not seek commissions were, in wartime, the salt of the earth. As were, it might be added, the VCOs (Viceroy's Commissioned Officers) in the Indian Army.

ESYD WRIGHT

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Blind Side of Eden (Bloomsbury, £13.95.) Carol Lee's book is an essay on the 'battle of the sexes' seen in a new light and in considering this controversial subject she exposes its history in Old Testament mythology. Her volume also analyses the prevailing influences that have brought about the prominence of the 'gender question' in modern western life and literature. Feminism is only one aspect of a continuous and often acrimonious discourse on the value to society of either sex separately. 'The opposite sex' is seen by the author as a contradictory phrase if not actually some kind of category mistake. Who is opposing whom and for what purpose, she asks? Contextual considerations are often ignored in the heated debate and the opposition is sustained, regardless of any true function, in a one-upmanship argument where the real underlying frustrations remain hidden. In this century Freud and Jung have been appealed to almost exclusively in problems requiring psychological backing for their solution. The book is thought-provoking and draws on many sources but for that very reason an index would be useful as well as the existing valuable bibliography.

The Myth of British Monarchy (Journeyman Press. £5.95.) This book by Edgar Witsch is a highly controversial study of the British hereditary monarchy which he condemns as 'incompatible with democracy in principle'. It certainly represents class and caste in our social and economic society. By contrast, 'democracy presumes the basic equality of individuals, as autonomous moral and political agents.' The author argues that 'a full blown caste system persists in Britain', and may be becoming even more entrenched. The hereditary monarchy may well be an anachronism in our free society, but it remains, he concedes, generally popular, and maybe increasingly so. He may well be wrong in maintaining that the disappearance of the monarchy would be a powerful factor in making Britain into a more balanced and fair society, both socially and economically. Without the monarchy, there would continue social divisions. The cause is more deep seated.

Arabian Fairy Tales (Octagon Press. £4.50, paperback.) This delightful collection of thirty-three stories has been brought together by the well known fiction writer, Amina Shah. She belongs to a distinguished Arabian family and has made many journeys throughout the Arabic speaking world. During her travels she collects these mystery tales, frequently with their Geni and the struggle between good and evil. In the retelling, they retain their Arabian atmosphere, and are a spleasure to read and enjoy.

The Industrial Age (Longman. London and New York. £9.95 paperback.) 'Economy and Society in Britain 1750-1985' is the subject of this volume by Charles More. It is written primarily for 'students in higher education' but should attract a wider readership. It contains a mass of information on the economic and social events and movements in this period. It is an enormous subject to compress in a single volume, and Mr. More presents it only as an introductory study. There is a useful bibliography but no textual notes. The latter would have added greatly to the usefulness of the work as a basis for further study of particular aspects.

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GEORGE BUSH AND THE PROBLEM OF DIVIDED GOVERNMENT

by David N. Thomas

AMERICA has begun its third century of presidential leadership with the inauguration of the first sitting Vice-President in over 150 years. The bicentennial election of George Bush is only the third instance of continuity from one president to another of the same party in over a hundred years. By winning forty of the fifty states with fifty-four percent of the popular votes, the new president was given an apparent mandate to continue with the policies of the Reagan administration. Under those circumstances, a smooth transition in presidential leadership was anticipated. It was expected that the new administration would be quickly organised by reappointment of key personnel of the Reagan presidency and finding new cabinet members who would be easily accepted. For a variety of reasons that expectation was not realised.

Forming a new American presidential administration, unlike the British Cabinet system, is a complicated process. While a newly elected Prime Minister generally has a cabinet already in place, a new American President must organise his administration after the election. The only candidate ever to choose cabinet members during the campaign was Thomas Dewey who was upset in the 1948 election. Under the American Constitution, all cabinet members are chosen by the president 'by and with the consent' of the United States Senate. As implemented, that provision has meant that a president nominates cabinet members who then must be confirmed by the Senate in a recorded vote.

In two hundred years of American history before Bush, cabinet members were generally confirmed as a matter of course. In the midst of a controversy over economic policy in 1834, President Andrew Jackson's nominee of a Secretary of Treasury was rejected. Since that time seven other cabinet appointees have been turned down for a variety of reasons by Senators who applied a broad interpretation to the 'advice and consent' clause. Their contention has been that a majority of the Senate can turn down a cabinet nominee for any reason. While all of the rejections before World War II stemmed from policy differences between Congress and the President, an Eisenhower appointee in 1959

was narrowly defeated because of personality. There has never been a standard of criteria for accepting or rejecting presidential cabinet appointees by the United States Senate. Appointees have become subjected to scrutiny by the Federal Bureau of Investigation in order to avoid rejection because of character blemishes or questionable professional behaviour. On occasion, the appropriate senate committees further screen the nominees. Any unusual aspect of an appointee's background quickly becomes the subject of media attention.

For the most part Bush appointees were confirmed routinely by unanimous vote. There was a delay in the case of a physician chosen to head the Department of Health and Human Services because of his unclear attitude toward legalized abortion on demand, the opposition to which has become a part of Republican Party orthodoxy. When the nominee recanted his earlier support for a woman's right to abortion on demand, the Secretary designate was confirmed with only one dissenting vote.

The most dramatic episode during the formation of the new cabinet was the Senate's rejection of John Tower by President Bush as Secretary of Defense. Tower was a former United States Senator from Texas where he had had a long relationship with Bush since the early years of their political careers. Bush had incurred obligations owed to an old political ally. During his twenty-four years in the United States Senate, Tower had risen to the chairmanship of the powerful Armed Services Committee which passes on nominations to the Defense Department. Because of the traditional camaraderie among Senators, members of that body have always been virtually assured of confirmation. In fact, only one senator has ever been rejected for a cabinet position. Under normal circumstances, therefore, Tower would have been easily confirmed. His rejection after four weeks of bitter debate was an unprecedented event. While not entirely unexpected, the Senate's refusal to confirm one of its own was a jarring defeat for the Bush administration.

Tower's most serious problem was his identification with the Military Industrial Complex cited by President Dwight Eisenhower in 1961 as a danger to the nation's future. For more than a quarter century there has been a growing perception of unethical association among those engaged in weapons procurement. Specialists often move from government employment to lucrative positions with defence contractors. While some professional contact among suppliers and defence officials are needed, corruption of that relationship can be costly to the taxpayers and dangerous to the national security. In recent years, the so-called 'revolving door' between the private and public sectors of the defence establishment has become a problem of increasing concern. For the first time during the 1988 presidential campaign, the Democratic chairman of the Armed Services Committee, Sam Nunn of Georgia, pledged close scrutiny of all Defence Department appointees.

After the election, the spotlight fell on Tower Associates formed soon after the former senator had engaged in negotiations with the Soviets

over armament reductions. It was revealed that Tower Associates had acquired leading defence contractors as clients who paid over a million dollars for consultation with the Texan now frequently mentioned as the likely Bush nominee to head the Defence Department. While Senators were concerned over problems in Tower's personal life, it was clear that his movements through the 'revolving door' was the principal cause of his failure to become Secretary of Defence. Almost immediately following the Tower rejection, the new president nominated Richard Chaney, the United States Representative from Wyoming, who was confirmed within a few days. The complete Bush cabinet was in place about two months after the Inauguration.

The struggle between Bush and the United Senate over cabinet nominations was an outgrowth of divided government which since 1945 has become an endemic feature of American national politics. Party division between the national executive and legislative branches of government has always been a danger in the United States. That potential danger is a weakness of the presidential system not present in parliamentary politics. The Founding Fathers who drafted the American Constitution never perceived such a development. Instead they envisaged a national government led by men with no formal party identification. Though organised into separate legislative and executive branches each with a check on the other, the government was expected to operate without partisan rivalry. Differences over economic policy, however, led to the formation of a strongly entrenched two-party system. Since the Civil War, Republicans and Democrats have alternated control of the executive and legislative branches of the national government.

For about a hundred years, leadership of the executive and legislative branches tended to rotate simultaneously between the major parties. Only occasionally before World War II did the American electorate choose a president of one party while the opposition controlled the Congress. The occasional periods of divided government were always short-lived. Voters tended to cast what Americans call the 'straight ticket' which meant support for presidential and congressional candidates of the same party. In 1930 at the beginning of the Great Depression, however, the Democrats gained control of the House of Representatives, the American equivalent to the House of Commons. With the exception of four years, that party has kept control of the popular branch of the American Congress for nearly sixty years. In few countries of the West has one party kept virtually continuous control of the popular branch of the national legislature for a comparable period of time. Meanwhile the two parties have rotated control of the American presidency. In fact, since the election of Dwight D. Eisenhower in 1952, the national executive has been under the control of the Republicans two-thirds of the time. While Reagan and Bush were carrying over 300 of the 435 Congressional seats, their Republican colleagues running for seats in the United States House of Representatives could win only about one-half of their contests. By the late 1980s it appeared that, while the Democrats

would continue to have a firm grip on the Congress, the presidency was beyond their reach. The national government, therefore, seems to be facing deadlock for the foreseeable future. Even though Republicans can carry enough states to win the presidency, their congressional candidates are not competitive.

George Bush is the first president elected amid prospects of an indefinite period of divided government. While the Democratic Party's excessively liberal image is the apparent cause of its inability to win the presidency, reasons for the Republicans' incapability of gaining control of the Congress are not as easy to understand. The Democrcatic Party's apparent lock on Congress is attributable to its ability to recruit winning congressional candidates, especially in the South and West. Voters in those sections have become habitual ticket-splitters, supporting Republican presidential candidates while returning Democrats to Congress. The cause of that paradox is the Democratic Party's persistent ability to recruit winning congressional candidates. Potential candidates for public office capable of displaying popular appeal seem to come more often from the ranks of those intuitively drawn to the Democrats. People of comparable appeal inclined toward conservatism and the Republican Party, on the other hand, tend to prefer careers in the private sector. The Republican Party, therefore, is left with unappealing candidates obviously less suited for public office than their Democratic opponents. So long as that disparity prevails, the Republican Party's minority status in Congress will continue.

Divided government poses the risk of political deadlock never envisaged by the drafters of the American Constitution. Anticipating that danger, President Bush and Democratic leaders in Congress have urgently called for a renewal of bipartisanship which has been exemplified in the past during times of crisis. The first display of harmony in the new administration was an agreement between Congress and the President over Central American policy. It was the absence of agreement over that region between Congress and the President that had led to the prosecution of the White House security officer, Colonel Oliver North, the key personality in the Iran-Contra scandal. That episode is perhaps the worst example of problems stemming from divided government.

New American presidents are generally given what the press calls a honeymoon period during which journalists refrain from criticism of the administration and congressional opponents forego attacks on the White House. Debate over the Tower nomination unfortunately cut short the Bush presidency's escape from partisan abuse. One of the most frequent charges was the contention that Bush had no agenda or sense of direction. According to some critics, he had long sought after the presidency without any ideas of how he would use the powers of that office. Perhaps that observation, however well-founded, overlooks an important historic perspective of the 1988 presidential election. As noted above, Bush is only the third president of the 20th century elected as the candidate of the incumbent party. The earlier examples, William

Howard Taft in 1908 and Herbert Hoover in 1928, had been, like Bush, members of the presidential cabinet who were among the architects of policies in place at the time of their election. Such elections obviously do not reflect a public commitment to change. When Taft attempted to establish an identity distinct from that of his predecessor, he split his party and lost overwhelmingly in his bid for re-election. Hoover was soon faced with the onset of the Great Depression in the midst of which he, too, was unable to win re-election. Bush now faces the historic problem of setting his own course without politically running aground.

The new president began the task of establishing his identity in his acceptance speech at New Orleans by calling for a 'kinder and gentler nation.' That phrase, soon to be often repeated both favourably and derisively, was an apparent reference to the antagonism engendered by some of the policies of the Reagan administration. The hope of the new administration is for a change in style without alteration of substance. It seeks to maintain the general direction of the Reagan Revolution without incurring the enmity of the liberal opposition. That will be the basic challenge of the Bush presidency.

[David N. Thomas is Professor of Modern History at Oglethorpe University, Atlanta, USA. His two previous articles on the Presidential Campaign of 1988 were published in the *Contemporary Review*, in June 1988 (Vol. 252, No. 1469) and November 1988 (Vol. 253, No. 1474).]

POLITICAL SPRINGTIME IN EUROPE: CHALLENGES AND OPPORTUNITIES OF SYSTEMIC CHANGE

by Manfred R. Hamm

THE changing political climate in Europe seems to conform indeed this year with the seasonal change mandated by the calendar. It is political spring time in Europe and some of the seeds planted years ago are now cropping up. The Soviet bloc is crumbling under the weight of economic inefficiency, nationalist sentiment, and widespread disillusion. Zbigniew Brzezinski talks about the 'terminal crisis of communism and the onset of the post-communist age'. But how is this new age to come about and, more importantly, how is it going to look and what will be its impact on Europe's geopolitical landscape? More specifically, how will the difficult issue of German unity be handled?

In Poland and Hungary the reigning Communists are relinquishing their 40 year old monopoly on political power, presiding more or less over their own demise: the elections in Poland have sent a clear signal; the Hungarian Communists have come to terms with a bleeding national sore, rehabilitating the slain leaders of the 1956 popular uprising, a painful but critical step to achieve national reconciliation and needed to ensure their survival in a future multi-party system. These dramatic political sea-changes — considered utopian pie-in-the-sky and a key demand of hortatory Sunday speeches by Western politicians only a few years ago — render the orthodox Stalinist regimes in East Germany or the CSSR ever more anachronistic. These political dinosaurs of the Cold War know that their days are numbered and, hence, they cling to power with even fiercer determination. If they are inundated by the rising tide of popular pressures for democratic reforms, they might well come down in spasmodic violence.

The postwar political order of Europe is crumbling, owing to the comprehensive reassessment of foreign policy interests initiated under Mr. Gorbachev's stewardship in Moscow. The economic costs of holding on to the reticent socialist glacis of Eastern Europe exceed the resources of the Soviet state. Further, the political price in terms of relations with the West is now judged excessive, given the urgent need of a breathing space and Western economic help in rebuilding the decrepit Soviet economy. It has recently become fashionable to examine the prospects of the US in terms theories about the rise and fall of empires. Although it may be questionable whether the United States follow ineluctably this historical pattern, these theories aptly depict Moscow's current predicament and the harsh choices it confronts.

Proverbial truth has it that the offence is the best defence and Mikhail Gorbachev is acting accordingly. Moscow's current overtures toward the West are thinly-veiled attempts to cut the horrendous losses of its failed policy, while yet trying to snatch victory from the claws of its defeat in the Cold War. Although the West need not relish its victory all too

openly, reminding ourselves that Gorbachev is sueing for an armistice may be useful to place current political change into perspective as well as to recognise Western leverage. Further, it could be a windfall for Alliance cohesion by pointing up that single-minded bickering over particular interests — e.g., battlefield and shortrange nuclear weapons (SNFs) issues — will mean, in the final analysis, spoiling the fruits of an eminently successful Western policy. (It is ironic, however, that popular anxieties about nuclear weapons are obviously inversely related to the thaw in East-West relations and the diminishing perceptions of a Soviet threat that might prompt their use.)

Finally, reminding ourselves of the fact that 'Communism has spent itself and is discredited as a socio-economic system and as an ideology of human improvement' (Brzezinski) underscores the self-interested nature of recent shifts in Soviet policy toward Eastern Europe and the Western alliance. Mr. Gorbachev has not become a liberal democrat, nor is he willing to concede more than need be to somehow resolve the 'catch 22' situation he confronts both at home and abroad. Revamping the Soviet economy requires decentralization at home and easing Moscow's grip on its Eastern European clients, the latter being a prerequisite for detente with the West. Mr. Gorbachev's twin challenge is to manage the centrifugal dynamics attending decentralization at home while preventing simultaneously the unravelling of Europe's artificial postwar political and geostrategic balance.

For these reasons, Moscow recognises all of a sudden the utility and value of Western political and military structures which were originally designed to keep it from gobbling up Western Europe. It seeks formal ties with the European Communities, concedes the legitimacy of the US in Europe, and disavows any intention to drive a wedge in the Western alliance. Chances are that this may only be a utilitarian and, hence, transient adaptive departure from its traditional goal to weaken US influence in Europe. Similarly, the sudden shifts on arms control are supportive of pressing needs: they cater to West European expectations and have a favourable impact on Western threat feelings. Arms control demonstrates Soviet sincerity about systemic transformation, reduces the political and security ramifications of a diminished role in Eastern Europe and the economic burdens of maintaining a vast military establishment. Finally, it is vital to unlocking Western economic assistance to support *perestroika.* At present, anything contributing to external stability and economic revival serves its interests and, hence, Moscow appears willing to go the extra mile.

Accordingly, Western responses should be guided by an equally keen awareness of self-interest rather than sentimental dreams. Moscow's public relation machinery aptly plays on Western hopes for a millenium of good feelings with emotional appeals to the common heritage and vision of its restoration in a common European home. Nowhere do Soviet pleas appear to fall on as fertile grounds as in the Federal Republic of Germany, a country whose national destiny has thus far been foiled by

the Cold War and which, in turn, believes it stands to gain most in terms of its national aspirations from transcending the division of Europe. Overcoming the geopolitical status quo on the European continent is of vital importance for the Federal Republic, both in terms of its sheer long term physical security and the realisation of its own destiny to achieve German national unity (the term reunification is too narrow and has negative emotional connotations). Hence, no one should have been surprised about the enthusiastic welcome extended to Mikhail Gorbachev on his visit last June.

The Soviet leader personifies the very same hopes that took people to the streets when President Kennedy or Charles de Gaulle visited the country in the 1960s. Gorbachev exudes the same charisma as John F. Kennedy who was given an emotional reception as the saviour of West Berlin and guarantor of the country's security during the darkest days of the Cold War. De Gaulle's visit marked Franco-German reconciliation after three bloody wars in a single century owing to the fierce hostility of both nations. Mr. Gorbachev is viewed as the 'white knight' able to offer salvation from the dual trauma of a pervasive nuclear war psychosis and the rejected yearnings of a divided nation still suffering the painful self-inflicted scars of recent history. Only the Soviet leader can provide true and final redemption from the historical baggage of Nazi Germany.

Given this predisposition, Gorbachev needed to offer little new substance and could be non-committal on national unity or tearing down of the Berlin Wall while still making his visit a success. Indeed, he was long on generalities and very short on specifics regarding the issues of most pressing concern to the Bonn government. He repeated his appeals for nuclear disarmament on the continent, a position shared by most West Germans but rebuffed only a few days earlier by NATO at its Brussels summit. While welcoming President Bush's conventional arms cut proposals, Gorbachev assailed NATO's continued adherence to nuclear deterrence as an obvious deficit of 'new' thinking. He did not try to best Bush's proposal that had been instrumental in patching up the dangerous rift on NATO nuclear force modernization. This was prudent, for another round of inflationary proposals would probably have been counter-productive.

Some eleven agreements covering bilateral co-operation on a wide range of issues were signed during the visit (an agreement on shipping foundered on the question of whether ships registered in West Berlin should be permitted to fly the federal flag — implying complex issues of national sovereignty and jurisdiction conceivably at odds with the legal status of the city as defined in the Quadripartite Agreement). Most significant from the vantage point of increased West German financial commitment to Soviet economic reconstruction was the new agreement on the protection of investments and the repatriation of profits. Although it was applauded by West German business leaders, it remains to be seen whether they will now be more forthcoming in meeting Soviet expectations as regards more direct investment and involvement in joint ventures.

In general, the business community appears more level-headed and realistic about expanded commercial exchanges than the Bonn government as regards dramatic political break-throughs.

The hallmark of the visit was certainly the signing of the joint declaration which the CPSU daily *Pravda* rightly called a 'unique political document'. However, whether it is indeed of historic significance, as some observers have suggested, can be judged only from a long term perspective. The document will remain important because it will either be implemented or its ambitious objectives will not be achieved. In that respect, the goals and agenda for political action spelled out in the document can serve as an objective yardstick for directly measuring progress in East-West relations. It thus constitutes a welcome opportunity as well as a potentially serious liability. A failure to carry out its precepts cannot be concealed and may have a sobering impact on the advocates of broad unilateral concessions — e.g. large subsidised credits, easing up on the COCOM rules governing East-West trade or unilateral disarmament, at a minimum in form of restraint in NATO nuclear forces modernization — based until now largely on faith in Gorbachev's noble promises.

A comparison of the Bonn Declaration with similar declarations of intent in the past yields some remarkable differences. There is a striking absence of meaningless, though well-sounding, phraseology that permeated past declarations of this kind. The Western preference for a precise language devoid of only hortatory window-dressing seems to have prevailed in drafting the declaration. In fact, the Bonn Declaration can hardly be distinguished in both style and substance from the NATO communique issued at the end of the Brussels summit. Although compromise formulations are evident on many issues, there are few clauses in the document that might allow either side effectively to evade its political obligations. Despite its legally non-binding character, the political costs of violating the letter and spirit of the joint declaration will be substantial, especially for Moscow.

In its references to 'new' thinking, the document goes far beyond anything the Soviet Union has been willing to sign thus far. It specifically acknowledges the inviolability of individual human rights and dignity, recognises the right of each state to choose its own socio-economic-political system in clear-cut repudiation of the Brezhnev Doctrine, makes reference to the right to self-determination in obvious deference to the Preamble of the Basic Law which obliges every Federal Government to a policy of restoring German national unity (even though the reference to self-determination of states as well as nations may be a Soviet bow to East-Germany which the Federal had to accept). Nonetheless, the treatment of German national unity here is in marked contrast to the blunt rejection of Chancellor Helmut Kohl's entreaties when visiting Moscow only a year ago.

The Soviet Union also recognises as binding the nature of international law in domestic policy and abandons its distinction between socialistic

and universal international law. This means that now international law is the 'supreme law of the land', superceding conflicting Soviet statutes and thus broadening the avenues to insist on strict compliance with human rights conventions and other similar obligations. It is also an admission that standards of universal international law equally govern relations within the 'socialist commonwealth' and is tantamount to a legal repudiation of the Brezhnev doctrine beyond its retraction as only a matter of Soviet policy. In a similar vein, Moscow dropped its Leninist theory of just wars by rejecting the threat or use of any kind of force in any circumstances other than self-defence and it now recognises the legitimate security interests of all states. The latter has implications for arms control efforts aiming at stable military structures. Finally, the Soviet Union explicitly admits that the US and Canada are constituent members of a prospective common European home, not merely tolerated or temporary guests.

Why did Gorbachev enter these explicit political obligations with their far-reaching ramifications for Soviet foreign and domestic policy? One might adduce a number of more or less speculative explanations. First, the Soviet leader obviously views the Federal Republic as an essential partner for *perestroika,* given its economic prowess and growing political influence. Second, its political stature — recently acknowledged by President Bush when he referred to the Federal Republic as 'partner in leadership' — and specific national aspirations virtually predestine Bonn as a congenial advocate of Soviet views in the Western alliance. Third, Gorbachev probably recognises the inevitability of change in Eastern Europe and wants to channel this process co-operatively with the West so as to avoid disruptive upheavals potentially threatening military stability: again Bonn appears as a useful and preferred partner. Fourth, co-opting the Federal Republic in the process of systemic change in Europe means conferring shared responsibility for insuring against destablising developments. Finally, the signature by Chancellor Kohl signifies to Moscow CDU/CSU ratification of Brandt's *Ostpolitik* which it had fiercely opposed during the early 1970s.

The long term objective of West German national policy is fully compatible with the repeatedly stated goals of the West: to transcend the division of Europe and to gain self-determination for the peoples of Eastern Europe as well as the German people. The requisite political changes on this way can occur only gradually and both East and West share an interest in an orderly transition to a new European political and geostrategic order. Given its national sensitivities, the Federal Republic is not only more perceptive of the long term potential of political evolution in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. Because it has a larger tangible stake in the success of this evolution, Bonn appears also more willing to take risks and expend 'political venture capital' actively to promote this evolution. This does not mean, however, that Bonn has suddenly become oblivious to its being part of the West which, in fact, is both its *raison d'être* and *raison d'état.*

Recently voiced suspicions about a new Soviet-German Rapallo are utterly unfounded. They are more indicative of Western ambivalence toward the sudden prospect of realising its long-standing foreign policy objectives than an imminent West German defection from the Alliance. The Federal Republic's allies must come to grips with the fact that transcending the division of Europe will invariably have to include a settlement of the 'German question'. In the past, ritualistic professions of support for German unity were inconsequential because the prospects for achieving it were exceedingly remote. This may no longer be the case if Moscow permits current trends in Eastern Europe to proceed uninterrupted, reforms its own political system and maintains the present thrust and momentum of its foreign policy.

All participants involved will have to come to terms with the long term outlook which they want a new European order to take and, most importantly, Germany's place in it. If the Western allies are perceived as ambivalent towards German unity, they will alienate the Federal Republic and their now unfounded suspicions may become a self-fulfilling prophecy. The Gorbachev visit to Bonn thus is a challenge to Western Europeans and the USA to devise, jointly with the Federal Republic, a long term political perspective for German unity within a European framework that mitigates the consequences of Germany's natural preponderance in Europe by virtue of its large population, economic and military power, and growing global stature. Especially, the United Kingdom should reassess its attitude toward Europe and European political and military integration in light of this new challenge.

[The views expressed herein should not be construed as the official position of the *Stiftung Wissenschaft und Politik* (SWP) or any agency of the Federal Government.]

TIES THAT BIND: PART 2: BRITISH SOUTH AFRICAN RELATIONS INTO THE NINETIES

by C. A. Vale

Amongst South Africa's more virulent critics there are two opinions about the nature of Afrikaner Nationalism. The one is that it is isolationist and exhibits a *laager* mentality. The conclusion usually drawn from this is that, if the Nationalist government after 1948 had shown a greater appreciation of changing world opinion on the issue of the treatment of colonial peoples, it would never have allowed South Africa to drift into the parlous condition it occupies today in international opinion by the adoption and establishment of outdated race policies. The other opinion, frequently voiced by the same critics, is that Afrikaner Nationalism is fundamentally expansionist. In support of this theory, the case of Namibia is cited in an effort to show that the purpose of the South African government has always been to annex the territory. To this argument these days is added the accusation that the rationale behind what is called destabilisation in Southern Africa is to extend the reach of the apartheid ideology into neighbouring territories and states.

There is an apparent contradiction here which I think can be cleared up if one considers the situation in the light of the history of British intervention in the region. First, it seems to be obvious from Afrikaner history that the Boer's most passionate desire was to isolate himself from authority and external interference. In the light of his subsequent history, it was certainly a healthy instinct. After the intrusion of the British into the region, he became more determined than ever to escape from outside control, and therefore trekked into a hostile and dangerous wilderness.

Second, we must consider the frenzied efforts of the British during the nineteenth century to contain the Boer within the British realm and to re-absorb him into the British regional system. These efforts, which culminated in one of the bloodiest and most brutal conflicts of modern times, involving as it did, attacks on the civilian population and horrendous incarceration of women and children, were unquestionably expansionist; but they had a purpose which has at last, in the midst of the twentieth century, been recognised by the descendants of those who suffered so greatly. That purpose was the unification of the whole of Southern Africa with the objective of expanding civilisation and development and preserving security in the region in order to promote the welfare of the inhabitants and the safety of the Empire. The irony is, of course, that by the time the Nationalist government recognised the value of this exercise and began to turn its policies towards achieving regional unity in the form of the 'Constellation of Southern African States', the British government had long since formed new plans for the integration of the region around the Rhodesias, excluding South Africa.

The first effort became the Central African Federation, an idea which owed a great deal to the Nationalist victory in 1948.[6] Behind this idea lay

the thought of securing for Britain a hefty piece of African real estate which would in time help to compensate Britain for the loss of South Africa to the disloyal Dutch, and, as far as some were concerned the loss of India as well. The effort expended in this exercise, not to mention the cost, was entirely wasted once the great decolonialisation movement started. It seems, in retrospect, that it was not only the isolationist Afrikaners who failed to read the mood of international opinion after the second world war — embarking on apartheid was scarsely prudent in 1948 — but the British as well. Instead of a new British empire in Africa, functioning along the lines of enlightened paternalism as enshrined in partnership, Britain ended up with a long and costly campaign against the white government in Rhodesia. The second attempt at regional organisation is much more recent. It has taken the form of the creation, together with the other western powers, of a so-called counter constellation, the Southern African Development Co-ordinating Council (SADCC) the purpose of which is to counter South African hegemony.

Thus we have no fewer than two rival regional groupings in a subcontinent which can barely sustain one, and, incredibly, it seems that instead of working jointly towards the development of the region on a co-operative basis they expend their limited resources in opposing one another. But appearances in this case are deceptive. The extensive support which the western powers are ploughing into the SADCC will undoubtedly have, admittedly over a long term, a beneficial effect on the entire Southern African region. I believe that what is often blandly passed off as rivalry for the domination of the region is essentially a semi-collaborative effort to develop the region. Clearly, in view of the intense hostilities over political issues, the developmental assistance given to the SADCC must be represented as a defensive redout against apartheid. But, in fact, Southern Africa is effectively being developed by two bodies acting independently toward the same goal.

The second tie that binds Britain and South Africa is their common concern with the promotion of development in Southern Africa. Both countries now recognise that, as Lord Carnarvon put it *circa* 1874, 'the bundle of sticks may be tied together very loosely or very tightly, but provided there is common action, the object is secured'. In this connection it is worth mentioning that Britain is currently pouring more money into Mozambique than into any other country in the region. There are some who draw the conclusion from this fact that this support must run counter to South African desires and interests. Mozambique is after all a Marxist country and, it must be said, a fine example of the accomplishments of Socialist central planning. But a moment's reflection will reveal that in the light of the Nkomati Accord, in which the South African government still places considerable faith in spite of its checkered history, and furthermore in the light of the dangers posed to South Africa by the physical insecurity resulting from the degeneration into chaos of Mozambique, (already refugees are creating major headaches for South African and homeland governments and welfare organisations) the fact

that the British are pouring more money into that territory than into any other in the region must be extremely gratifying to South Africa.

Indeed, it is very much to South Africa's advantage that the neighbouring states attract as much support as they now do. In the short term, much of the money made available for development eventually finds its way in the South African economy by virtue of its dominance in the region. In the longer term, any economic development in the region must stabilise it and complement South Africa's capacity to enhance its own interests. Clearly, then, in spite of appearances, Britain and South Africa are working separately towards a common end. It is an end which I have already suggested conforms closely with the ambitions which British governments have for many years fostered in this region. And it is gratifying to see that, in spite of the continuing efforts of other intrusive powers to manipulate events in the region for their own purposes and interests, this effort to develop the region continues in spite of the withdrawal of the colonial powers. This goes some way towards explaining the British Prime Minister's aversion to the futile and destructive policy of sanctions advocated by Britain's Commonwealth partners as a means of accelerating the reform process in South Africa.

The last example I have of the way in which Britain's South African connection operates for the benefit of South Africa in the international system may appear, considering the ongoing activities of the ANC and the SACP in Britain, and the protection afforded to these organisations in spite of the fact that they continue to claim credit for the corpses of their numerous victims in South Africa, (without rebuke, apparently, from the British government) appears to be something of a contradiction. Yet I believe that the proposition can be defended in the light of the policies pursued by the Conservative Party since the early eighties.

Clearly, British policy on South Africa is a matter of close concern to the Prime Minister. What are the major considerations which influence Mrs. Thatcher's thinking? It seems to me that the outcome of the Rhodesian affair would be one lesson learnt on the question of Southern Africa. The triumph of the Marxist radical party led by Robert Mugabe, whose declared object is to lead Zimbabwe into the world Socialist camp under the banner of a one-party state is not the outcome which Mrs. Thatcher would have desired. Certainly, the events which followed the Patriotic Front's accession to power, the split with ZAPU and the massacres which took place in Matabeleland at the hands of the North Korean-trained Fifth Brigade, must have left an indelible impression on Mrs. Thatcher of how easy it is to fail in Africa.

Secondly, given Mrs. Thatcher's frequently voiced concern about Soviet expansionism, the danger of Soviet intervention in Southern Africa must also be a serious preoccupation. Mrs. Thatcher is hardly one to believe that with the advent of *glasnost*, (which she has had an opportunity to examine at a closer range than most) an era of sweetness and light is about to dawn in global politics. She knows that Gorbachov's problem is to resolve the economic plight of the USSR without changing the overall

patterns of Soviet behaviour toward the national liberation movements. And that means that Southern Africa is as much involved as any other area in which the Soviets have established a foothold.[9] The way to frustrate the Soviet Union's designs in the region is surely to ensure the presence of the West in South Africa, not to withdraw prissily because of the bad odour created by apartheid, and leave the field to the challenging new intrusive power in the region. As Galia Golan, an Israeli writer has put it in a recent article: 'In Africa the over-riding factor in Soviet intervention has been the weakening of Western influence either in the form of direct colonial rule or in the form of Western, especially American, involvement.'[10]

Conscious of the truth of this observation, and aware of the steadily deteriorating situation in the Zimbabwe which she had a hand in creating, Mrs. Thatcher has opposed the idea of the withdrawal of British firms from South Africa. Sir Patrick Moberly expressed the policy of his government as follows: 'We believe . . . that British firms operating in South Africa have a useful role to play in providing jobs and training for blacks and in joining with others among the business community who are working constructively for change'.[11]

But it is not only because of the new rival in the region that the British are digging their heels in. Unlike the Americans, whose involvement in South Africa was opportunist rather than committed, the British are now ready to throw away the base that they have built up in South Africa over the last couple of centuries. This certainly is a matter of history. Britain is not only held by others to have a responsibility in Southern Africa; the British (or at least an influential segment of British opinion, both to the right and to the left of the political spectrum), obviously accept that responsibility. On this issue Dennis Austin observes: 'South Africa is, unfortunately, to a greater degree than many other troubled areas of the world, a British concern.'[12] History is one thing; prudence is another. It is undeniable that the cost of disengaging in South Africa will probably deter companies which leave South Africa now from ever returning to the country in the future, or perhaps from ever wishing to return. Britain's regional commitment acts as a strong incentive to see it out in South Africa.

And it is a gamble that is likely to succeed. The Conservative government does not desire to see South Africa destroyed by a revolution. It also recognises that overthrowing the government by force is not at the present time or in the foreseeable future an option which is open to the ANC, even if it receives the whole-hearted endorsement of South Africa's neighbours, which are themselves becoming ever less able to support a revolution in South Africa. The destruction of the South African economy by sanctions would clearly take years to produce results, and in the process the country most likely to attract unwanted immigrants would be Britain.[13] In the meantime, South Africa's neighbours would demand ever larger amounts of aid from the West to enable them to withstand the rigours of conflict in the region; aid which Britain, in view of its

historic role, would be expected to donate generously.

Naturally, the longer the war of attrition against South Africa lasted, the more the blacks of South Africa would suffer. The longer the war, the less likely the region would be to recover from its consequences, and the more likely the Soviet Union would be to inherit the ruins. The longer the war, the more Britain has to lose, not only in investments and trade, but also in influence and status in the region. Britain's attitude, as explained by the recently retired Ambassador, Patrick Moberly, is to avoid having to force South Africa, the region and Britain into this no-win situation by placing the South African problem in a regional context:

> It is basic to our approach to the problems of South Africa to set them in the regional context of the Southern African region as a whole. There can be no peace in the long term throughout the region unless the challenge of dismantling apartheid and extending political rights for all can be met and overcome in South Africa.[14]

Clearly, as Mrs. Thatcher must see it, the reform process initiated by the South African government must be encouraged by every means possible. But encouragement does not necessarily mean that the South African government must be browbeaten and reviled constantly on the issue. Britain has had sufficient experience of the process of power transfer in Africa to understand the consequences of getting ahead of the game. Britain has a sound understanding also of the problem of maintaining order in a transforming society, and of keeping the support of the ruling group for the policies which will inevitably deprive it of most of the power and many of the privileges which it has hitherto enjoyed. But this does not mean that Britain has to remain silent on the subject of the pace of reform or on the issue of whom the South African government should be talking to and what it should be talking about. Given the fact that the British government under the Conservatives is likely to remain the one western government which is not about to turn sour on the reform process, South Africa and Britain have the basis of a sound future relationship because each is fully aware of the importance of each to the other.

If what I have described so far is indeed the kind of understanding, almost certainly unspoken, that has been reached or that may be reached between the two governments concerned, it follows that Britain, (always on the condition that the Conservatives remain in power for the forecast period) will endeavour to keep its allies as closely aligned with this policy as it can. Thus Britain can attain a degree of influence as an honest broker on the Southern African question that will fully compensate it for the abuse it is likely to attract from the radical movements and from the Soviet Union, its satellites and from the third world. But quite apart from compensation, and precisely because of the long-standing record which Britain has as a haven for liberal and radical exiles from all over the world, including South Africa, Britain has a degree of immunity to criticism of the above kind.

There is one further point that is perhaps worth making here, and it is purely speculative. However, it seems to me that the mind and soul of the Afrikaner have never been as unintelligible to the British Conserva-

tives as they have been to the English-speaking South Africans who so often fume with righteous indignation at the actions of National Party governments. Perhaps British Conservatives, confronting Britain's own intemperate 'loony left', have become inured to hyperinflated moralistic indignation. Whatever the case, I think that there exists a substantial degree of trust between the Conservatives and the Nationalists that could never exist between, for example, the Labour Party or even the Americans and the Nationalists. This trust may be the ingredient that enables Mrs. Thatcher to accept the assurances of the South African State President that the reform programme will be carried through to its conclusion. In other words, when Mr. Botha says that he will eliminate apartheid, it is quite possible that he is believed in Britain, if nowhere else. And if he is believed in Britain, the Conservatives will undoubtedly influence their allies in the West to keep cool heads over South Africa.

Writing in the publication, *Round Table,* a Commonwealth organ, in January, 1987, Sir Geoffrey Howe reiterated the British position, for the benefit of the Commonwealth, which Britain has so effectively neutralised:

> The British position is clear. We share with everyone the view that apartheid is evil and must go. The change will come. The South African peoples themselves will bring it about. But the rest of the world must certainly do all in its power to bring about political reform in that tragic country.[15]

The statement is a reminder that, perhaps, Britain still respects the virtues of patient diplomacy in pursuit of enlightened self interest in a world which is too ready to throw terrorists onto the bargaining table in an effort to produce instant results. This is not to deny that in the past British diplomacy in Southern Africa has sometimes had a Machiavellian thrust. But it may well be that, not having to run before the gale, as it once did, (it would have been remiss of me to forget an oblique reference to the Winds of Change!) the British may be able to mediate and to make more tolerable for everyone concerned, not least its own citizens and their descendants in South Africa, the trying and stressful times that lie ahead.

NOTES (continued from Part 1)

6. Leys, C. and Pratt, C., 'A New Deal in Africa', Heinemann, 1960, p.12.
7. De Kiewiet, C. W., 'The Imperial Factor in South Africa', Frank Cass, London, 1965, p.90.
8. It was announced in the press on 13 February 1987, that Britain's aid to SADCC had been expanded from R69m to R110m between the previous two years. Britain was training Frelimo soldiers in Zimbabwe, and accepting Mozambiquan students in British Universities. Aid to Mozambique had increased in the same period from R33m to R48m.
9. See 'Thatcher: Beware of Gorbachov's Russia' in *The Star,* Johannesburg, 3 March 1988.
10. 'Moscow and the Third World Liberation Movements: The Soviet Role' in *Journal of International Affairs,* Vol. 40, No. 2, Winter/Spring, 1987, p.319.
11. Finance Week, Johannesburg, 26 June 1987.
12. Austin, D. *op. cit.*
13. 300,000 people in South Africa are thought to hold British passports and another 500,000-800,000 have claims to British citizenship. (*The Herald,* Harare, 23 February 1987).
14. Finance Week, *op. cit.*
15. Sir Geoffrey Howe, writing in *The Round Table,* issue 301, January 1987, p.20.

REFLECTIONS ON SOME CONSEQUENCES OF THIRD SEPTEMBER 1939

by Leo Muray

WORLD War II started 50 years ago in an atmosphere of confusion. Britain and France, as a result of the Munich surrender a year earlier, were not sure what they were doing but its perplexed leaders felt they had to do it. Hitler, in a little known interview with Austrian Chancellor Schuschnigg, had told him that he would always win against Daladier and Chamberlain because he was ready to make war to get what he wanted and they were not. Austria, Czechoslovakia and his pact with Stalin had confirmed Hitler in his certainty that he could go on.

The deal he made with Stalin was based on a common feeling against the Western Empires. The German leadership of the day thought little of the French, feared and at the same time despised the Russians and intensely envied the British and their Empire because they saw them as the real 'Master Race' they wanted to be. After victory in France Hitler was sure he could break the Soviets because Stalin had savagely purged his army.

The Axis, the alliance with Italy and Japan, was formed to enable these three to replace the Western Empires, Italy to replace France as the major Mediterranean power, Germany to control the European continent, the Middle East and Africa south of the Sahara, and Japan to take over in Asia, ensure control of China and also of India. The USA was an essential power in the Far East and Pacific and had to be chased out — hence the attack on Pearl Harbour.

But the global nature of the war forced a decisive change on warfare and on the nature of future relations between countries. Warfare was industrialised. Here the Americans and British came out on top with their aircraft, communications and, ultimately, nuclear weapons. This industrialisation of warfare is going on and on and has changed the pecking order of powers and the nature of alliances and international relations. Leaders and Commands depend on well-trained and educated, tough and mentally alert technicians, on complex and expensive equipment and high-grade, instant communications. Few countries can provide that.

For the big powers nuclear and chemical weapons are there to fall back on as a last resort. Neither the US in Korea or Vietnam nor the Russians in Afghanistan used them and in the Cuban crisis too both sides held back at the last moment. An overwhelming reason was that the issues fought over were not worth it. But this does not apply to leaders engaged in conflicts outside the network of issues related to main interests in super-power and East-West alliance relations. This is why chemical weapons which do not create global or continent-wide radiation have become the 'poor man's atom bombs'. They can be manufactured

on a narrow, relatively unsophisticated base and more easily obtained. Their first use by Iraq in the Gulf War has produced no effective reaction by the so-called 'World Community'.

The other permanent consequence of World War II is the disappearance of the Western Empires. This is due to the war in the Far East. The Japanese attack after Pearl Harbour demonstrated that Western armies could be defeated to start with. And defeated by Asians, in Burma and the Philippines, to mention two countries. Hiroshima confirmed this as did the American defeat in Vietnam 30 years later and the Soviet defeat in Afghanistan. Indeed, the abandonment of Empire by the West Europeans is sometimes traced back, in the Third World, to what happened in the Far East in 1942.

The Yalta Agreement is a third permanent consequence of World War II. The leader and the country that profited most was Stalin's Soviet Union. He did not mind making a share-out with Western leaders having made one with Hitler. An essential feature of Yalta was that it did not affect the deal Stalin had made with Nazi Germany. Both deals are of vital importance today. In the Soviet Union 'de-Stalinisation' has been started by President Gorbachev. But where is it going to stop? In the Soviet Baltic Republics demands made in public are growing that the Hitler-Stalin Pact should be investigated and declared null and void. Then, of course, the three Republics could claim independence.

But there is, dangerously and vitally, more than that. At Yalta Stalin obtained the informal, tacit approval for the vast territorial concessions he had forced his 'allies', Poland, Czechoslovakia and Romania, to make. Everyone of these changes, enforced, of course, presents a real problem today. There is Moldavia, for instance; of little importance but it affects the Warsaw Pact, like the others. It was formerly Bessarabia, linked with Romania. Now there is growing demand for the Latin script of their 'unofficial' language to be permitted as well as their language. There is the Soviet Ukraine where the Western region, with Lvov, a provincial capital under the Hapsburgs, has its own religion linked to Rome and a small Ruthenian minority. Part of it was 'ceded' by Czechoslovakia.

Then there is the key problem of Poland. Large parts of Eastern Poland were joined to the 'White'-Russian, Byelo-Russian Republic which, incidentally, like the Ukraine, is a member of the UN. The Byelo-Russians too, incited by the Baltic Republics, want more genuine self-government and their own language made official. Yalta, of course, compensated the Poles with the Prussian provinces of Silesia and parts of West Prussia. And the Soviet Russian Republic itself obtained part of East Prussia with the ancient city of Konigsberg, where the philosopher Kant came from, now called Kaliningrad after a Soviet President. By doing that Stalin ensured that Federal Soviet Russia kept its hand in whatever development might occur. It is separated from Federal Russia by Lithuania, the restive Baltic Republic, and by Poland. To keep Kaliningrad Province, Moscow must keep control of Lithuania.

By moving Poland Westward at Yalta — a senior German politician

once told me that 'History had thrown Germany a thousand years Westwards since its border was now on the Elbe River as it had been under Charlemagne and that his Empire had therefore to be recreated' — Stalin both bound Poland more closely to Russia for the protection of its new border, and made Federal Germany more ready to listen to any hint of a deal. Yalta, of course, prepared the way for the division of Germany, a really decisive consequence of World War II and an inevitable one given the basic economic and political differences between the Soviet 'Command Economy' and the varying types of the 'market-orientated' social welfare economies of the West. The Gorbachev visit to Bonn shows that both Moscow and Bonn are well aware of the possibilities that have remained open for both since the division of Germany in 1949.

There has been no peace treaty with Germany, 50 years after the outbreak of World War II. There is a 1970 treaty between Poland and Federal Germany recognising the present border, partly along the Oder River, as permanent. But 13 million Germans from the provinces now Polish and Russian fled to West Germany at the end of the fighting. They have been a silent, potential political force. But the leader of the Bavarian Christian Socialist Union, Theo Waigel, Minister of Finance in the Federal government at the time he made his speech, suddenly exposed underground feelings by asking for a unification of Germany in the borders of 1937, Danzig (Gdansk) corridor and all, in a public address. Whatever happens to him, a ghost of 50 years ago has now been produced as if the Germany of 1939 had not lost the war. One has to add the division of Berlin and its wall as the symbolic feature of the result of World War II. There the Western Powers remain as occupation forces and occasionally have to exercise their rights *vis-â-vis* the Russians. And again, in East Germany, the DDR, the Communist leadership remains reluctant to follow the Poles and Hungarians in their reform efforts; and Gorbachev's 'perestroika' itself is not welcome. The East Germans say that they do not need it. Below the surface their relations with Poland are worsening. And there are still 350,000 Soviet troops in the DDR!

The consequences of World War II, on the map, do limit the scope of de-Stalinisation Gorbachev can engage in. It will be almost impossible for him to draw a line between Stalin's home and Communist Party policy and his foreign policy. And that makes him and the Soviet Union itself vulnerable on the international scene. Gorbachev's campaign for a 'European House' from the Atlantic to the Urals — incidentally, how does he propose to fit into 'Europe' the vast lands beyond the Urals and the Caucasus? — is, as it has to be, a defensive one. The present increasingly uneasy balance in Eastern Europe, with the dangers it produces, can be reduced and stabilised by formal but flexible co-operation with the EEC and even with the US. Growing effectiveness of co-operation is bound, gradually, to reduce American commitments in Europe regarding both trade and defence.

It was the US that started industrialised warfare during World War II. It industrialised the Cold War as well. As the leading industrial country

it was able to sponsor the astonishing build up of West Germany and Japan giving them the chance, rather unexpectedly to emerge as economic super powers. It also established the US as the power the Third World had to go for help to, in preference to the Soviet Union and the former Colonial powers when other, emotionally more acceptable sources, were not available. This was a consequence too of the aid given to the European countries, starting with Marshal Aid.

There is little doubt that Stalin hoped, after the German and Japanese surrender, and many in the West and the Third World feared it, that the Soviet Union would be able to turn Europe and the former Colonial powers when other, emotionally more acceptable sources, were essential control. Cuba was an example. The Third World of Nehru, Nkruma, Sukarno and Kenyatta took this line at the start. The Soviets entering space encouraged them. But when the arms and space race showed convincingly the industrial and arms potential of the US the Third World by-passed Cuba and halted. The Cold War is often denounced. But it gave the US, its European Allies and some careful members of the former Colonial Empires the time and opportunity to re-establish themselves. Without the screen of the Cold War West Germany and Japan would not have been able to get where they are now.

It was in the same 35 year period of the Cold War that the Third World countries saw that the backward and crumbling Soviet Bloc 'Command Economies' could not provide the practical aid and stimulants they needed. The Chinese example and the Vietnamese war proved this as did the rise of South Korea and Taiwan as economic powers that, unlike former Imperial Japan, came from nowhere, so to speak. Soviet arms supplies were not enough. Many Third World countries are not real nations but agglomerations of ethnic groups and tribes. It will take time, often a long time and drawn-out conflicts, to establish solid nations. The Sudan with its 16 year war between the three African, non-Moslem provinces that should have been made independent when Britain left and the Arab north is a distressing example.

The failure of the Soviet Bloc 'Command Economies' became apparent to the Third World first because, during the Cold War, Third World elites and later townspeople, and the millions who had flocked to the towns, accepted aspirations to Western standards of living as legitimate. Thus the Soviet Bloc countries have lost the struggle to occupy the economic and political void left by the retreat of the old Colonial powers, as the result of the initial defeats. Today only Cuba, struggling Ethiopia, South Yemen and stagnant North Korea are in the Soviet camp.

There is a new situation now, a first round in a Persuasion War started when the new Kremlin leadership had realised that it had lost the Cold War because of the failure of its 'Command Economy'. This war, is now fought in Europe. Gorbachev appeals to West Germany especially and to the EEC countries for trade, relaxed disarmament and an end to the battle of ideas, at least publicly accepting 'market-orientated' economies. The Americans, as the Bush visits to Poland and Hungary have shown,

are trying to make the Poles and Hungarians come out openly that they want to get rid of Command Economies and loosen their bonds and commitments to the Soviet Union. In the middle, as it were, Britain and France are struggling hard to hold their own and prevent both Germanys from going too far in collaborating with the Soviet Union and the US from committing itself too far in leading on the potential Soviet Bloc dissidents or preparing to quit if its European Allies do not appreciate, in terms of co-operation in trade and defence expenditure, what it is doing.

In Europe the balance created by World War II, a serious imbalance in Central Europe however, is just surviving although the structures on both sides are becoming markedly unstable. That makes the US presence more important. But the US, now that Britain and France have been forced to leave, is looking with increasing concern to the Far East and Pacific, with China in prolonged turmoil and Japan — and India — having established themselves as super-powers demanding equality and sometimes more. They demand at least as much American attention as the EEC and the ailing Soviet Bloc. This is the latest consequence of World War II.

[Leo Muray was East European Correspondent of the then *Manchester Guardian,* 1947-1951. He later became Diplomatic Correspondent of the *Liverpool Daily Post* (1964-1985) and now contributes a weekly diplomatic column.]

THE EVE OF THE WAR, 1939: A NOTEBOOK

by A. L. Rowse

August 18, 1939. Mont St Michel — Brittany.

I DON'T want to behave like a gentleman, I'd rather behave like a genius — the genius has yet to be proved in work to be done.

The countryside here on the Norman-Breton frontier, everybody says, is 'very like England'. If you allow for difference in the style of building, different slope of roofs, the different way the trees have of holding themselves, the hedges and ditches, the different way the corn is stooked, the shape of the cows, carts, roads, the absence of flowers, in fact the subtle difference in every stone and shape that defines one country from another, then it would be 'very like England'.

The French voice is not very attractive, it is produced with too much aspiration, and is too rhetorical. The English language may not be beautiful, but the voice is more attractive. Perhaps it is a difference of climate, and too an expression of national character? Something indefinite and soft, not too clear and edgy, or emphasis with it.

St Malo. The Banque de France is in a beautiful 17th century house with fine portal and a little court near the Porte St Pierre; high sloping roofs and the usual dormers. All very *Grand Siècle.* [We were on the threshold of the Germans' renewal of war. At the end of it, even *after* their surrender, the German commander at St Malo blew up the fascinating historic city.]

At Dol an old woman in black with white cap walks with two long sticks under the trees. A picture of old age. No doubt she had her sons, and can say, like Yeats's old woman, 'I was young, I had beauty and grace and vivacity of movement. There were men who loved me in those days. I lay long awake on hot summer nights, when the harvest was gathered in and harvest games were over, thinking of them, a sickle moon above the cut fields. Now the harvest is gathered in indeed — they all lie out there in the churchyard beyond the meadow, the men who were young with me. We have grown old together: I have seen them lose heart and strength, and die . . . Life passes in a dream, and too soon is at an end'.

From Dol the interior gets rich with vegetation, many trees pollarded and graceful, the corn cut and stooked in the shadow. We pass through Combourg, where Châteaubriand passed some years of childhood.

St Malo's provincialism: the day over, the chief amusement seems to be to assemble on the promenade and watch the waves cast up by the high harvest tides. All *very* amusing and innocent.

The melancholy habit of sending picture postcards as a consolation for loneliness.

All the fortifications, history, memories of St Malo are against the English. What enemies of the French we have been all through history! And then in 1815 we defeated them finally — no recovery of their old

ascendancy. Now they have to follow the line laid down by London in the negotiations with Germany — undertaken by us for them too! Enough to make Louis XIV, Richelieu, Choiseul, Napoleon turn in their graves!

[All this had its effect on the capitulation of France to Hitler only the year after. The whole tradition of the French Navy — at maximum strength in 1940 — was anti-British. When four French captains, one commodore, were entertained at All Souls, on their way back to France being re-patriated from Rosyth, they were glumly anti-Brit :h to a man.]
Rennes, Faculté des Lettres, Rue de la Borderie, named for the historian, 1827-1901. Here prophets are not without honour in their own country.
The cats of St Malo are well looked after — they are friendly and not so nervous and frightened as French cats usually are. A Breton characteristic, or, just plenty of fish? A waiter: *'Ce sale bougre d'Anglais, voilà qu'il est en train de corrompre le chat?*
First thing I notice about Nantes: the deep and melancholy bells of the city.
Rennes cathedral. Two modern statues: St Sampson with a dove, St Melaine with boat over waters. At night the voice of the newspaper-seller sounding out across the vast spaces of the Champ de Mars. The Palais de Justice fine 17th century like the old Louvre; grand Parliament Chamber decorated with gilt wood, painted ceiling, tapestries. In one corner the box from which Mme de Sévigné watched the proceedings; over the entrance another used by Anne of Austria. Red plush chairs for 80 to 100 members — the old Breton aristocracy and gentry.
Nantes cathedral, finest of Breton churches inside, outside unfinished; very late Gothic nave with 16th century statues. South transept has tomb of Francis II by Michel Colombe: curiously Victorian look of the work, the angels looking benignly down on the dead Duke. He was more or less of a fool, with none of the stuffing his daughter Anne had. In the north transept a large 19th century tomb of General La Moricière, 'a not altogether unworthy companion' to the other. Francis II is given an expression of contentment; blots of his Breton ermines spotting the marble. Figures of Justice, Prudence, etc. at the corners confident and expressive. It *is* altogether a fine work.

Only one tomb of a bishop, 16th century small marble figure in frame of carved granite. Somehow French bishops' tombs were not assembled round the choir as medieval English bishops were. Perhaps they were not so rich, there were so many more of them.

An old priest walks down the aisle, head sunk in chest, prognathous jaw and drooping underlip, belly protruding: a real ape of the Church.
Rennes, largish city spraddled over a wide space. Some red sandstone, but when rebuilt after the fire of 1720 used only for side walls, so houses mostly of light grey sandstone. Two or three fine squares, one before the Hotel de Ville, which has a large niche empty of its representation of the Union of Brittany with France — blown up by Breton nationalists.
Rather dull city, with the air of a provincial capital, though less so than Nantes, the old capital of the Duchy. Less interesting than Exeter

— if only Exeter would stop destroying monuments of its past. [Still more went in the Blitz of 1941.] *Faculté des Lettres* in fine former seminary in a garden upon the hill.

A little Cornouaillais sells papers on Saturday evenings outside the station: people came from Finistère, father died of meningitis, boy had had it at 8, but recovered: not allowed to be pressed at school.

The dark passage in from the street with soldier and two women coming up: *'Ca monte un peu â la tête'.*

Charming Bretonne, whose husband was killed in the war, leaving her with two sons: she didn't want war at any price. When she married her husband always spoke Breton with his friends, which annoyed her as she didn't understand it very well. Nor do the Bretons of different parts understand each other perfectly (like North and South Wales). *Now* all the children speak French, Breton not allowed in the schools.

Nantes Museum: bust of a young sailor of St. Guénolé, regular features, short-cut hair keeping to line of head, beautiful lips — nobody in the gallery, I could not but place my lips on his, cold bronze.

For *Story:* figure that comes alive when young woman goes day after day to pray to him. One day she goes up to embrace him and is locked in an iron embrace. *Or* he descends from his pedestal and she finds he is by no means a saint.

Mass in the church of St. Germain at Rennes: the sighing tones of Gregorian plainchant going on — the aspirations of suffering humanity going up to a God who doesn't hear.

Nantes, 7 a.m. in the Jardin des Plantes. Not this time ill and tormented by pain as at No. 1 Brunswick Square. Often have I been up in the early hours demented by pain, perambulating the Square's garden — sometimes with bare feet to distract myself in cool dewy grass.

But, now well after my night out, I walk away from the little apartment up those stone steps through the streets of Nantes, traffic beginning. Outside the Cathedral a notice is posted recalling men to the Army. A sensation of something unpleasant afoot — first indications of war about to begin?

While waiting in the Place the other night I watched a troop train go off, the men singing, but not with much spirit. The Place was full of groups of soldiers, a few sailors and officers. I had a conversation with an Air Force reservist, a Parisian who had been called back. This morning an officer passed me talking to a soldier: fine face, dark and thoughtful, the anxious expression of 'Now we're up against it'. I thought it might mean death for him, and then — for me?

I plodded on into the bourgeois quarter passing a nursing home all shuttered up, one window open, a glimpse of a crucifix on clean white walls. I thought of the people inside, the so familiar apparatus of sickness, the white headgear, doctors' visits, someone perhaps dying. I pass a lad who hails me, *'Bon jour, monsieur'.* Surprised out of my dream, I fail to smile, for it is the attendant at my hotel.

The Jardin des Plantes is full of the sound of rustling, falling water; a

bust of Ecorchard its creator, the garden full of tulip trees from Virginia. A solemn procession of swans with five grey cygnets up the slope from the pond where they nest to the lake above — very slowly they walk, wagging their tails, like a fleet of Victorian ladies managing their crinolines. They go in single file, with occasional adjuration from mother in high voice. There passes by, picking up bits of paper with a stick, a one-armed man, victim of the last war.

August 25, 1939.

[Fifty years after, nearly, I recall a scrap of my exchange with the intelligent soldier on his way to the Front. We held the same opinion of the hateful Germans making their Second War. He held it against Britain that she had defeated Napoleon, who might have kept them in their place. Patriotically I did my best to explain that the peoples of Europe would not accept Napoleon's domination — it couldn't have lasted anyway. I had intended a tour right round Brittany; but at La Baule des Pins I heard the news of the Nazi Pact with Soviet Russia, and knew what that meant: it cleared the way for Hitler's war. I at once packed up and made for home. Many people with no comprehension of events were stranded on holiday in France, fleets of motor cars that couldn't be got across the Channel.]

On Oxford station a Naval reservist, called up: ' 'ad there been any advantage in signin' the Pact with Russia they'd 'ave signed it months ago. There's been a snag in the ointment.' That was as much as that poor fellow understood about affairs. His wife ill in hospital, he has 3 children whom he has had to put out.

. . .

September 3, 1939 — Cornwall: sitting on the beach at Pendower, a towel on after my bathe, an hour after the declaration of war — the second in my lifetime — against Germany. Twenty-five years after — the usual interval in our 18th century wars against the French.

A good omen that this is the day of Cromwell's victories, ? Naseby, Dunbar, Worcester.

Nothing of that inspiration in the spiritless speech of Neville Chamberlain, which we gathered to hear in the Nare Head Hotel. Understandably the speech of a tired old man, the theme was the egoistic one of how saddened *he* was that all hope of peace *he* had worked for had come to this.

It was precisely his 'work for peace' that brought on the war: every concession made to Hitler and Mussolini, from 1933 onwards increased the chances of war and gave them their opportunity. A remarkable achievement on Hitler's part to have got Germany into the best position she would ever have for renewing the war ineffectually settled in 1918. And again, as the 'civilian' Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg admitted that they would never be given a better occasion than the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand at Sarajevo in 1914. With typical German tact Bethmann-Hollweg admitted the breach of international guarantees

of Belgian neutrality and the wrongs committed, but that after victory they would be put right!
Veryan church: Queen Anne monument, cherubs, arms, skull etc. to a little boy of 13, John Trevanion, the only son optimae spei desideratissimusque juvenis, of Richard Trevanion, Captain of Pendennis — Arcis Pendenniensis Praefecti. d. 16 June 1712.
[Omitted, I regret to say, from my much later book, *The Byrons and Trevanions.*]
In transept, tablet to Arthur Kemp, late of Crugsillack, d. 1 Jan 1823 aged 80. He assisted at the capture of Quebec 1759, and accompanied Captains Byron, Cook and Furneaux in their voyages of discoveries round the world.
Two parsons: Jeremiah Trist for 52 years, d. 1829, Samuel Trist for 40 years, d. 1869. Between them they occupied a span of 92 years. The climate of Veryan, in the Roseland, is very equable.
Heavy scent in the lane up from the sea at Pendower, that of late extinguished honeysuckle.
Scene in the lounge of the Nare Head hotel to hear the King's speech. Man in young middle age, blue eyes and one arm — a victim of the last war — called up again in the Naval Reserve. Mrs Lemaitre, widow of two husbands, nervous, upper-class, yachting coat and dachshund, 'Hanny-boy, darling'. Her son, sea-fixated, 'does nothing, absolutely nothing, drinks too much'. Pale, spectacled American Jew, Sherwin, author of musical piece 'Sitting Pretty', which has been making a hit at Prince's Theatre. Old mother of Number 1, noble profile, pile of white hair, said 'How awful to live in a world of reasonable people'. I said, 'it would at least save you from a world at war'. Daughter, like her, who did so want to go to church this morning. Various children about; domestics stand reverently in the background.
The many-scentedness of Cornish lanes: the characteristic scent of lush vegetation, honeysuckle, blackberry, bryony, etc. with an acrid strain in it. That of moors purer, bracken and the herb-like scent of camomile. Night at Veryan: all stars and honeysuckle.

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A Moment in Wells Cathedral, October 7, 1939, evensong being sung inside the gates in the choir. A procession of gargoyles, canons, mummies of the cathedral, parchment-faced, and one old gent with mittens on withered hands, a growth on his face. Last relics of Barchester days. I am here again before the tomb of Bishop Cornish, with his sheaves and choughs, while Jack O — my fellow schoolmate from St A. on his way to join the Navy — walks round looking at the memorials of the last war. People, I remember well, thought it would be the *last.* Little did they know the Germans.
Sunday morning Oct 8 — we used to keep as my mother's birthday, until we discovered that it was Nov. 9 (1868). I sit on a style in the meadows between the pretty village of Dinder, all Georgian houses, mostly in warm Somerset red sandstone, Michaelmas daisies out in

gardens, scarlet Virginia creeper on the walls, and Wells. A strong fresh wind blows off the long spine of Delcote Ridge into the farmyards and orchards of the valley. A robin pipes among the brambles where Jack is picking late blackberries. Is there a bus? There is always a bus to take away someone one cares for. A last melancholy walk around the bishop's moat, Jack gone now. The great beech at the corner of the rampart hangs low branches down to the surface of the water; an evening breeze ruffles the usual stillness. A bell rings to church somewhere — there's always a bell ringing to church in Wells. This time last evening all was to look forward to. Now he goes away in one bus, I in another.

I write by the trunk of an elm where we got over the railings into the Bishop's park last evening. Delcote Hill, where we were this morning, just in view.

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Cornwall. St Juliot, little church looking across the Valency valley to Lesnewth church, south porch leads to style and ploughed field. Tablets — in Italian marble and bad lettering, no taste — to Emma Lavinia Hardy, wife of Thomas Hardy, sister-in-law of the Rev. C. Holder, formerly incumbent. 'Before her marriage she lived at the rectory, 1868-73, conducted the church music [i.e. played the harmonium], and laid the first stone of the rebuilt aisle and tower. Died at Dorchester 1912, buried at Stinsford, Dorset; erected by her husband 1913'.

Thomas Hardy made drawings March 1870 for alterations and repairs executed 1871-2, 'which he assisted *to supervise*' (!). Died 1928, buried Westminster Abbey.

Hardy's drawings show the church as it was before restoration — bench ends and north door destroyed; water colour by Mrs Hardy shows the north side. The transept was destroyed, an aisle built. In fact the church was robbed of all interest, except for that of the Hardys' connexion. Later, Hardy repented of the damage done.

Hennett farm in the Valency valley, Elizabethan with small hall, plaster frieze running round. Upstairs, on what would have been the end of the hall, a large coat of arms, 'God save the Queene', vigorous figures of lion and *gryphon*, i.e. before the unicorn came in with James I.

Der Krieg in Süd-West Africa, published by the Great General Staff. In a debate in the Berlin Reichstag, Bebel and Erzberger quoted all the admissions made by the General Staff as to atrocities, quoted in Versailles paper, a damning document.

For the civilised line he took and signing the Versailles Peace — *Diktat* in German semantics — Erzberger, leader of the Catholic Centre Party, was assassinated by the Right Wing Frei-Korps, forerunners of the Nazis, with whom they were connected. German history is not a nice thing.

Cornwall. Moonlight over St Austell, the whited sepulchres of the houses; within, the vacant faces bent over their sewing, the family fire, each other. Irritation, anger, indignation. Will this irritation — my home-town my irritant — secrete a pearl?

[It did: *A Cornish Childhood.*] Dec 29, 1939.

Sunday night: turning on the wireless at home suddenly to hear Gracie Fields singing to and with the troops in France. All those young Englishmen's voices, fresh and diffident, a bit uncertain of themselves, gathering confidence as they go along. (Epitome of the War?) The timbre of young virility not yet found itself fully, richness and resonance to come.
A few minutes ago I heard a choir of young Germans, also young men, more disciplined and practised. They too give an impression of young virility, vigorous, with an edge on their temper, harsh and assertive, dedicated.

What a contrast! Yet both dedicated: the young Germans consciously, the young Englishmen all unconscious, undrilled. Both alike dedicated — to death.

[What a wonderful job Hitler did in organising a nation to war — he had plenty to go upon — enslaving them, moulding their minds (if they may be so called), so that they followed him to the end — to the edge and over.]

. . .

Oxford

Curtis proposes to bring down the critics of Chatham House — his creation, the Royal Institute of International Affairs (as if it were needed!) — to dine them in College and get round them. Douglas Malcolm on this: 'The Critic on the Hearth'.
Curtis, like Albert Mansbridge, had a mania for creating institutions, bodies, groups, from the Round Table onwards, useful or not. Most of them have fallen by the way. He might say, with Napoleon, *'J'avais le goût de la fondation et non de la propriété'*.
Feb 13. Dutch scene in Christ Church Meadows: one large lake of ice, the young men skating in coloured sweaters and flying mufflers. The sepia trees stand up against the ink-blue distance.

Within my room, now night, stillness, a fire, and under the mirror sprays of mimosa speak to me of the South and sun.
Again the sudden, unexpected nostalgia for Luxulyan: the mingled sharpness and sweetness of the place that is its quality; sharp tang of moorland air and scents, bracken, gorse, heather, the hardness of the huge granite boulders; the windswept uplands with exotic little ferns of every variety that prick their ears up in all the crevices and crannies of the Valley.
Feb 14. Snow has fallen during the night and today Christ Church Meadows are a real Breughel scene, black figures grouping on the white, the dogs too lolloping on the ice; the white expanse fringed with black brushwood of the whiter trees like a fringe of smoke as in Breughel.

. . .

April 9, 1940. Another successful Hitler *coup*.

Very well, *they* can get on with it themselves now. They voted for it. They have got what they asked for. I said all along in Penryn-Falmouth that, when it came, I hoped they would like it.

Sunday morning at Dorchester: the bells of St Peter's ringing a muffled peal for some local worthy. The day we arrived a bell tolled at intervals; the flag flown at half-mast, now the bells with that affecting muffled peal come into the parlour of the 'Antelope', where G.N. (Clark) writes and I sit in the sun, others behind their Sunday newspapers. While I think of that other pathetic figure out of the darkness at the end of the street, haunting dark eyes in the shadows of the avenue at Casterbridge.
The bells nearby enter the house, passages, my bedroom, bringing in the thought of Hardy and the day of his burial here. Perhaps this is for some Mayor of Casterbridge.

Sunday April 21. Picnic lunch under a hedge in the downs above Weymouth, along Ridgway Hill past Culliford tree, the roadstead of Portland in full perspective below us. At least a score of ships waiting there for contraband control or convoy. The downs covered with barrows, lynchets and lines of the old Celtic fields. All in view of Maiden Castle, which must have been a sort of capital. Up here the sky is full of the sound of larks, a choir of them. In the hollow below an old house, Poxwell (pronounced Po'csle) and a view to the woods at the back of Poole harbour. In the meadows by the Cher

the bare posterior of a fallen tree.

Now my scout's boy at All Souls is called up and joins the Navy, *HMS Wildfire* at Sheerness.

The October number of the *Contemporary Review* includes *Ivory Coast* by Keith D. Suter, *The Consolidation of Regional Power in the South Pacific* by Stephen Chan and *Perspectives of the Nazi-Soviet Pact* by C. C. Aronsfeld.

THE COUNCIL OF EUROPE — OLD LOOK AND NEW ROLE

by Cosmo Russell

FORTY years after the first meetings of the Council of Europe in Strasbourg — August 10, 1949 — it was evocative to look back, together with a modest band of surviving first members of the Secretariat able to attend the anniversary of the signature of the Statute. This took place in Strasbourg in the presence of M. Mitterand, President of the French Republic. A brief meeting also took place in the Aula of Strasbourg University where the first session of the Consultative Assembly took place. How different it all seemed. The Council only had its own building a year later in 1950, less impressive than the Aula hung with loaned Aubusson tapestries to improve hearing. A year before Winston Churchill, then in opposition, had chaired a European Congress of groups and individuals at the Hague. From this stemmed the European Movement and a demand for a European Assembly. Within a year ten governments of Western Europe, not as yet Germany but a former enemy, Italy, had signed a Treaty creating a Council of Europe with a Committee of Ministers — the executive and a European Assembly — the deliberative organ.

The majority of governments concerned favoured an Assembly drawn from existing members of national Parliaments. Ernest Bevin, then Labour Foreign Secretary, would have preferred representation from a variety of groups and interests. He is reported to have said, with regard to an Assembly of Members of Parliament, 'Once you open that Pandora's Box you'll find it full of Trojan horses'. Nevertheless, he was wise and went with the tide. So the Ministers and Members of Parliament, opposition and Government supporters, went to Strasbourg. Mr. Herbert Morrison, Lord President, decided to go himself and endeavoured to turn the British team for the Assembly into a British delegation. Churchill, leading the Conservative group, made it clear that this was not his intention. Members would go to Strasbourg as individuals using their own judgement. The Assembly was to be as near a Parliament as possible. So an innovation was born to become the lineal parent of the elected Parliament of the later form of European co-operation — the Community. In contrast, the Council of Europe Assembly has kept to its original model of Members of national parliaments, some elected by their colleagues, others as happens in the United Kingdom nominated by Government and opposition in proportion to party strength in the House of Commons and always allowing for Liberal representation, however modest. In fact, for many years the most permanent Member from the United Kingdom was a Liberal — Lord Layton. Elected a Vice President in 1949, this diffident but committed Liberal gave more long term service to the Council of Europe than anyone and deserves to be remembered.

Returning after forty years both to a new building still shared with

the Community Parliament and particularly to a brief imaginative celebration in the University, sentiment focussed on Memory in the first place and then on Wonder that the Council had lasted so long. Moreover, the initial complement of ten countries who signed the Statute in May 1949 had now grown to twenty three with the admission of Finland, for long a cultural associate but now a full Member. In fact, a benign presence makes that membership twenty-four, since the Holy See has long taken part in the cultural activity of the Council, the only European or indeed world organisation in which that happens. As if to update that recognition, Pope John Paul II spoke to the Assembly in 1988. On the other side of the coin, Mikhail Gorbachev will speak to the Assembly in 1989, a new and welcome sign of the times.

As the mind travelled back over forty years, it settled on Churchill's triumphant arrival at the first Assembly and on his European Army speech of August 1950, his last appearance, in short black morning coat and waistcoat with immense watch chain and below a pair of light brown gardening trousers, white socks and pumps while above a blue and, white bow tie supported a cricket shirt without stud or button. 'The tie', he said, 'does that for me'.

Achievement in 1949 and 1950 was represented by the European Human Rights Convention signed in 1950 in Rome. This gave Europe a code of conduct strengthened by an investigating Commission and a judicial authority — the Court of Human Rights. So from the start Europe put legal interpretation into the United Nations Declaration of Human Rights of 1948. The intention came from the ever watchful European Movement and was commended by Ernest Bevin, then Labour Foreign Secretary. The Convention realised a European aim under Article 2 of the Statute and was and has given coded human and political rights to a very large number of Euorpean countries, initially to Western Allies, to the German Federal Republic who was to become a signatory of NATO and WEU and two neutrals, Ireland and Sweden. Later neutrals to join over the years were Austria and Switzerland, Cyprus, Malta, Liechtenstein and San Marino.

If the Human Rights Convention was an achievement, European political unity showed that it had a long way to go. The notion of 'real powers' for the Council, adopted by the Assembly, fell by the wayside. In consequence six countries, led by France and Germany (Schuman and Adenauer) followed by Italy, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, while remaining with the Council of Europe, went on to form the European Community of Coal and Steel. Yet perhaps this turn of events gave the Council of Europe a twist to its ultimate advantage. As regards its method of work, it followed the practice of European Conventions and Agreements. Thereby certain agreements might be adopted by some, with facility to others to adhere later when feasible. But closer political union and military matters were barred. So the door was opened to neutral countries. In the case of the European Cultural Convention, it became possible for countries to adhere without taking full membership of the

Council. Finland and Yugoslavia are cases in point. The Holy See is in a special position.

Conventions near the 200 mark have covered economics, social subjects, cultural topics, local government, health, law and science. Usually initiated by the Assembly, these questions are then passed by the Ministers to experts who draft a text which then returns to diplomatic advisers and thence to the Assembly for comment and is finally adopted by the Committee of Ministers and passed to Governments for ratification. It has usually been the custom for three countries to ratify before entry into force. Sir Peter Smithers, one time Secretary General in the sixties, once affirmed that a sufficient number of specialised Conventions once in force led to broad political union. More flexible than the Community system of Regulation, it has paved the way for further member countries to join the Community, for it has been accepted that Council of Europe membership is a first step to Community adhesion. The United Kingdom, Denmark, Ireland, Greece, Spain and Portugal have joined the Community through the parent organisation of the Council of Europe.

At the 40th anniversary, Finland, as stated, joined the Council of Europe and the Committee of Ministers issued an invitation to Poland and Hungary to join the European Cultural Convention. Sir Geoffrey Howe, United Kingdom Foreign Secretary, referred to the visit of President Gorbachev. He said: 'It is expected that he may have some observation to offer on a phrase that he has sought to make his own, the "Common European House...." When President Gorbachev comes to Strasbourg he will come not to describe a Common European House — still less to prescribe a Common European House. He will come to inspect, examine and admire a Common European House... It stands for our most cherished principles.' We can say to Mr. Gorbachev and to all others within our continent that those who wholeheartedly adopt the values of this Council of Europe will certainly, one day, be welcome fellow inhabitants of the 'Common European House'.

Member countries of the Council of Europe in 1989 — in alphabetical order:
Austria, Belgium, Cyprus, Denmark, Finland, France, the Federal Republic of Germany, Greece, Iceland, Ireland, Italy, Liechtenstein, Luxemburg, Malta, San Marino, Netherlands, Norway, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey, United Kingdom.
Additional Members of the European Cultural Convention:
The Holy See, Yugoslavia.
Invited to adhere to the Cultural Convention in May 1973:
Poland, Hungary.

[Cosmo Russell was Deputy Head of the Press and Information Directorate in the Council of Europe Secretariat 1949-1957, Deputy Political Director 1957-1963 and United Kingdom Representative of the Information Directorate 1966-1971. He served with the European Commission as a translator with the Regional Policy Directorate General 1971-84. His article 'Famine in Africa' appeared in *Contemporary Review* in April (No. 1479, Vol. 245).]

CHANGING DOCTOR-PATIENT RELATIONSHIPS: PART 1: THE CAUSES

by Clifford Hawkins

THE relationship between doctor and patient is unique. The patient is unwell, worried and often concerned about the future. Any matter may come up for discussion, but common problems are the need for reassurance, the threat of surgery, or possible early demise. Advances in technology and in methods of treatment complicate the personal rapport of former times. The modern patient, informed of medical matters, often wishes to discus options — and complaints are made, both in the UK and the USA, that doctors do not talk enough. However, most professions probably communicate poorly, but the problem in others is trifling compared with the need to translate medical jargon into the vernacular and the sensitivity needed when dealing with the sick—and the patient may find it difficult to take it in when, instead of being on equal terms and face to face, he or she is lying supine and semi-naked on a hospital bed.

Confidentiality has been a *sine qua non* since the Hippocratic Oath, written five centuries BC, which stated 'whatsoever things I see or hear concerning the life of man, in my attendancce on the sick or even a part thereon, which ought not to be noised abroad, I will keep silent thereon, counting such things to be as sacred secrets.' This has had to be modified as has, incidentally, the recommendation that a successful pupil should share his wealth with an impoverished teacher, and in 1948 the newly formed World Medical Association (WMA) produced a restatement of the oath: The Declaration of Geneva. This was amended by the WMA in 1983 and again emphasised the importance of confidentiality. 'Should a doctor tell?' is still a dilemma and conflicts with his duty to society; this arises in connection with car offences, the possession of drugs and — above all — in the catastrophe of the advent in 1981 of the Acquired Immunodeficiency Syndrome (AIDS).

Progress in medicine and surgery depends on research. Animal studies provide valuable information, but the human is more complex than the rat or guinea pig, so research is necessary on patients — with their agreement. This may be for the purpose of increasing basic scientific information such as concerning molecular genetics or probably beneficial to the patient who may agree to take part in a trial of a new drug. Much of this concerns ethics and most doctors welcome the involvement of the public in their decisions.

Historical aspects

Doctors have been a privileged class throughout history. Originally linked with religion, the medicine man had power over illness and the devils that were thought to cause it. Doctors in England evolved from three sources: the physicians, the barber-surgeons, and the apothecaries.

A curious anomaly that can confuse patients is the use of Mr. in the UK and in some countries of the British Commonwealth. This arose from an early conflict between the physicians and the Company of Barber-surgeons which was founded in 1540. Surgeons were originally uneducated and of unsettled abode—because, after operating it was often wise to move on to avoid the ire of dissatisfied patients; they learned their surgical techniques on the battlefield. The Royal College of Physicians insisted on a certain standard of education and training before allowing the use of Dr. and turned down requests of the surgeons. Hence, when finally invited to don the title of doctor, surgeons refused and called themselves Mr. — perhaps an inverted snobbery.

Formerly only the rich received treatment and, until the 19th century the poor were fortunate if they could find an apothecary. The image of the doctor has generally been good, but from time to time fluctuations in prestige have taken place. For example, in the 17th century the physician had become, according to the medical historian Garrison (1929), often a 'sterile pedant and coxcomb, red-heeled, long-robed, big-wigged, square-bonneted, pompous and disdainful in manner, making a vain parade of his Latin, and instead of studying and caring for his patients, tried to overawe them by long tirades of technical dribble which only concealed his ignorance of what he supposed to be their disease.'[1] Other jibes were 'a doctor is a man who writes prescriptions till the patient either dies or is cured by nature' and 'God heals and the doctor takes the fee.' Even in the last century, the image of the doctor in the public mind has not always been the beloved physician and he has sometimes appeared in *Punch* cartoons as a pompous frock-coated humbug, blandly giving himself away. 'Oh doctor, I am afraid that I am pretty well at death's door,' says the patient. 'Don't worry, my dear sir, we will pull you through,' replies the thoughtless doctor. Although literature contains many satires written at the expense of the medical profession by Bernard Shaw, Wells and others, the doctor has been fairly treated and, considering the paucity of medical knowledge and — until this century — his impotence in treatment, it is amazing that he did have so much prestige. This may have been partly his work for charity, but he was fortunate in the tendency for so many illnesses to get better by themselves. Furthermore, suffering and death were the 'will of heaven' and disasters considered an Act of God rather than a medical mistake.

Reports suggest that the status of the doctor remains high today, but advances in medical and surgical knowledge and technical developments in investigating disease have altered relationships between doctors and patients. Formerly the bedside manner prevailed, but this term is now used on a note of parody for it conjures up a paternalistic and authoritative approach—an age when a special manner was essential for the courting of private patients and a cheerful bluff necessary to conceal ignorance. Doctors have practised a paternalistic approach for centuries; decision-making has been left to the doctor and the idea of informed consent has not arisen; for example, the distinguished American physi-

cian Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote in 1883, 'your patient has no more right to all the truth you know than he has to all the medicine in your saddlebag . . . he should get only so much as is good for him.'[2] This attitude of withholding information which the doctor believes would worry the patient—called the 'prevention of harm' argument or 'therapeutic privilege'—is very much a matter of controversy today.[3]

Confidentiality provided no problem in the days of the simple relationship of patient and doctor, a system that lasted until the 20th century. Then there were virtually no specialists, nor ward rounds with their entourage, nor paramedical groups such as physiotherapists, dieticians, and occupational therapists, nor social services and other elaborations of a highly developed society such as Medical Boards and Appeal Tribunals concerned with compensation for industrial or other injuries. Now, case-notes may be exposed to all of these so that a system that guarantees confidentiality is difficult to achieve.

Communication with the patient has also suffered. Specialisation, the natural consequence of expanding knowledge, has resulted in the patient often being looked after by a team which includes non-medical scientists as essential members. The lack of a personal physician may be felt and each may think that the other has explained matters to the patient. Most doctors have also become more busy due to the complexities of modern medicine—indeed so busy that they can hardly talk to patients, a complaint that is made in the UK and in the USA; indeed an American physician, Dr James Means, stated that 'the most conspicuous change in the behaviour of the doctor is that nowadays he is usually in such a hurry that he is less accessible and less communicative.'[4]

The Present Scene

This century, especially since the second world war, has seen revolutionary changes in medicine: remarkable advances in technology and the investigation of disease, knowledge about the scientific background to medicine such as genetics and molecular biology, and unimaginable advances in treatment—new drugs, new operations, transplantation of organs, intensive care and the ability to prolong life instead of letting people die as formerly from pneumonia—once called 'the old man's friend' as people passed away rapidly—hardly knowing about it.

The form of medical practice affects relations between patients and doctors. The National Health Service which was started in the UK in 1948 has, on the one hand, resulted in improved relationships because of the lack of a financial barrier, but, on the other hand, patients can occasionally be treated uncongenially and given too little time, partly because the doctor has too many patients and partly due to the lack of a direct link between the patient and the doctor's income; if dissatisfied the patient can change to another doctor. However, suspicion that spoils relationships occurs if doctors in private practice are seen to be too money-minded. Most of the population are satisfied with the NHS; an overall figure of 5 to 10 per cent go privately, though this could

be more like 20 to 30 per cent for less urgent operations and minor procedures in order to avoid waiting times.

The Changing Public

The public is better informed about medical matters through education and by television, radio, magazines and medical books written for lay people, so that many can 'take on' medical experts in a discussion. Thus the doctor, traditionally a person of authority, has his opinions questioned: and the ethical implications of his actions are under scrutiny as never before — not surprisingly because of the general tendency to challenge authority, to criticise the establishment and to be sceptical of elitism. There is therefore less willingness to accept that a complication of an illness or its treatment does not necessarily mean that the doctor has erred.

Doctors have had to accept that their actions have become the subject of public debate. The topic of medical mistakes makes good television viewing and the appearance of a patient alleged to be the victim attracts uncritical sympathy from the audience though often only half the story is shown. The sensation-seeking news media tend to over-elaborate medical matters to the point of fantasy. A doctor who is criticised may be unable to answer back because of his ethical position concerning patients or from fear of doing anything which might advertise himself and, in the UK, result in a report to the General Medical Council.

Consumerism—the movement to protect and promote the interests of the consumer—is playing an increasing role in medicine. The idea is not new: an annotation in *The Lancet* in 1961, entitled 'Patients as Consumers: Wants and Needs',[5] reported the findings of a study of a political and economic planning group which investigated the patient's opinion of their general practitioner and the various aspects of the National Health Service. Since then there have been numerous other studies to determine patient satisfaction arranged by the government and by various voluntary organisations. An increasing emphasis on consumerism is bound to affect further doctor-patient relationship.

The Era of Lay Pressure Groups

Informed public opinion is an asset for doctors, and so are some lay pressure groups; others are not helpful, especially if they are ill-informed, suspicions of new advances in technology, and anti-doctor as well. The Patients Association in the UK was at first viewed with suspicion by the medical profession, but anyone who reads their publications will realise that they are an ally and not an enemy, as the approach is one of understanding as well as criticism.

'Life', the anti-abortion organisation, is less acceptable to doctors and anathema to many of the lay public. It is disturbing that a moralist group like this tries so hard to enforce its views. This happened, for example, in the case of a Dr. Leonard Arthur, a paediatrician, who allowed a three-day old handicapped baby (also suffering from Down's syndrome) to die: he was put on trial on the charge of murder, reduced

subsequently to attempted murder, and was then acquitted — the trial being due to allegations of attempted murder made by members of 'Life'[6].

The remarkable 'baby Doe' case in the USA illustrated some bizarre political actions due to a lay pressure group. The baby had Down's syndrome and a congenital fistula (hole) between the gullet and windpipe as well as possible other abnormalities. After discussion with the local doctor, the parents decided that no corrective surgery was to be carried out and it died on the 6th day. An uproar was created in 1982 and the President, needing something visible to satisfy his 'right-to-life' constituents, allowed the following: the Federal Government notified all hospitals that it was unlawful to deny medical care to a handicapped baby; an order was sent requiring hospitals to post a notice in a conspicuous place in delivery rooms and nurseries stating that discrimination against handicapped infants was prohibited and warning that federal funds would be withheld from offending hospitals; an investigative agency in Washington was set up with a 24-hour free hot-line telephone number and with 'baby Doe squats' ready to descend on maternity units to check on the treatment of the new-born — monopolising the time of doctors and nurses. Fortunately in a court case brought by the Academy of Pediatrics, the regulations were eventually overturned. Judge Gerhard Gesell described the effect of a seriously handicapped child on the marriage or on the siblings: the cost of a life support system needed to keep it alive, its poor quality of life; and stated that 'the parents . . . in many ways are in the best position to evaluate the infant's best interest'.[7] In 1984, clinics in the USA performing abortions were bombed by anti-abortion groups.

A BBC play called *Minor Complications* by Peter Ransley illustrated the influence of television. Focusing attention on probable and unrecognised medical mistakes, it caused numerous calls from doctors to the Medical Defence bodies seeking their advice. It also resulted in the group Action for the Victims of Medical Accidents (AVMA). This has become a watch-dog and some doctors feared that it might hinder research and the advance of medicine; but this is unlikely to happen, for the literature produced by AVMA is responsible, informative and professional. In one sense the AVMA and the Medical Defence bodies in the UK have a common purpose: that patients who have suffered definite medical accidents should be compensated, and this is done as rapidly as possible by the latter who settle such cases out of Court.

False Expectations

Wonder cures are reported in newspapers, but accounts of them are hardly recognised by authors of articles about the relevant drug trial. The ideal operation is shown on television with, so said a surgical colleague, no mention of operations where 'all hell is let loose' when the surgeon has to meet the unexpected and deal with almost uncontrollable bleeding and collapse of the patient.

Alistair Cooke, the American broadcaster, in an address to the British

Medical Association Congress stated, when discussing the increasing litigation in the USA, 'but many of these suits reflect rather the bitter disillusion of a generation lulled by the popular education we have been talking about into believing that doctors can cure any disease, and that almost any organ of the body can be replaced as readily as a punctured tyre or a shock absorber.'[8] Hence is born the belief that all things are possible in modern medicine if only the doctor would try harder. Perhaps doctors, when they appear on the media, tend to act as if their treatment is a break-through when obviously it is not and are reluctant to tell of failures; for, in practice, some diseases have no effective treatment and few treatments can be guaranteed successful. Certainty is elusive in spite of the remarkable advances. The effect of too rosy a view about doctors and their power over disease was well put by the lawyer, Professor Ian Kennedy: 'we, the public, have been led to expect too much and have been more than willing partners in the process. We have come almost to believe in magic cures and the waving of wands. The reality is a constant disappointment'.[9] Public expectation has been set too high. The effects of all these changes on the relations between patients and doctors such as the medico-legal crisis and the practising of defensive medicine will be discussed in part 2.

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[Dr. Clifford Hawkins was formerly a consultant physician and senior lecturer in clinical medicine at the University of Birmingham, England. He has written about and lectures on the relationships between doctors and patients, and in 1985 published the book *Mishap or Malpractice?*. He is at present researching on the causes and changing pattern of legal actions taken by patients against doctors.]

THE STATE OF PHILOSOPHY TODAY

by Piers Benn

THE recent death of Professor Sir Alfred Ayer has prompted a vigorous, if brief, public appraisal of the place of philosophy in the life of the nation. What do philosophers do, and with what authority? Why should they be supported from public funds? Is it true that they speculate on unanswerable problems, or — as another widely held view has it — that they *refuse* to speculate on such matters, preferring to confine their enquiries to something suitably trivial such as the meanings of words? Probably few subjects engender as many conceptions and misconceptions about themselves as philosophy. Nobody bothers holding a view about the nature of microbiology or electro-acoustics. But many people consider themselves to be philosophers ('My philosophy is . . .'). What can such people be told about the subject?

When I first contemplated writing this article, Professor Ayer (or A. J. Ayer or Freddie Ayer) was still alive and sending missives to the *TLS*. His death seems to provide an appropriate time to attempt two things: to assess his own contribution to the recent history of the subject and to examine the latest developments in it. But for many professional philosophers it would seem a little strange to reflect on recent philosophy with reference to Ayer. To them, he is a bit passé, an 'elder statesman' of the subject rather than a serious contributor to it; a man whose last years were taken up with the writing of intellectual biographies of Enlightenment figures he admired, such as Thomas Paine and Voltaire. But to educated laymen Ayer is (I think rightly) more than that. It is with his name that the subject is associated in their minds and he is remembered, if not for his academic philosophy, at least for his part in various liberal causes, his polemical TV appearances in which he argued with bishops and his popular articles in newspapers. And he is vaguely linked with the doctrine that — what was it? — metaphysics is all meaningless, ethical utterances are just a matter of saying 'boo' or 'Hurrah' and that it is literally nonsensical to think that God exists. Did he really think all these things? And, more importantly, what is the role of such views in the development of the subject?

Ayer underwent what some might regard as the misfortune of achieving fame with his first book and of being associated with that book for the rest of his life, despite his denunciations of its mistakes. His twenty-sixth year saw the publication of *Language, Truth and Logic,* a philosophical bombshell, in which he defended the doctrines of the Vienna Circle. The Circle consisted of a group of philosophers working in Vienna, soon to be dispersed by the menace of the Nazis. Ayer's central claim was that meaningful statements come in two classes: those that are 'analytic', that is, those that are true or false in virtue of the meanings of the terms used, and those that are empirically verifiable. In other words he rejected the idea that there could be truths that are both 'synthetic' and

'a priori'; that is, truths with genuine informational content yet knowable independently of experience. He therefore attacked all metaphysical questions and answers as meaningless, since he conceived of metaphysics as a non-empirical discipline claiming to yield non-trivial truths. Vast areas of philosophy as it was then practised fell foul of his doctrine. He is well known for the application of his principle to Ethics, which labelled as nonsensical all discourse purporting to refer to objective moral properties of acts and declared that the meaning of moral utterances was essentially emotive — i.e. that such judgements merely express attitudes, even though their grammatical form falsely suggests that they state facts. Ayer continued for the rest of his life to believe that theory of ethics was basically correct, although he abandoned many other theses of his book.

Alas, the later Ayer bore the punishment of the cocky young man of 1936. He was better known to the wider public for his demolition jobs on supposedly meaningless utterances than for his later, excellent work in the theory of knowledge. And the prominence he gained as a spokesman for humanism and left-liberal outlooks on social matters rather outstripped the originality and profundity of his comments in these areas, leaving his true strengths less well known. He displayed a concern for argument and for truth that he felt had been neglected by certain schools of thought, notably those influenced by the later Wittgenstein and by continental philosophy. He much preferred to associate himself with the empiricism of Hume and Russell. But what was his part in the development of Anglo-American philosophy during the last fifty years? The sheer diversity of the subject and the number of its practitioners make this a hard question. But it is possible to hazard a rough view.

As mentioned above, Ayer's general approach to philosophical questions is less fashionable than it was. He could not think of any obvious successors to him when I put the question to him during an interview in 1983. His approach to the theory of knowledge is closer to 'cartesianism' — the general approach of Descartes — than much contemporary orthodoxy thinks respectable. He believed that our empirical knowledge is based upon private 'sense data' — a view which has been ritually ridiculed since the nineteen-fifties. He defended the value of the theory of knowledge even when many professionals were abandoning it in favour of the theory of meaning, largely pioneered by his Oxford successor, Michael Dummett. And Ayer is notorious for not being persuaded by certain central teachings of the later Wittgenstein, notably Wittgenstein's famous rejection of the possibility of a radically private language. In brief, the latter's argument is that for a language to get off the ground, there must be rules of correct usage. Such rules could never be generated by a single individual, independently of a community, because if that were so there would be no distinction between *being* right in the use of the language, and merely *seeming* (to oneself) to be right. In which case, it is said, the whole notion of correctness just loses its meaning. Though there are myriad interpretations and disputes about all this, an important idea to emerge from Wittgenstein is that concepts of 'private' sensations must

really be public; they cannot really refer to private mental objects, knowable only 'from my own case'.

Ayer was sometimes accused of simply not understanding the argument, and his rejection of it was loosely connected with his rejection of another recent orthodoxy: the 'mind/brain identity theory'. Strictly speaking, it is inaccurate to refer to it in the singular since there are a great many versions of it, and it has undergone many ingenious revisions since it was first taken seriously in the fifties. The basic idea is that mental occurrences and states are identical with physical states; to feel a tickling sensation, for example, just *is* for your brain to be in a certain state. The currently fashionable version of this theory is functionalism, which identifies mental states (e.g. beliefs and desires) with 'functional states' of the brain. A belief that you are about to be late for an appointment, for example, is identical with whatever complex brain state is brought about by certain causes and gives rise to certain effects (e.g. rushing around and panicking). The advantage of this theory is that a great many brain states may fulfil the same 'functional role', that is, constitute the same belief. Thus we do not have to say that *only* a certain brain state, and no other, can constitute a certain belief. All of this is complex, and there is no way of making it simple without falsifying it. But — to return to Ayer — he never accepted the case for these materialistic theories, preferring a Humean empiricism which accepted the possibility of 'loose and separate' ideas. Not that Ayer believed in cartesian dualism — the view that mind and matter were distinct *substances*. That view nowadays has few defenders, although it forms a central part of the case for theism developed at length by Richard Swinburne, Professor of the Philosophy of the Christian Religion at Oxford.

The turn taken by contemporary philosophy of mind has coincided with the dawn of the computer age, and there is interest among some philosophers in the viability of computer models of the mind. In an age when almost everyone writes their work on computers and pens and ink are used only by a few harmless eccentrics, it is not surprising that philosophers have become 'computerate'. Might computers think? Do they have rudimentary beliefs? Such are the questions often raised. Though few have suggested that these machines might fall in love with one another or acquire religious convictions, there is a questioning of the notion that mind is an intrinsically biological phenomenon. Why should it not pertain to electronic machines in the right 'functional states'? A few philosophers go further and ask what makes *us* so sure that *we* have minds? There is a vast technical literature on all this, which some nonetheless do not regard as philosophy at all (the American philosopher Thomas Nagel called it a 'gigantic waste of time'. I agree).

The increasing technicality of much philosophical literature — even in ethics and philosophy of religion — was regretted by Ayer and others of his generation and temperament. They rightly thought that excessive formalisation could cover up banality and crooked thinking. They also lamented the decline of good style. But up to a point, technicality is

inevitable, and sometimes reflects the fact that philosophers have got very good at their subject. In particular the philosophy of language has undergone major advances and has opened up new vistas in the philosophy of mind and metaphysics. Indeed, the 'rehabilitation' of metaphysics in recent years is something that few philosophers of Ayer's generation would have expected to see. There is, perhaps, a tendency among educated laymen of an older generation to see philosophy as being mainly logical positivism or linguistic analysis (two distinct things that are often conflated in people's minds). This is not at all true. Occasionally hostility to philosophy arises from the belief that it espouses the cold, heartless, clever/silly logical positivism of the young Ayer. 'There's more to life than logic' sums up the attitude of suspicion. But philosophy certainly does not have the narrow scope sometimes attributed to it.

To give an example of the rise of metaphysics, or at least the rise of the meeting point between philosophy of language and metaphysics: there has in recent years been an increasingly complex debate between 'realists' and 'anti-realists'. At the heart of it is the question — which is not new — of what concept of truth we possess. Do we, as realists maintain, have a notion of 'verification-transcendent' truth? Can we intelligibly make statements whose truth or falsity is, in principle, beyond detection? If we can, then the nature of things *could* radically transcend all possible knowledge or even understanding. The realist maintains that this is a coherent supposition — one that we are capable of entertaining. Anti-realists tend to challenge realists to say exactly how we acquire the concept of truth we are alleged to have. The issue, pursued by such figures as Michael Dummett, is a large one and great ingenuity has appeared on both sides of it. Like many genuine disputes, however, it can be badly imitated in other disciplines and hijacked by the second rate. Doctrines vaguely similar to anti-realism are fashionable in political and literary theory. Vague relativisms proliferate, claiming, without really elucidating their terms, the culture-dependence of knowledge, the relativity of truth and the incoherence of ideas of objective, universally valid ethical or aesthetic values and norms.

There is, of course, a connection between the realism/anti-realism problem and the nature of values. In recent years the perennial problem of whether or not moral judgements report moral facts, independent of our opinions, has surfaced as the issue of 'moral realism'. Ayer's early work was a brief and oblique contribution to this, when he claimed that judgements like 'You wrongly stole that money' were merely statements of empirical fact ('You stole that money') uttered, as it were, in a peculiar tone of voice conveying disapproval. The Oxford moral philosopher Professor R. M. Hare elaborated a theory ('prescriptivism') not very dissimilar to Ayer's, but lately other philosophers, inspired by the philosophy of language, came to think that ethical judgements were not just 'emotive' but had a real fact-stating structure. Of course, whether there *are* any moral facts is another question. The Oxford philosopher J L. Mackie was well known for thinking that although moral discourse

was structurally fact-stating, all of its deliverances were, strictly speaking, false. In his view, the illusion of there being moral facts arose from a natural process of projecting our human attitudes, desires and needs onto the world. The issue, a notorious one, is still alive.

Ayer was recently accused of having ethical opinions that were nothing but a hotch-potch of unsupported platitudes which expressed the 'phoney compassion of a ruling liberal elite' (Roger Scruton in the *Sunday Telegraph*, 2.7.89). But whatever the truth about Ayer, recent philosophy has seen the massive growth of 'relevant' moral discussions. In the USA, which is now probably the leading country in analytical philosophy, there is a vast, mind-boggling literature in medical ethics, nuclear deterrence ethics, business ethics, moral problems concerning the environment, animal rights, abortion, sexual morality and anything else one cares to name. The charge that philosophy is not about 'life' can certainly be refuted; it *is* about life in more ways than one! Books on critical thinking have also been appearing, encouraging straight thinking on just these moral issues, among many other things. Interest in philosophy seems to be on the increase and media coverage is often good. All this coincides with academic cutbacks in the humanities and a considerable exodus of philosophers to America, which can already boast of many leading figures like Saul Kripke, Quine, Hilary Putnam, Donald Davidson, David Lewis.

Is it possible, in the end, to provide an account of the present state of the art? Any attempt is bound to be difficult and to end up leaving important elements out. The traditional Great Questions are still alive and probably unsolved: free will, moral objectivity, how to rebut global scepticism, the mind/body problem, God, the nature of the Self, the possibility of *'a priori'* knowledge — to name but a few. The subject is no longer restricted to a handful of pipe-stroking Oxford dons, and it has spread its tentacles widely and rapidly. It is perhaps a less 'pure' discipline than it was, since practitioners realise the need to know about other subjects in order to make progress in their own. There is a distinct rapprochement with the natural, biological and cognitive sciences, and great progress in issues of mind and language. In the midst of all this, Ayer's contribution looks distinctly old-fashioned — ironically, for one who began as an iconoclast. He was, in the end, happy to be called an 'old-fashioned empiricist'. Some philosophers thought him superficial, though most conceded that he was very clever. But his concerns were never trivial, local or merely technical. Although he was hostile to idle speculation, he never lost sight of what were, as the title of one of his books calls them, the 'Central Questions of Philosophy'.

In his last days he sometimes wrote about death. He argued that his would be the end of him and that it didn't matter either. Well, he was probably right in thinking his personal existence would end at death — and it is a fraudulent consolation to say that he lives on in his works. But at least his works live on, and that is better than nothing.

[Piers Benn is a lecturer in moral philosophy at St. Andrews University.]

POEMS

THE TREES

Kept by old age in bed,
  I have trees for friends:
I look at them, and they at me,
  Before day ends.

But in the night when I'm asleep
  They keep watch and wake,
Ward off ghosts from window,
  All for my sake.

Moveless under moon and stars,
  They are my waiting friends,
Keep watch by day and night
  Until life ends.

A. L. Rowse

BRIGHTNESS

Where water moves its muscular shadows
Over bright pebbles, deep shafts of sunlight
Paint the river's bed
In a bright kaleidoscope.

Currents, coiling like springs,
Writhe in golden knots of water.
Bright fish hunt for prey.
Old fishermen muse on the river's menagerie
On bright days, in arcs of sunlight.

In riverside pools,
Industrious water spiders
Gallop on the meniscus,
Giddy with their own light weight
And, in the hungry sea,
Bright shoals of mackerel flash.

Later, needles of rain
Knit patterns on the river's surface,
Bright circles of light
That fade at the edges
Renewing the river.

Michael O'Higgins

NO NUDES IS GOOD NUDES: A RETROSPECTIVE VIEW

by Muriel Julius

FOR some time the open-mouthed amazed syndrome has affected the cognoscenti. It began with Van Gogh's Sunflowers and Irises: a relapse set in when a portrait of Cosimo I de Medici by Pontomoro fetched $35,000,000 in New York recently. But what foxed me was why a third-rate Renoir painting of a nude, vastly over-weight young girl drying her toes should have made £4.62 million at Christies in June.

Although almost one third of Renoir's enormous output — there are about three thousand works extant — were of unclothed or partly clothed women, it is a misconception that he adored women. In fact before his fortieth year his pictures of the nude were few and far between. One of these, *Nude in the Sun,* exhibited at the Second Impressionist Exhibition in 1876 when the artist was thirty-five, had a vicious reception. Albert Wolff of *Le Figaro* — the most influential critic of the day — wrote: 'Would someone kindly explain to Monsieur Renoir that a woman's torso is not a mass of decomposing flesh with green and purple blotches that indicate a state of complete putrifaction in a corpse'. While another observed: 'Her flesh is the colour of game that has been hung for too long and someone really should have made her put on a dress'. Today the picture hangs in the *Musée d'Orsay.*

But Renoir persisted. He realised that disinterested aesthetic contemplation may fool some of the people; much more likely was the pleasure of the erotic visual impact of privileged access to a sight normally tabooed. Renoir's own aesthetic was almost entirely physical and sensual. Any human identity or character was entirely secondary to it. As Professor Lawrence Gowing wrote, 'An artist's brush had hardly ever been so completely an organ of physical pleasure and so little of anything else: its sensate tip an inseparable part of him'.

That Renoir hit the spot is born out by Theodor Duret's gallic admiration: 'I doubt that any painter ever interpreted woman in a more seductive manner. Renoir gives his women gracefulness, lightness and freedom. These painted women are bewitching and enchanting. They would be ideal mistresses — always sweet, gay and smiling — the true ideal woman'.

Renoir, a social creature who enjoyed the soireés of his rich benefactors to which he never took his wife, was the complete male chauvinist at home. He liked women to be practical and simple and to stay at home. He abhorred women who wrote or painted with the single exception of Berthe Morisot. He did not approve of women who practised law or politics. Culture was purely a male preserve. As he explained to his son, Jean Renoir the distinguished film director, 'With women the world becomes something very simple. They give everything its correct value and realise that their laundry is as important as the constitution of the German Empire. Near them one feels reassured'.

Today one may abhor such reactionary attitudes, yet they were confirmed, indeed stipulated, by the Code Napoleon and were shared by the vast majority of his male contemporaries.

That Renoir's female models were mere ciphers, aids to his commercial success, has been commented on by the art historian Tamar Garb in her Oxford Art Journal article on the artist. She writes: 'It is in its evasion of reality that Renoir's enterprise can be located. This evasion produced an idealised, timeless and therefore mythic vision of women. His inability to engage with the reality of women is what makes his women women one couldn't be bothered to meet. Their forms dissolve into the landscape so that the body and the vegetation seem to fuse in a quite unusual way'.

A far more combative feminist onslaught has been launched by Gill Saunders in her book *The Nude — a new Perspective* which accompanied the recent exhibition of the same name at the Victoria and Albert Museum. In a comprehensive show spanning the Renaissance to the present day, Ms Saunders has few kind words for the male artist. 'Most images of naked women by men', she writes, 'are designed to display their bodies to the male gaze without challenge or confrontation. The female nude is an object of desire, a focus of male sexuality. The male artist constructs for his own or his male patron's enjoyment the perfect partner — passive, receptive, available'.

Turning to Manet's famous nude 'Olympia', the objections to it we are told 'were founded not in her class, her profession, or indeed her nakedness but in her unashamed awareness of the spectator's desire. Olympia does not collude with the male viewer by lowering her gaze in the modest, submissive way expected of women, especially naked women. Staring is a male prerogative, a strategy for dominating women, thus it is Olympia's gaze which has been characterised by male critics as immodest'.

Degas drew a series of nude women washing and drying themselves that please because of the unexpected angle of vision, the special surprises that focus our attention. These nudes resist display, turn their backs, are awkward, dull even, yet are really satisfying. But Ms Saunders captions one such drawing thus: 'While seeming to subvert the traditional nude he in fact presents us with a woman spied upon in a private act and the nakedness retains its voyeuristic frisson of forbidden pleasure'. On the whole, however, she favours Degas. One wonders if she knows his frank and extremely sexist series of brothel scenes and prostitutes.

The Fetished Female is another area of concern for Ms Saunders. Photographs of Bill Brandt's armless torso, or his seated *Nude: Campden Hill, London, 1978,* her arms bound, her head covered in a black hood, raised the comment that these 'images relate female nakedness directly to the status of a victim, or powerless object'. And of course Allen Jones's open-mouthed sex goddess encased in latex rubber, teetering on the highest stiletto heels, was there as well as Tom Wesselmann's *Pink Breast.* 'Wesselman's work', comments Ms Saunders, 'expresses the way in which women are reduced to a series of sexual signifiers — mouth, breasts, pubic triangle — but it continues to celebrate this anonymous

availability, rather than seeking to undercut it'.

Ms Saunders's denunciations cover a wide spectrum. Among the artists accused of male chauvinist phallocentrism are Picasso, Matisse, Renoir, Munch, Manet, Poussin, Ingres, Rubens, Blake, Etty, Clausen and Orpen. Ms Saunders so enranged Christopher Monckton that, writing in the *Evening Standard* of 2nd June, he advised the Director of the Museum against using 'your money and mine to let dotty feminists promote such Hampstead-leftish pseudo-intellectual claptrap'.

Brian Sewell, art critic of the same newspaper, was somewhat kinder. 'She does not seem to know that sex is ever-present in men's minds, fertile in and out of season', he writes while admiring the many beautiful drawings and photographs on display.

I agree with the critic of the *Independent*. 'This is an arid analysis of a rich subject, plodding its way through two millennia of cultural history in search of incriminating evidence, rooting out male chauvinist piggery wherever it has manifested itself.'

And surely the cruellest image of all was provided by a woman, Diane Arbus's photograph, *Two Nudists 1963*. In a charmless interior sit two middle-aged naturists vulnerable and ill-at-ease, he pot-bellied, she sagging. Instead of the usual public image of nudity, young and perfect, here it is imperfect and shaming, the private made shockingly public. What, one wonders, made Ms Saunders display this? It nullifies most of her arguments against male artists and photographers. I think I'll stick with Renoir, but by the end of this exhibition I had decided that no nudes is good nudes.

Literary Supplement

MR FIX-IT

The Whitelaw Memoirs. William Whitelaw. Aurum Press. £14.95.

It is a rare achievement for an autobiographer to be able to convey in print the qualities of loyalty, innocence, canniness and total modesty, without descending into dullness and smugness. But it is precisely these characteristics of Willie Whitelaw that come through in his memoirs. Shrewd and wise behind a front of clubman's affability; aware of the contrariness of humankind and of the conceit that afflicts so many of his parliamentary colleagues, he held firm to his own convictions — even in facing the baying for blood that at times sweep Conservative Party Conferences. This is a delightful account of the political career of an officer and a gentleman, who never once let his side down.

In political terms, the book is especially valuable for its account of direct rule in Ulster as its troubles mounted, of the problems in 1973-4 in handling Messrs. Gormley, Laurence Daly ('a mercurial personality') and Mick McGahey ('I felt.... that he would be the hardest to bring to agreement'), and of the burdens of the Home Office — the last, in its proneness to produce unexpected crises, probably the heaviest cross of them all to bear.

To them all, Willie Whitelaw brought special qualities: the courage and patience learnt of War as a Scots Guards officer — he got the MC for leading his tanks in July 1944 across Normandy in the face of intense German fire; an infinite kindness and generosity of spirit that is very rare in the House of Commons; and an ease in getting on with people of every political persuasion. In the public mind he was seen as a Mr. Fixit, and he himself was aware that that very image built into every situation that he was asked to handle a tendency to compromise that sometimes was a severe handicap to real negotiation. His own instincts did, he admits, 'lead in the direction of compromise'. But if no ideologue, and making no claims to oratory, he had strong convictions — notably on the vote against the re-introduction of capital punishment, on which he probably differed from the majority of his party, and certainly from the Prime Minister.

He was more, however, than congenial clubman and simple soldier-man. His analysis of himself in early 1974, when he had to cope with the NUM is searching, honest, and the most moving section in the book. He is probably correct in seeing himself as a superb second-in-command: as he had been in his battalion in the war so he was as companion-in-chief in the House of Commons to Edward Heath, and finally as Deputy PM to Mrs. Thatcher. He puts loyalty high — and it was that that probably cost him the leadership of the party itself in 1975. What he probably never fully recognised was that his own obviously total loyalty to the leader was not only endearing but itself stilled doubts in the ranks. The Party and the country were fortunate that in war, and through 35 years of rapid social change, they had in the councils of State one man totally free from malice towards others, with no axes of his own to grind, and with absolute integrity.

His code-words were loyalty and service. Such men are rare birds in politics, and in life.

ESMOND WRIGHT

EDUCATION AND SOCIETY

The Road to Winchester — An Autobiography. John Thorne. Weidenfeld and Nicholson. £14.95.

Too Little Too Late. The Challenges That Still Face British Education. John Rae. Collins. £12.95.

Living in an Alibi Society — A Catalogue of Pretensions. Nicholas Stacey. Rubicon Press. Paperback, £9.95.

The first two books, mentioned above, are by ex-Headmasters of Independent Public Schools: the third is by an industrialist, a Fulbright Scholar and of Hungarian origin. Although his book is not on the subject of Education, it is an illuminating critique of our whole system, once described by T. H. Green, as 'a chaos out of which order is constantly emerging'.

John Thorne, assistant master at Clifton and successively Headmaster of Repton and Winchester, was at St. Paul's as a boy and spent nearly two years of the cold war in the navy. Owing to the war St. Paul's had been evacuated to the country. He was lucky to have Walter Oakshott as his own headmaster. John Thorne writes well and gives a fascinating picture of his early years, first at Colet Court in London, then at an evacuated school and later in the navy. It was an unusual beginning for a schoolmasters life and this autobiography makes clear that with his pianist wife and family he was unconsciously preparing himself for a distinguished teaching career. In fact he developed a lively interest not only in academic subjects, particularly History and Literature, but also in the creative arts, music, drama and painting. Indeed he wore down the resistance of governors and old-boys by his tact and enthusiasm to bring a wider culture into more than one 'traditional' school. His personality comes across as a modest but determined reformer, though never smug about his achievements.

John Rae is a quite different personality. He has been a more public figure for many years with a gift for self advertisement. When he is writing about the role of a headmaster and the problems of school government or the role of parents and teachers in general he is on safe ground, conveying the wisdom that only experience can furnish. When, however, he generalizes about the relation of education and industry and draws doubtful conclusions from Japanese experience, he is out of his depth and quite impractical.

Most students of history know that England has never had a *national system of education*; for nine hundred out of the last thousand years the State has had little concern with schools and has given them no financial support. When I was a Minister in 1939 at the Board of Education few people realised the Board had existed for only forty years and public recognition only a hundred. G. M. Young, the historian, described the Board as 'a model of organic evolution from almost invisible beginnings, through a youth tormented by the strain of sectarian animosity, into a mellow life'.

The history of the struggle for a national system in the nineteenth century has been told in many books. In practice the Acts of Forster, Balfour, Fisher and Butler failed to provide a National system, though of course they made specific improvements.

Mr. Nicholas Stacey is as critical as John Rae on the weak relationship between Education and Industry, reflecting other books reviewed in this column, notably those by Martin Wiener, an American, *English Culture and the Decline of the Industrial Spirit* (1850-1980) and Corelli Barnett's *The*

Pursuit of War. But his approach is perhaps more sociological and concerned with English manners and customs.

Surely the truth is that no Government starts with a tabula rasa, least of all Fisher or Baker. A school whether it is Westminster or Haberdashers, Winchester or Manchester Grammar or Oundle, is a spiritual community, whether ancient or modern. Not even a Labour Government has chosen to abolish them. Forster and Butler missed their opportunities, the one to make available National Elementary, the other National Secondary Education; social and religious difficulties were too strong. Fisher had to be content with Day Continuation Schools and Butler with the vague word *Comprehensive.* First religious problems and then complicated financial and administrative problems have bedevilled governments, irrespective of party. Baker has at last, and with great difficulty, achieved in the 1988 Act a National Curriculum and attempted to form closer links with Industry and the modern economy, but he inherits a sullen teaching profession and a divided structure of schools and colleges.

KENNETH LINDSAY

A BUILDER OF EMPIRE

The Founder: Cecil Rhodes and the Pursuit of Power. Robert Rotberg with the collaboration of Miles Shore. Oxford University Press. $35.00.

At first sight it is hard to imagine two more unsuitable authors for the *Founder,* the 'definitive' biography of Cecil Rhodes. It does not take second sight either to anticipate their baffled bewilderment. American historians are notably anti-colonial and psychology was barely born when Rhodes lived. The two disciplines mix uneasily: in the middle of a diamond deal, there is Freud on mother love; obscure motivation mixes with the history of Cape politics. Seventeen years of research and this lamentably large amassment of doubtlessly accurate facts do not greatly increase our understanding, and the authors admit the mystery of the man who could ride out unarmed and alone to parley patiently (in their own language) with Ndebele Chiefs, yet refuse to support African political aspirations in the Cape.

It is difficult not to feel the authors might have done better to steep themselves in contemporary literature: Kipling, Henty, Haggard, Ballantyne Biggles (if not banned by high minded librarians). Luckily a guide has just been published, 'Imperialism and Juvenile Literature', (ed. Jeffrey Richards, Manchester University Press, 1989. £32.50), which shows clearly how the ethos of imperialism pervaded British Society from about 1850-1950, and brings back memories of all the delicious 'good bad' books of youth.

It is manifestly hard for an American to approve of Rhodes's own Confession of Faith (1877) — after all he had ideas about recovering our revolted colonies — for it is an epitome of high patriotism, and it is noticeable that our authors have little good to say of white settlers and nothing bad of Africans. Yet they do deliberately limit their outlook by the sub-title 'pursuit of power', which does not contain this 'jarring cosmic entity'. It irks them that he felt neither 'guilt nor shame'. Was he visionary or vicious, this man who created Rhodesia and Rhodes scholars; who loved Marcus Aurelius and Gibbon? He controlled ninety percent of the world's diamonds and relished some very fishy characters; he was a dictatorial Prime Minister and assisted at the Boer War. He believed that the future of Africa depended on confidence between black and white; like Queen Victoria also, he believed in equality for the civilised, based on

education and property. Yet one detects no empathy or even objectivity in this mighty tome. Indeed one is tempted to play the authors at their own psychological game and observe that the very first sentence of the book describes Rhodes as 'bloated and grey' and repeats a description of his 'bloated body' in the conclusion. This is a word with slightly perorative and moral overtones, — and quite unnecessary. Perhaps Rhodes should have the last word: 'it is the dreamers', he said, 'who move the world'. And in his brief 48 years he did just that.

MOLLY MORTIMER

A VICTORIAN DIARIST

A Bright Remembrance: The Diaries of Julia Cartwright. Edited by Angela Emanuel. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £16.95.

This is a welcome addition to the ever expanding list of Victorian diarists. Julia Cartwright was the daughter of a Northamptonshire gentry family, who developed a fascination with Italy. She eventually produced numerous books about the personalities of the Renaissance which became required reading for the hordes of 'art tourists' who visited Italy at the end of the last century and the beginning of this one. Her best known book was an elegant life of *Isabella d'Este.*

The editor of the diary, Angela Emanuel, died tragically young last year. Her main interest in the selection is Julia Cartwright's work on Italian art and her delight in travelling in Italy. She typifies the way so many Englishmen and even more Englishwomen were suddenly captivated by Renaissance art. The editor has provided a well done introduction which sets the diarist's life in the context of her times.

The early chapters give a superb portrait of the frustrations of a clever girl anxious to learn as much as she could from any visiting gentleman who had been across the Alps. In 1874 at the age of 22 when she is at a ball at her family home, she meets a young man: 'We talked of abroad and he confessed he had been once, in that stupid shallow way English people go . . . and was highly amused at my enthusiasm when I declared I couldn't live without seeing Rome and would rush off to Italy at once . . . What is life to me is just pastimes to him he says, all this art and knowledge.' Her earliest writings were a series of novels with religious themes for SPCK.

Julia's life of frustrations ended when she married a clergyman, Henry Ady. They shared a deep devotion to Anglo-Catholic principles and ritual. He also shared her interest in Italian history and art and acted as a research assistant on hurried trips to Italian archives. Her concept of research is not the modern one: a few hours in an archive collection were enough to garner material for her latest book but she did have a way of making her subjects real to her readers, which is more than many who spend years in archives can do.

The diary is a fascinating account of the slow evolution of a Victorian young girl into an Edwardian lady, who thought nothing of hurrying up to London on her own to meetings or galleries. It is also a wonderful picture of the life of a writer concerned to make enough money from her books and articles to provide an education for her only child. She succeeded remarkably well as the daughter turned out to be one of the first important women historians at Oxford. Cecilia Ady, who carried on her mother's interest in Italian history.

One's only regret is that there are no pictures. It would be nice to know what such a delightful woman looked like.

RICHARD MULLEN

PERSUASION IN THE USSR

Persuasion and Soviet Politics. David Wedgwood Benn. Blackwell. £19.50.

One of the most persistent myths in the West about communism concerns the efficacy of its propaganda. Indeed, the very word propaganda is used pejoratively, to imply the dissemination of an ideology (another derogatory word), or of inaccurate information, in order to indoctrinate vulnerable people by manipulating their good sense and fine sensibilities. Propaganda is what 'they' offer. Even at the worst of times, when Western governments are excessively economical with the truth, what they convey at home and abroad is called public information. The different terms highlight the assumed contrast between the veracity and objectivity of 'our' information, and the subjectivity, slant and pernicious intent of 'their' propaganda, particularly if it is communist.

In the Soviet Union the term propaganda also means the dissemination of ideology and information, but neither it nor ideology have negative connotations (unless, of course, they are used to refer to false ideology and bourgeois propaganda). Originally propaganda was distinguished from agitation, or the propagation of a few simple ideas to the masses. Propaganda consisted of more complex ideas which were disseminated to small groups. Conducting *agitprop* was an important political activity. It is still widely practised and its avowed aim is to influence opinion.

These two different views of propaganda have certain common elements. For both the aim of propaganda is persuasion. Both take for granted the power of words. And in the past both have assumed that propaganda works, and that Soviet propaganda works particularly well. But does it?

David Wedgwood Benn's excellent study examines the role that propaganda plays in Soviet politics, the methods it uses and whether it really is effective. He establishes that it has rarely accomplished its aims. This is not due to lack of ambition. The declared purpose of Soviet propaganda is 'to educate a "New Man" with a moral code superior to any previous society' (p.22). The corruption scandals after Brezhnev's death are only one indication that this has not been achieved. Nor is lack of effort to blame. There is an enormous apparatus concerned with conducting and supervising propaganda and ensuring that the message of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union reaches the population by diverse means. It may reach them, but there are many signs that by and large it has failed to convince them. Neither ambition nor investment has been sufficient to ensure success.

In the past Soviet propaganda has suffered from at least three major defects which have contributed to its failure. First, the quality of the material has been poor. During the Brezhnev era there were repeated criticisms of its dullness, the jargon used, its repetitiveness. Too little attention was paid to questions that interested people and far too much information was regarded as secret. Second, the efficient organisation of propaganda and its conformity to party policy (its 'correctness') have always been regarded as self-evidently enough to ensure effectiveness. But few questions were asked about what constituted effectiveness and few attempts were made to discover empirically whether or how it was affecting public opinion. Third, there has always been a remarkable indifference to the psychological processes of persuasion. And this meant that Soviet methods of persuasion were often counter-productive.

Benn examines the influence of ideology on propaganda historically to explain some of these shortcomings. In effect, the connection became severed

between propaganda on the one hand and, on the other, the support, motivation and consent it should have aimed to raise. Propaganda, therefore, ceased to play a meaningful role in Soviet politics. In no small measure this was due to the almost irreparable harm that Stalin did to the study of psychology in the Soviet Union. And even after Stalin died, when the standard of the social sciences including psychological research rose and the quality of propaganda began to improve, the two were still not really put together.

In the Brezhnev era propagandists began to experience new problems — they no longer had a guaranteed monopoly of information, their audience was better educated and more equipped to form its own judgements, informal channels of socialization existed. And at the same time, increasing the motivation of people and gaining their consent became more important. This has been one of the major difficulties that Gorbachev has had to tackle in instituting his reform programme. *Glasnost* is part of his remedy, but it has also revealed how drastically previous propaganda failed.

Benn concludes that propaganda has not been one of the strengths of the Soviet system. In short, the power of propaganda has been overrated, and the autonomy of public opinion has been underrated, in both Soviet and in Western views of Soviet propaganda.

In one sense this book is testimony to the failure of Soviet propaganda. It is based on a detailed analysis of Soviet sources, many of them rare, including works of propaganda and Soviet studies of its operation. Yet David Wedgwood Benn has not been infected by the tedious, repetitive, cumbersome style in which these sources are written. On the contrary, his style is admirably brief and lucid. And although he is scholarly and gives ample evidence of the painstaking research that has gone into his analysis, he does not eschew amusing anecdote to demonstrate his points. The result is an extremely readable book that will be indispensable to specialists and enjoyed by a wider audience. Benn has produced a valuable contribution both to Soviet studies, and to the more general field of the study of mass persuasion.

MARGOT LIGHT

MORE THAN A FOOTNOTE TO THE NINETIES

Arthur Symons: Selected Letters, 1880-1935. Edited by Karl Beckson & John M. Munro. Macmillan. £35.00.

The rehabilitation of Arthur Symons, the Symbolist critic and poet, has been slowly but steadily under way ever since T. S. Eliot bestowed upon him the figurative freedom of East Coker. And the outstanding midwife to the renascent reputation of the anachronistic figure who comes lurching fraily out of the yellow light of the nineties and through the madhouse door of the first decade of the 1900s, has been Professor Karl Beckson.

When, in January 1945, one month short of his eightieth birthday, Symons died at Island Cottage, his beloved leafy retreat at Wittersham, deep in Kent, where he had lived since 1906, it was the passing of a ghost. He had already been dead to the literary world at large for more than a quarter of a century. A quaint *fin de siècle* survivor from the extinguished time of Wilde and Beardsley, Dowson and Johnson, Crackanthorpe and Davidson, Stephen Phillips and Richard Le Gallienne, he seemed, with his pointed beard and wide-brimmed artist's hat, like nothing so much as an invention of Beerbohm's or a character stepped shyly forth from the pages of his own *Spiritual Adventures.*

The fleshing out of the dancing skeleton began in earnest in 1963, with Roger Lhombreaud's critical biography; an exhumation praised by Cyril Connolly, but

subsequently found lacking. Prior to Lhombreaud's work, there was only T. Earle Welby's *Arthur Symons: A Critical Study,* (1925). Professor Beckson came upon the scene in 1977 with his skilful compilation, *The Memoirs of Arthur Symons: Life and Art in the 1890s,* which, issuing from the Pennsylvania State University Press, consisted of pictures from Symons' own pen, framed in a biographical border, decorated with a frieze of meticulous annotations.

In 1987, Professor Beckson, using a great deal of previously unpublished material, produced a new biography, *Arthur Symons: A Life.* The present work is, effectively, the second volume of the *Life,* containing as it does a selection of Symons' extensive correspondence with such illustrious and time-spanning figures as Joseph Conrad, Edmund Gosse, Thomas Hardy, Augustus John, James Joyce, Verlaine and W. B. Yeats. Once again, Professor Beckson's entrepreneurial performance from the wings is flawless. This time he is joined in editorial partnership with John M. Munro. Not the most minute nuance, the slightest ambiguity, the tiniest cross-referring clue is permitted to escape the embracing network of their illuminating notes. They are zealously off in pursuit of every elucidating and enriching fragment of data, like demented lepidopterists wielding all-capturing butterfly nets, and pinning their flitter of facts securely for scholarly inspection.

Although Symons's unwavering ambition was to be a Poet, and he achieved it (though with a lowercase 'p'), *sub specie* his lasting contribution has been *The Symbolist Movement in Literature,* published in 1899, when he was thirty-four. T. S. Eliot has written in 'The Perfect Critic', in *The Sacred Wood,* of his entire indebtedness to *The Symbolist Movement* for his introduction to those French poets — Verlaine, Laforgue, Rimbaud, De L'Isle Adam — who were to exert an enormous influence on his own work.

The corpus of Professor Beckson's excellent work has most ably underlined the spreading conviction that Arthur William Symons must be regarded as something considerably more than a footnote to the nineties.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

SHORTER REVIEWS

Elixir of Empire (Regency Press. £9.95). The author, P. J. Rich, is concerned in this interesting study particularly with the influence of British public schools in the government of the Empire during the nineteenth century. He argues that the public schools, the most private of all schools, 'had a significant place alongside diplomatic, economic, and geopolitical forces'. Colonial administrators were very largely drawn from public schools and they took with them the rituals which they had learnt and indulged in at school. 'Imperialism was frequently more reliant on ritual than on arms or money. Imbued with public schoolism, the British governed with ritualism'. Mr. Rich associates the influence of freemasonry with these school traditions. He also discusses the place of the public school since the demise of the Empire. It is a book which is likely to attract controversy.

The Big Search (Rosedean Publishers. £12.99). This is a pleasant account by Rose de Rothschild Schwittau of her search for her father whom she had not met or heard from since the days of the last war. She left England in May 1970, with her husband, four young children and a passenger, on the land route to India and Pakistan. Her search was successful in Katmandu. They returned by land, arriving back in England at the end of August 1970. This is in effect almost a day to day account of their journey. There is inevitably a great deal of repetition in the day to day narrative.

Avalon & Sedgemoor (Tabb House. £5.95). The authoritative guide to the plains of Central Somerset, Desmond Hawkins's skilfully written and researched account of this corner of England has been reprinted because of its appropriateness to a time when readers are acutely conscious of pressing problems in the countryside. Environmental preservation is one of its themes for Desmond Hawkins illustrates vividly the constant interplay between man and nature. He describes the traditional occupations of the rural communities such as cider-making, bee-keeping, peat-cutting, cheese-making and withy-growing, discussing with farmers, naturalists and archaeologists the difficulties attending their survival. He sets the scene of medieval England, the associated legends of King Arthur and the Round Table against the encroaching industrial surroundings. His experience of working with the BBC for 25 years in the West Region gave him unique insights into the rural population and their traditional role. It is a refreshing and original book.

American Literature, Volume 9. (Penguin Books. £6.95). The New Pelican Guide to English Literature, edited by Boris Ford, will be in eleven volumes. This latest one is the ninth. It contains authoritative and original essays by many hands not only on authors and the periods in which they wrote and lived but also pieces by their major critics in America and abroad. It has three sections: Part 1, Literature and Society in Colonial America (a long essay by Susan Manning), Part II, from Cooper to Henry James, Part III, The Modern Age and Part IV, Literature in the American Situation. It is an invaluable account of the American literary scene and every part of it repays serious consideration. Part V contains a bibliography, amply informative and beautifully presented.

Flashpoints: Studies in Public Disorder (Routledge. £8.95 Paperback Original). This book, written by David Waddington, Karen Jones and Chas Critcher, shows an attempt to look for the immediate underlying causes of escalating public disorder. Rioting is something that has more and more frequently to be countered in England and not in inner cities alone. The authors describe recent events, give the press reporting of many of them and examine their wider context from cause to effect. They deal with issues of legal rights, police-community relations and political representation. They draw on theories from sociology as well as social psychology and consult solicitors and trade unionists. They ask questions about the uncertain response of society so far and call for adequate communication channels between the law makers, the law breakers and the general public who are most often the victims. The authors suggest strategies for crowd control and the prevention of violence-provoking situations. All three are lecturers in Communication Studies at Sheffield Polytechnic.

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THE CONSOLIDATION OF REGIONAL POWER IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC

by Stephen Chan

EACH year, for the past two years, I have written articles in the *Contemporary Review* about the changing disposition of power among the nations of the South Pacific.[1] I wish now to comment further on a point I made in my last article, (April 1988), to do with the diminution of independent New Zealand action in the region, and that country's increasing reliance on Australia for defence initiatives and even equipment. Throughout 1989, a bitter debate has raged in New Zealand about the nature of this diminution, with some lamenting it and others asking whether the country requires any projection of its defence capacities at all — in short, a debate between those who wish to refurbish New Zealand's regional activism and capabilities and those who seek a coastal defence and a form of isolationism.

Historically, Australia and New Zealand have been the region's two local powers. Both were allied bastions, unconquered by the Japanese in World War II; both discharged colonial mandates after the war; and both, as industrial countries, had the wherewithal to project their interests across large expanses of ocean. In this last area, Australia had by far the greater capacity: larger, richer and more industrialised than New Zealand. For the New Zealanders, however, the investment in capital ships (frigates) seemed worthwhile in the postwar world because of the continuing sense of western alliance. The formal embodiment of this was membership in the ANZUS pact, and this brought not only the sense of alliance and usefulness but also military co-operation and, in particular, the idea of equally-shared burden for western interests in the South Pacific. Within ANZUS, the scarcely-examined but comforting notion was one of parity among the three partners. This sense of importance and purpose was greatly helpful in justifying naval expenditure.

With the coming of the first Lange Labour Government and the banning of nuclear (i.e. US) ships from New Zealand harbours came the effective suspension of New Zealand from ANZUS. The response of the Labour Government was to campaign for a nuclear-free Pacific on the one hand, and to insist upon the viability of conventional defence in the absence of the US nuclear umbrella. This viability, however, could not be sustained alone and New Zealand defence projections looked

increasingly to Australia as a partner.[2] The only problem was that, effectively, one country (Australia) was to replace two (Australia and the US), giving it considerable weight and leverage. New Zealand, with a smaller economic capacity, would be unable to resist these. All this set the scene for the bitter debate of 1989.

The occasion for bitterness lay in the proposal to purchase new frigates, but to do so through Australia. The Australians sought to purchase new ships of their own and saw value in placing an order that would also involve the New Zealand navy; this would give the naval equipment of the two nations a degree of conformity if not standardisation, and a large order of this sort would also mean a smaller unit cost. The problem was that, for a New Zealand Government then suffering an economic downturn (despite or because of monetarist policies normally heretical to a Labour administration), the combined cost of its units would still be substantial. By its own standards of fiscal accounting, a debate would have emerged on the cost-effectiveness of any government decision to replace its capital ships. By this time, however, the debate was bound to have been enlarged. The move towards anti-nuclearism had branched into a widespread public sentiment against military strength *per se*. The origin of this lay partly in the left wing of the Labour Party, which had long played with the idea of what it called 'semi-alignment' (though it never embraced the idea of neutrality or full non-alignment), but partly also in disillusionment with the idea of association with the behaviour of large powers. New Zealanders felt bullied by the US reaction to the no-nuclear-ships issue, and out-manoeuvred by the French over prison terms for those convicted of participation in the Rainbow Warrior sabotage.

Concurrent with these developing issues of foreign policy had been a fundamental debate on domestic policy — to do with the historical claims of the Maori population, how these might be translated into contemporary rights and reparations and, with a growing consciousness of ethnic tradition, what the nature of a changed nationalism, bearing in mind the Maori identity, might be. This had an impact on foreign policy. The question was asked whether it would be an authentic, i.e. Maori policy, to purchase frigates — ships large and powerful enough to project military power. Sonja Davies, to the left of the Labour Party but, nonetheless, Chairperson of the Foreign Affairs and Defence Select Committee, said that New Zealand foreign policy 'has always reflected Pakeha (white) rather than Maori attitudes and values'. She widened the base of her domestic critique by saying it had also 'reflected men's rather than women's aspirations', and then, from the basis of ethnic and gender critiques, advanced a case against frigates.[3] The Labour Government, while dismissing Davies's argument, nevertheless has always sought to sustain its hold on the emerging feminist and Maori constituencies.

Throughout the population generally a very public and unofficial defence review has been conducted. An organisation named 'Just Defence' has gathered great momentum for a purely coastal defence based on

corvettes, cheaper than frigates and unable to project military strength beyond New Zealand shores.[4] Not only has this led to the spectacle of learned discussion at all levels of the population on the comparative merits of corvettes and frigates, it has also led to an explosion of literature on foreign and defence policy which New Zealand has never previously seen.[5] Centres of Peace Studies have sprung up in the universities, whose only other recent growth had been the establishment or strengthening of Maori Studies. Some of the new literature on foreign policy is historically based, and recalls earlier governments and their flirtations with, for the sake of morality, the strengthening of international organisations and the enforcement (as the only enforcement to be encouraged or permitted) of international idealism — the old idea of a League of Nations police-force.[6]

All of this has meanwhile taken place amidst new strains in the South Pacific. Military coups in Fiji have occurred alongside governmental crises in other states. The nature of the Fijian coups, based on questions of ethnicity and original settlement, reflect also at least some of the nature of the Kanak uprising against French colonialism in New Caledonia. The French continue to test nuclear warheads in the South Pacific and various non-western powers, including the Soviet Union and Libya, have shown an interest in the region. None of this destabilises or unduly threatens the balance of power there, but the withdrawal of what had been a traditional and pro-western ingredient in this balance, that provided by New Zealand, would not reinforce western confidence.

As a result, Australia seems more than willing to raise her own profile in the region and to establish herself as the pre-eminent regional power. This gives a final clue to some of the bitterness in the New Zealand debate — still unresolved at the time of writing — and that is the rivalry that has long existed between the two countries. It has always been an uphill battle for the New Zealanders to compete with the Australians in any sphere (except rugby), but the idea of being incorporated into Australian military planning as something of an adjunct has rankled with New Zealanders of all political persuasions. Resistance to the frigates carries, therefore, a remarkable bipartisan strength — although most of the political right still argue for a strong defence capacity. The right, however, attacks Labour in two ways. Firstly, it probably truly wants the frigates for real reasons of a defence role in the region and lesser reasons of prestige; secondly, it lambasts Labour for taking New Zealand out of ANZUS and, thereby, increasing the need for new defence expenditure. The weakness in these two attacks is that a National (conservative) Government would face strong pressure from its own ranks to both rejoin ANZUS and to purchase the frigates — but doing either, let alone both, would incur major domestic protest.

All this has acted to make New Zealand at best an unreliable actor in projections of a future pro-western South Pacific and, at worst, has removed New Zealand from serious equations. The Australians, however, are firmly established in the equations and the projections. By default,

or by courtesy of their oldest regional rivals, they are in the process of consolidating their regional power in the South Pacific.

NOTES:

1. Stephen Chan, 'South Pacific Island States and the Superpowers', *Contemporary Review*, Vol. 250 No. 1453 (1987); and 'A Line-Up of Power in the South Pacific', *Contemporary Review*, Vol. 252 No. 1467 (1988).
2. See the New Zealand Government Defence White Paper of February 1987 .
3. Sonja Davies, 'The ANZAC Ships: a Misguided Choice', *New Zealand International Review*, Vol. XIV No. 2 (1989).
4. See Kevin Hackwell, 'The Case for Corvettes', *ibid.*
5. First and probably still best, Ramesh Thakur, *In Defence of New Zealand: Foreign Policy Choices in the Nuclear Age*, Boulder: Westview (1986). See also Kevin Clements, *Back from the Brink: The Creation of a Nuclear-Free New Zealand*, Wellington: Allen & Unwin (1988); Keith Suter, *Is There Life After ANZUS?*, Sydney: Pluto Press (1987); and Warren Thomson, June Gregg and Doug Craig, *Old Myths or New Options: The New Zealand Security Debate after the Nuclear Ships Ban*, Christchurch: Defence Alternatives Study Group (1988). There was also a great deal of literature, much of it detective reconstructions, after the French bombing of the Rainbow Warrior.
6. See Bruce S. Bennett, *New Zealand's Moral Foreign Policy 1935-1939: The Promotion of Collective Security through the League of Nations*, Wellington: N.Z. Institute of International Affairs (1988). See also Brian Porter's comments in 'David Davies: a Hunter After Peace', *Review of International Studies*, Vol. 15 No. 1 (1989), p.30.

[Stephen Chan is Lecturer in International Relations at the University of Kent. He, together with Professor A. J. R. Groom, will host a major conference on the South Pacific at Kent in January 1991. They have both recently held visiting appointments in New Zealand universities.]

The November number of the *Contemporary Review* includes *Malta After 25 Years of Independence* by Arthur J. Leaver, *Scottish Nationalism: Thus Far and No Further* by R. D. Kernohan and *What Price Caritas?* by James D. E. Knox.

THE IVORY COAST

by Keith D. Suter

THE cathedral with the world's tallest dome is nearing completion. It is being built in an African city (Yamoussoukro) which is hardly known in Britain. Yamoussoukro is the new capital city of the Ivory Coast, which itself rarely receives any mention in the British media. But, then, much of Africa remains the 'unknown continent' for the mass media in western countries. (What is said to be the first major book ever published in English on Equatorial Guinea has appeared this year in London: Max Liniger-Goumaz's *Small is not Always Beautiful: The Story of Equatorial Guinea* — two centuries after Portugal ceded it to Spain and 21 years after it gained independence).

Michael Buerk (the BBC television reporter who did so much to publicise the famine in Ethiopia), during his October 1988 visit to Australia, commented on how badly reported Africa's affairs are. 'To our viewers and to our listeners, Africa must seem like a place where people are killed by famine in the North, where blacks are killed by white policemen in the South, and nothing much happens but rhinos being killed by poachers somewhere in between.' According to Buerk, 'It's the reporter who's the endangered species in Africa. In the 1960s there were a dozen or more British correspondents alone, based in newly independent Africa — living there, specialising in its affairs and travelling widely throughout the continent. Now there are effectively none.' Western media organisations have cut their foreign news coverage of African affairs so that they can focus narrowly on the nations with economic and military clout. (A July 1989 Australian Government report, on Australian media coverage of the Third World, found that a Sydney commercial television station devoted only 2.9 per cent of its news stories to the Third World; this includes not only Africa, but also Latin America, South Asia and the Pacific). Additionally, many African governments do not tolerate media criticism and so they censor their own journalists and discourage foreign journalists from reporting their activities.

To receive British media coverage, most African nations need a famine, war, military coup or a Royal Tour. The Ivory Coast has had none of these and so is neglected by the British media. Good news is not news.

The object of this article is to provide some background information on the Ivory Coast. It deals with French colonial policy, the significant role of the Ivory Coast's sole President, the continuing importance of France to the Ivory Coast and the Ivory Coast's comparative economic success and political stability. It concludes, however, with three warnings about the nation's future.

The French have left their mark on West Africa. France remains influential in its former colony's affairs in a way that Britain is not. The British colonized the coasts and made deals with traditional rulers; the French went inland and took control themselves. The current French

economic and political arrangements are, therefore, much tighter than membership of the Commonwealth of Nations. This distinction is very important because little is to be gained from trying to view French West Africa through the prism of British colonial experience.

The French began their formal colonization of the Ivory Coast in 1893. The European impact began, of course, several centuries earlier with Portuguese traders and then the slave trade. Gradually the French and British bought out or forced out the interests of their European competitors. A patchwork of tribal divisions had imposed upon it a patchwork of colonial rule, which rarely (if ever) had boundaries which followed the tribal ones. By 1900, West Africa was divided into eight French colonies, four British ones, the Portuguese colony of Guinea-Bissau, the Spanish colony of Rio Muni and the independent nation of Liberia (initiated in 1822 as a home of freed Afro-American slaves, with land purchased by the American Colonization Society). The two German colonies, Togo and Cameroons, were confiscated in 1919 by the League of Nations and were administered by France and Britain.

The Balkanization of West Africa continues to plague the region. People continue to move across national boundaries in search of work. The former French colonies still have educational, cultural and social systems which reflect French tastes rather than just local traditions. Their economic priorities are still guided partly from Paris, rather than based on local or regional ones.

The country's recent history is dominated by Felix Houphouet-Boigny, born in 1905, who graduated, top of his class, from the medical school at Dakar in 1925. He was a medical practitioner for 15 years before entering politics. He was one of the founders of the African Democratic Rally, a political party in which several French West Africans learnt politics. Before the Ivory Coast became independent, he served as a representative in the French parliament and then in several cabinets. He became a minister in the de Gaulle Government. He must be one of the world's most affluent ex-medical practitioners — the new Yamoussoukro Cathedral, costing around US$250 million, is said to be financed from his family's own wealth.

The President is a benevolent dictator. He keeps no political prisoners, avoids accusations of torture, and talks about the value of freedom and private enterprise. However, there is no political opposition, the mass media are tightly controlled, and he runs the nation of 60 tribes by means of a personality cult.

The Ivory Coast had a smooth transition to independence in July 1960. But President Houphouet-Boigny was careful not to sever completely his nation's links with France. In April 1957, just after Ghana (the Gold Coast) obtained its independence from Britain, Kwame Nkrumah visited the Ivory Coast. Houphouet-Boigny was reported as saying: 'You are witnessing the start of two experiments. A wager has been made between the two territories, one having chosen independence, the other preferring the difficult road of building with the metropole

(France) a community of equal rights and duties... Let each of us undertake his experiment, and in 10 years we shall compare the results.' Within a decade, Nkrumah was in exile (he died in 1972, aged 63), Ghana was bankrupt and Nkrumah was remembered more for his work in achieving independence and his vision of a united Africa, rather than his skill in running an independent nation. Ironically, the Ivory Coast today has almost as many Ghanaians as migrant workers and students as there are people in Accra — such is the Ivory Coast's rapid economic development compared with Ghana's. The Ivory Coast's gross national product is twice the size of Ghana's and the per capita income is almost three times as large (because Ghana's population is larger than the Ivory Coast's). Ghana at the time of independence was the world's leading cocoa producer; that position is now held by the Ivory Coast. The region's comparative success is due to three factors: its relationship with France, the development of private enterprise and its reputation for political and economic stability.

The French connection is manifested in various ways. On a recent tour of the educational institutions in the new capital city, I was impressed by the colleges devoted to training students in public works. The nation emphasizes the need for skills in subjects which developed nations tend to look down upon, such as the construction of sewage systems, roads and bridges. It is proud of the fact that the ratio of education to military expenditure is one of the highest in Black Africa. The Ivory Coast has been able to give more finance to education and social welfare than to the military by sub-contracting the nation's defence to the French. One of France's largest military bases in Africa is near the old capital of Abidjan. This is a convenient place from which to deploy troops throughout French West Africa, notably in the intermittent conflict in Chad. Additionally, any foreign invasion of the Ivory Coast means that the invader would soon be engaged in fighting French forces. The Ivory Coast, then, gets its defence on the cheap and France gets a convenient, stable, staging post for its forces.

The Ivory Coast has a convertible currency (which is more than can be said for most — if not all — of the ex-British Black African colonies). French Black African colonies use the CFA Franc which is a common currency backed by the Bank of France. The Ivory Coast now has three times more French citizens (50,000) than it did at independence. (Throughout all of French Black Africa there are 300,000 French citizens — twice as many as in the late 1950s).

Finally, the French Government itself thinks highly of the President. For example, apparently to emphasize his advocacy of a North-South dialogue (between Western and Third World nations) President Mitterand sat between President George Bush and President Houphouet-Boigny, during the July 1989 French Bicentennial pageant. Bush symbolised the West and Houphouet-Boigny is one of the last surviving 'Fathers of Africa' who put their colonies on the road to independence.

The second feature of the Ivory Coast's recipe for success has been its

scope for private enterprise. Now that the USSR has recognised the weaknesses of centralised economic control and is encouraging its allies to permit 'personal enterprise', Houphouet-Boigny's conservative brand of economics seems rather avant-garde. Had Nkrumah still been in power, Mr. Gorbachev would doubtless be encouraging him to pay more attention to Houphouet-Boigny.

The Ivory Coast's economic stategy is based on a centrally-planned capitalist economy. Thus, the economy contains private business activities conducted within a government-controlled national framework, such as the State-run Stabilization Fund which has a monopoly over coffee and cocoa exports. The Government is also aware of the need to reduce reliance upon a few export commodities. It is following the policy of industrial zones, in which manufacturers are given tax concessions and other financial incentives to encourage their development. I was taken round a textile factory near Abidjan, which was as modern as one could expect to find in the UK — without the strikes and high wages. In the past decade, employment in the UK manufacturing sector has dropped by 25 per cent — much of it has been taken up by industrialising Third World countries like the Ivory Coast.

The country's economic success is heightened when compared with the West African region's economic disasters. For example, moving east from the Ivory Coast, there is Ghana, with its political corruption and repression (only five years of a democratically elected government in the past two decades), a flourishing black market (to evade rationing), high population growth, excessive reliance on the export of a few commodities, a foreign debt of US$3.5 billion in December, 1988, (with debt-servicing representing 60 per cent of export income), the currency devalued by 9,000 per cent between 1983 and 1988, and a drop in real income by 80 per cent in 1988, compared with 1970. Togo, the next country along the coast, also has a tale of economic woe. In the mid-1970s, Togo benefitted from the phosphate boom and decided to industrialise rapidly on the western model. It now has a foreign debt of over US$1 billion (in per capita terms higher than Ghana's because of its smaller population). In retrospect, Togo lacked the domestic wisdom of how to industrialise. Instead, it relied on foreign entrepreneurs, who provided bad advice and money was wasted on poor investments. Money was also frittered away on governmental luxuries (such as a presidential jet), prestige projects and increased military expenditure. Togo's standard of living is now lower than it was in the mid-1970s.

The Ivory Coast, is, then, by comparison a success story. Abidjan is the 'Manhattan of West Africa' with a skyline of buildings and traffic chaos similar to that of a developed country. The country has few land-based minerals worth exploiting but there is now offshore oil being extracted. Abidjan is gradually becoming the region's financial capital — with far less violence, pollution and chaos than its obvious rival Lagos. With the development of Yamoussoukro as the new political capital, Abidjan will have a role like that of New York (as the financial centre)

vis-à-vis Washington DC. Indeed, walking around Yamoussoukro reminded me of Canberra: wide roads, plenty of street-lighting, an airport large enough for the Concorde, one of the region's best golf courses, luxury buildings — but only 100,000 people.

For how long can the Ivory Coast maintain its reputation for economic growth and stability? For three decades, some pessimists have been predicting problems 'in the near future'. After all, the other former French colonies have descended into chaos. But the Ivory Coast has continued to thrive. There are three main problems on the horizon. First, the nation is heavily in debt to international financial institutions and private banks. Given the indebtedness of its neighbours and its economic potential, the debt may not be as burdensome as it is for many other nations. But it will still need to be paid back (or written off). Economic growth has been one of the adhesives which held society together. The nation has an expanding workforce of educated people with rising expectations. They will resist a protracted period of economic stringency so as to repay the foreign debts. Civil unrest will erode the nation's status as a stable place for investment. Additionally, commodity prices vary greatly from one year to the next and so a glut of coffee, for example, on the world market would be a grave setback for the Ivory Coast.

Second, President Houphouet-Boigny is now very old and ill — although he still does have the stamina for guest appearances (as in Paris last July). Virtually every office (governmental and private) seems to have his portrait on the wall. In a nation of such tribal and religious variety, the only symbol of unity seems to be himself. But there is no clear successor or even a system for succession.

Third, the country is becoming an environmental disaster zone. The 'Ivory' is disappearing from the Ivory Coast — perhaps only about 4,000 elephants remain in the country. 70 per cent of the region, in 1900, was covered by hardwood forests; now the figure is down to about 5 per cent. Periodic droughts deprive the hydroelectric turbines of water; Abidjan's air-conditioned buildings are disrupted by no air-conditioning, computer failures and no lifts operating. The Sahara desert is the size of the continental United States (minus Alaska) and grows by a quarter of a million acres per year. Half of Mali, to the Ivory Coast's north, is now desert and the desert is about 250 miles from the Ivory Coast. The continent's environmental crisis has created a new type of refugee — 'environmental refugees' — people who are forced off their own land by desertification and who move on to the land of adjoining tribes, thereby creating local conflicts. The Ivory Coast is a net importer of labour but its needs are for managers and factory staff, not dispossessed rural peasants.

The Ivory Coast has been called 'the African success story' and even 'the African miracle'. These terms, if anything, add only to one's despair about the rest of Black Africa.

CRANES IN PEKING

by George Evans

THE first faint stirrings of the revolutionary turmoil which — despite the brutal attempt of the government to suppress it — has now spread throughout China like some contagious epidemic, were apparent long before the students took to the streets of Peking. Among ordinary Chinese and not just students anxious to practise their English, there had been for months a compulsive urge to criticise the leadership and the system with a zeal which in other times would have bordered on the reckless. Even the Western package tourist swarming over the Great Wall or traipsing after their guides through the Forbidden City — perhaps especially the tourists — could not fail to be aware of the brooding sense of discontent, even the whiff of protest feeding on causes greater than the prevailing economic hardship, fuelled as it is by galloping inflation. There are few better or more reliable barometers of public opinion in China today than some of the official guides shepherding their captive audience of awestruck tourists through the highways and byways of that enormous land of wonders, ancient and modern. Tourism matters a great deal. In the first half of last year it brought in £600 million in sorely-needed hard currency from more than a million-and-a-half foreign visitors. At the last count there were no fewer than 38 new hotels under construction in Peking. The skyline is dotted with giant cranes, giving rise to the quip about the crane being Peking's commonest bird.

The Chinese tourist guides, young, often university-educated and fluent in several languages, are an important mainstay of the industry which could scarcely function without them. Some, in the entrepreneurial spirit of the new China, threw up safe but badly paid jobs as teachers and civil servants for the wider horizons and richer pickings in tourism. Such was William, (a name lightly bestowed on him by his English teacher) a smart, self-assured young man with a near-idiomatic command of English, well content with the status, rewards and job satisfaction which his work provided. 'That', he informed his coach load of British tourists as he escorted them back to their hotel, 'that is the old Forbidden City and that' — pointing in the direction of Zhongnan-hai, the walled compound in central Peking where China's rulers live in privileged seclusion — 'that is what we call the new Forbidden City. Ordinary people cannot go there'. The Chinese, William reflected, were naturally curious about that and about everything else. They asked many personal questions of strangers. How old are you? Are you married? How much do you earn? He would now, he announced, answer such questions about himself without waiting to be asked.

'I am 29. My wife is 22. We have a baby son. Since you have to wait many years to get an apartment in Beijing we live with my parents in the western part of the city. When the cultural revolution began my father was imprisoned for no reason. My mother then had only 40 yuan

a month to support the family. We mostly ate rice and vegetables. I was fifteen before I tasted chocolate. I went to junior, then middle and upper school but during the cultural revolution I had to go into a factory for eight years. I taught myself English and eventually gained entrance to the university where I read English. I became a teacher earning 70 yuan a month. Nobody wants to be a teacher, doctor, lawyer or accountant. They all earn far less than a coach driver. People want to work for themselves.

'I left teaching and because I could speak English I got this job as a tourist guide. I now earn three or four times as much but because I left State employment I no longer get State benefits, including a pension when I retire. I have to save what I can for my retirement. But if you save, say, 5,000 yuan you can either use it to buy a colour TV — nobody wants a black and white TV — or you can put it in the bank for your retirement though in twenty years it will probably only buy a bottle of wine.

'My wife qualified as a teacher of economics and earned slightly more than I did. When our son is old enough she will have to go back to work because I cannot earn enough to support the family. My parents will look after our son. When we decided to get married I had to obtain the permission of the Neighbourhood Committee, a body of about fifty senior citizens who decide on all matters affecting the local community. You have to get their approval to marry, to have a child or to move to another district. I was refused permission to marry because they thought my wife was too young. However, because I "knew someone" I was able to move to another district and there I was allowed to marry. When my wife became pregnant I sought permission to have a child but the committee there refused my request because they also said she was too young. So we had to move again before we got the necessary permission. In cities such as Beijing you are allowed to have only one child. If a couple have more than one they are punished by losing State benefits such as free education and medical care. In the country areas, a second child is allowed. If permission to have a child is refused and pregnancy has begun, abortion is compulsory. Up to now the government has paid for this but does so no longer. The family now have to pay for it themselves.'

Western values, materialism and consumerism, fed by western-style TV and commercial advertising have undoubtedly played a significant part in fanning the wind of discontent now blowing throughout China. Western tourists are still a privileged but no longer a rare or protected species. In the cities they are regarded with mild curiosity but not now with wonder or awe. In Peking which has a population of nine million, intrepid tourists were to be found any day in the ranks of the city's six million cyclists sweeping along the wide boulevards, past the Great Hall of the People round Tiananmen Square in waves like the vanguard of an advancing army. Foreigners cannot hire a self-drive car but they can rent a sturdy, no-nonsense sit-up-and-beg bicycle for a mere forty pence a day.

In downtown Peking, the Big Mac advertises its presence in blazing red, neon-lit Chinese characters. In the English-language *China Daily,* the serious, carefully-sanitised purveyor of all the news deemed fit to print, the Holiday Inn advertises 'draught beer and cheer' at its pub during the 'happy hour', 5-7pm. Share with your friends, it urges, hours of relaxation at Beijing's only pub, the Pig and Whistle. 'In the age-old tradition of England we'll offer pints of your favourite brew, titbits of snacks and draught beer, too.' Friday night is fish 'n chips night in Charlie's bar in the Jianguo Hotel — 'the place to be in Beijing', reads another mouth-watering invitation to the homesick tourist. 'Feast on fresh fillets and crisp golden chips served in a basket and wrapped in newspaper, of course' — the *People's Daily,* it is to be hoped and not a Chinese edition of the *News of the World.*

Chinese solicitude for the feelings of their guests is remarkable for the restraint shown when sensitive issues, chiefly historical ones, come to the surface. 'Some of this damage', William explained carefully to his attentive audience of Britons at the Hall of Supreme Harmony in the Forbidden City 'was caused by the Red Guards during the cultural revolution but the gold on these urns and incense burners was removed much earlier, scraped off by the foreign soldiers who invaded our country.' The soldiers in question were in fact European, including the British who in the last century committed greater acts of vandalism and wrought more havoc than any number of Red Guards. In the gardens of the Summer Palace which had also been vandalised by the same invaders, one of William's group, trying to identify a shrub, accidentally broke off a small twig and was instantly fined three yuan (fifty pence) — 50 fen for each of the six leaves — by the vigilant, unsmiling guardians of the palace.

William paid the fine and broke the embarrassed silence that followed by continuing where he had left off. 'The Chinese people believe in themselves, not in religion or communism', he pronounced. 'Nobody goes to the temples. We remember the cultural revolution and we can now criticise it openly as we can the government and the leaders. They don't like it but the difference now is that they won't do anything about it'. Bold words which, alas, were so soon to be tragically disproved by the massacre of Tiananmen Square. It was, after all, Mao whose vast mausoleum — wherein he lies enclosed in a crystal casket — dominates the square, who proclaimed the hard truth that in China power grows out of the barrel of a gun. In Peking last June it did just that.

IMPRESSIONS OF CHINA, JUNE 1989

by Kirsty McIntyre

CHINA seemed to conform so well to the preconceived stereotype I had of it. As soon as we approached the airport, I saw rice paddies growing up to the runway, hundreds of people in Mao suits on bikes and horse-drawn carts taking produce to market. I was not prepared, however, to see that image so shattered by the events which took place while I was there.

I came to China, knowing of the swelling numbers amassed in Tiananmen Square, hoping to find out more about their demands and more about the prevailing political system. I had heard that the soldiers were not wanting to enforce martial law and that a statue had been erected in Tiananmen Square. In the first few days in Kun-ming, a largely agricultural city in the far south of China, I saw crowds of people riding bikes along the street when suddenly hundreds of demonstrators walked by, led by a red flag. Many were not, apparently, students but workers and farmers marching in support of their demands. This demonstration was largely made up of waiters and waitresses and others in the hospitality trade, as well as farmers and peasants.

On Sunday the 3rd of June, my mother (a resident in China), an interpreter and I left to go travelling north, near the Tibetan border to see some traditional horse races. This area, still being fairly sensitive politically, was closed to foreigners. We were allowed only because my mother had a residency permit. We travelled for two days on a ricketty old bus through spectacular scenery ranging from semi-tropical rice paddies to alpine forests, and finally to the open wind-swept plains of Tibet. We passed little villages where people came out to stare in amazement at us 'big noses' or 'foreign devils' as they call foreigners, where wheat is threshed on the roads by passing vehicles.

When we returned to Kun-ming we were shocked to discover from travellers the news of the massacre in Tiananmen. We had seen the news bulletins on national Chinese TV, translated for us by our interpreter. We knew of some 'bad men' (literal translation) who set a train on fire, some soldiers who had been killed and pudgy-faced privates helping old women across the road. But we had no idea of the actual events, no count of numbers killed — indeed there was no mention of anyone, except soldiers, being killed. And we later discovered that the corpses of so-called soldiers were actually the charred unidentifiable remains of students.

It was a state of uncertainty, for travellers especially. We couldn't see anything to substantiate what we had heard from people (from short wave radios — the BBC, Voice of America and Radio Australia reports). In fact, the stories seemed so horrific that they were unbelievable. Then there was the obvious fictitious propaganda from the Chinese media. I learned that ignorance is fear, and with the embassies having pulled out,

it became danger.

Many travellers were trying to make a decision to leave or to stay. Travelling in the less strife-torn areas of south-eastern China, feelings ranged from panic and hysteria to a calm and stupefied indifference to what had happened.

Feelings of Chinese people in un-Kming had changed dramatically. Faces turned away when we walked down the street; strange, as many used to smile and greet my mother (who had lived there for a year). There was a depressed atmosphere, unnatural in the first burst of summer.

We were told by Chinese friends that, within the student and professional circles, people seemed to know what was happening. Most foreign radio stations have increased their broadcasting in China, many bulletins being in Chinese, too. The older people, having lived through the Cultural Revolution, seemed to be aware of the propaganda and the Chinese historical pattern of the continual loosening and tightening of control. The Government prohibited people to listen to 'Voice of America'; but on the TV news the next night the reader quoted from that station, to substantiate information.

Given the type of national press coverage in China, the demands of students which at first seemed to me to be placid and unthreatening, were in retrospect so naively ambitious. And they pointed dangerously to the central fabric of Chinese politics — propaganda and party corruption.

We learned, too, of the kind of legal proceedings an arrested student would have to go through. According to our friend, a Chinese lawyer, firstly there is a mock trial — the defence being chosen by the State. Then a student might be imprisoned (after taking part in a demonstration) for a relatively short time. But then during that sentence, a number of other crimes might be added to the list. For example, a student is said to have stolen something, set fire to a vehicle or raped a woman, in the past. So the prisoner might end up with a much longer sentence, or perhaps execution.

It seemed a really ironic twist of fate that Gorbachev's visit, pushing for 'democratic' reforms and demobilising his troops from the Mongolian border — led to the massacre in Beijing. Apparently, none of the soldiers had any background knowledge of the events in May. They were told to kill these 'bad men', the 'counter-revolutionaries'.

The farming people, being the mainstay of it all, carry on as usual, most of them having gained little real financial or other advantage from the so-called 'communist' system. They are, on the whole, much poorer than urban Chinese and much poorer than party officials who drive through their mud villages in spanking new Range Rovers, passing peasants pulling carts on dirt roads. They are the ones who have always been under some oppressive power. You can see an entire history in their eyes — from the tyrannical war lords to the traumas of the Cultural Revolution. Still, they keep working, from dawn till dusk, like the bullocks ploughing the fields.

CHANGING DOCTOR-PATIENT RELATIONSHIPS: PART 2: THE EFFECTS

by Clifford Hawkins

> I would make it compulsory for a doctor using a brass plate to have inscribed on it, in addition to the letters indicating his qualifications, 'Remember that I too am mortal'.
>
> From the preface to *The Doctor's Dilemma* by Bernard Shaw.

COMPLAINTS against doctors are not new; they have existed for centuries. The sayings of famous writers and wits have immortalised them.

The inability to cure was a common jibe:

> The doctor is a man who writes prescriptions till the patient either dies or is cured by nature. (John Taylor, 1694-1761).
>
> God heals and the doctor takes the fee. (Benjamin Franklin, 1706-1790).

Roger Bacon, the scientist, wrote an essay in the thirteenth century about the mistakes of doctors *(De Erroribus Medicorum)* and some of this could have an element of truth today: 'Medical men don't know the drugs they use, nor their prices', and — in spite of remarkable developments of new drugs and pathophysiology — there could be some truth relating to some drugs in the remark by Voltaire: 'Doctors are men who prescribe medicine of which they know little to human beings of which they know nothing'.

Modern technology today is advanced but therapy lags behind. Patients may be intensively investigated in order to reach a diagnosis though no treatment is possible, so the aphorism of Immanuel Kant (1724-1804), the philosopher, is apt: 'physicians think they do a lot for a patient when they give his disease a name'.

Complaints are now frequent because the public expects more from doctors, and the medical scene has changed as is described in Part 1. False expectations of cure are raised; lay pressure groups may highlight misconceptions; the increased power over life and death provided by modern technology creates new moral dilemmas for doctors; and ethics is in the front line of medico-politics. Barely a week passes without the media portraying some ethical predicament and perhaps pillorying the medical profession, although the issue is likely to remain grey rather than black and white.

Specific complaints against doctors

Generalisations are unavoidable and may be resented by the many doctors whose attention to patients is above reproach. However, complaints and grumbles are often about the behaviour of doctors and not about any technical incompetence. The studies of Rudolf Klein,[1] Professor of Social Policy in the University of Bath, provided hard data about complaints concerning general practitioners in the UK. Formal complaints dealt with by the Executive Councils (now the Family Practitioner Committees) consisted of such matters as the following: 10.9% were about inadequate examination, 5.3% alleged failure to refer patients to

specialist or hospital services and 14.7% were about the failure to visit or delay in visiting due to a lapse either in organisation or judgement of the doctor. Nearly a fifth were about the manners and remarks of GPs — a possible aggravating factor in the bringing of formal complaints or even legal action — and complaints about the attitude of receptionists were then on the increase. Klein wrote that personal friction was inevitable in any service involving a large number of face-to-face contacts on every day of the week and at most hours of the day, but he stressed the point that it was not the technical quality of the service which mattered most to patients — in fact this seemed to matter least of all. Some cases fell into the stereotyped categories of the 'bad doctor' or 'vexatious patient' but most involved a more subtle play of personalities and clash of conception about the role of the doctor and of the patient.

The aim of a perfect doctor-patient relationship is as difficult to achieve in hospital as in general practice and the problems were well described in a detailed and informed study entitled *Human Relations and Hospital Care;*[2] the work was full of statistical data but was also garnished with anecdotes and statements by patients, such as the following:

> 'They examine you and wander off in the distance without telling you how you are getting on'.
> 'They leave you in the dark too much; if only they treated you as if you could understand something. The doctors especially were very superior; they did not tell you anything'.
> 'You're an entity and you are known by name and you call the doctors "doc". It's very easy to get to them, none of these formalities. You can always have an interview and can have a man-to-man talk with them. They told you step by step what was wrong and what they were going to do'.
> 'A little black doctor. He had a lovely smile. It made you feel better just to see him. He seemed to have more patience. He was bright and cheerful. Others would come and look stern, you expected the worst'.
> 'What a lovely fellow. Is he a proper doctor? He talked to me as if I were a real person'.

The failure of doctors to listen or explain causes the greatest disruption of the doctor-patient relationship. Unfortunately the word 'communication' is used too commonly today and often so loosely that it risks losing its impact and meaning. This would be a pity as many of the world's problems are caused precisely by failure to communicate. In medicine, it mainly covers listening and talking. 'Words', wrote the distinguished member of parliament, Lady Violet Bonham Carter, 'may act on man like dynamite, lull man to sleep, lead and mislead'. It is also true that the unwitting misuse of words may spoil a patient's life by creating unnecessary anxiety, although more often lack of words creates worry or even litigation.

An obstacle to communication in hospital is the inaccessibility of the consultant on his formal round when usually accompanied by the sister (head nurse), resident doctor and students. Surrounded by white coats and lying half-naked in bed disarms most people whatever their social status. Furthermore it is easy for the staff to underestimate the desire for information of the modern patient or to assume that he knows: in a study of 504 patients and their reactions to investigations, it was found that patients were told about unusual complicated procedures such

as cardiac catheterization though often nothing about common ones such as taking a sample of blood or a barium meal examination of the stomach. It was assumed that the patients would know.[3] Sometimes the doctor says nothing in order to avoid worrying the patient, although knowledge is more likely to allay anxiety — even for those with cancer. It is easy to overlook the fact that patients forget or do not listen properly; hence the frequent unfair accusation that 'I was told nothing' when the doctor had in fact taken time to talk and explain. Also, communication is a two-way process and patients may not ask questions although given plenty of opportunity to do so.

The Medico-legal Crisis

Doctors, like everyone else, can make mistakes. Fortunately these are seldom serious and can usually be put right. Formerly, an explanation and apology to the patient was all that was needed and this — in many cases — is still so; but more and more patients have the tendency to go to law — no doubt tempted by newspaper headlines which reveal the large sums awarded.

'Litigation', an American stated, 'has become a mania in the USA — against everyone'. This judgement may be considered unfair by other Americans, for the USA is a vast country, a continent, and to generalise can be misleading. However, the crisis there has reached serious proportions. Malpractice suits in the USA were uncommon until the late 1960s when the frequency of claims per physician began to increase at an unprecedented rate. The frequency of claims as reported by the St. Paul Company, the largest writer of medical malpractice insurance in the USA, was 4.3 claims per 100 insured physicians in 1970, 7.8 claims in 1976, and 18.3 claims in 1986. Yet nearly one half of these claims were undeserving and only 6% came to court.[4] Another report showed that two thirds of all American obstetricians have been sued once and one fifth have been sued at least three times. Malpractice premiums for obstetricians may be as high as $70,000 a year or more in some states. Many obstetricians are said to be giving up delivering babies and concentrating on gynaecology and some midwives are stopping practice because of fear of litigation. The reason for this is that any complication, however natural and simple, is blamed on the obstetrician; one cynic has suggested that 'if your son does not do well at Harvard, sue the obstetrician for brain damage at birth'.

Doctors in the UK have for some years been looking uneasily over their shoulders at medico-legal developments in the USA, and the situation in Britain is worrying: the number of doctors being sued is increasing, higher amounts are being awarded in negligence cases — up to one million pounds recently — and legal costs are increasing. Many believe that the severity of the crisis in the USA is unlikely to occur in the UK: there is the presence of the Welfare State and National Health Service and the Medical Defence Societies to which doctors belong. These give expert advice and refuse to settle nuisance suits; and juries, which may be swayed unduly by emotion and be ignorant of the medical aspect,

do not try cases, nor are there the contingency fee lawyers where the lawyer will take on a case free of charge and send in a bill (perhaps taking up to 40% of the award) only if he wins.

Patients are likely to receive an award in cases of *definite* malpractice as the policy of the Medical Defence Bodies in the UK is to settle as soon as possible and without going to court. However, many cases are neither black nor white and lie in a grey area. Take, for example, the baby born with brain damage; recent work has shown that many occur during pregnancy and are not due to the obstetrician's mismanagement of labour. An analysis[5] of one hundred medico-legal cases affecting hospital doctors in the National Health Service showed that 16 concerned minor problems that were an unavoidable risk of treatment, such as slight infection of an abdominal wound that responded to an antibiotic or an unabsorbed nylon suture. Thirty-nine were due to natural causes which no doctor could have anticipated or prevented. In other cases, it was debatable whether a medical accident or negligence was responsible. At the end of three years 73 actions had been withdrawn, 12 settled out of court, and one lost in court by the plaintiff, 14 were pending, 9 of these being likely to reach court on charges of negligence. Contributory causes were failure of communication in 27 cases and matters connected with the patient's attitude or personality in 20.

This study illustrated the fact that much time and money are spent on cases which should never have started. Many claims seemed hardly to justify an endeavour that might result in a file containing one hundred letters and 120 pages of writing before the case was withdrawn. For example, one file of this size concerned a small scar on a woman's buttock — a coloured photograph with a ten pence piece beside it illustrated its diminutive nature — which apparently resulted from a pressure sore contracted when an epidural anaesthetic was given to relieve pain during the successful delivery of a healthy child. Lawyers seemed ignorant of medical matters, such as whether complications were due to natural causes or resulted from a mishap; it may be an advantage that some in the UK are specialising in medico-legal work as this may result in the number of futile and hopeless cases being reduced.

Defensive Medicine

The confidence of many doctors in the USA has been shattered because of the frequency of litigation against them, the fact that it may take some years of worry before the case is resolved and the enormous cost of insurance premiums. This has resulted in the doctor's professional judgement being influenced by legal instead of clinical considerations, so that he or she orders investigations for fear of litigation. The financial risk which doctors and hospitals could face in courts if anything went wrong is the cause of x-rays being taken of almost every injury, however minimal, batteries of laboratory tests in case something is overlooked, more hazardous operations not being performed, and the length of stay in hospital extended 'to be on the safe side'.

Defensive medicine probably accounts for caesarian sections being

four times as common in the USA than in some European countries — although the frequency of this is also increasing in the UK; the obstetrician does this to avoid the rare risk of brain damage if delivery through the vagina proves difficult. Another example is the preservation of life in a brain-damaged infant because of the pressure from 'Pro-Life' lay groups.

Also American obstetricians may refrain from doing ultra-sound examinations in pregnant women for the purpose of discovering any abnormalities of the fetus as different interpretations are sometimes possible so that lawyers can make use of this if they get hold of the films. 'Medicine', said the renowned physician, Sir William Osler, in 1906, 'is a science of uncertainty and an art of probability' and this is largely true today. Every new treatment is a form of experiment, however carefully it has been tested on animals or in the laboratory; so defensive medicine could result in no treatment, no new operation and no research — medicine comes to a standstill. Of course, most doctors, like everyone else, will perform better if a penalty exists for misdeeds — providing this is not too great.

The penalty was somewhat excessive when an ancient King named Hammurabi (about 2,000 BC) drew up a code of laws which was engraved on a pillar of stone and set in the temple at Babylon — the oldest code in existence. It dealt with property, criminal offences, marriage laws, and with laws relating to medical practice. It stated that 'if the doctor shall treat a gentleman and shall open an abscess with a bronze knife and shall preserve the eye of the patient, he shall receive ten shekels of silver; if the doctor shall open an abscess with a bronze knife and shall kill the patient or shall destroy the sight of the eye, his hands shall be cut off'. The penalty was less drastic for a slave: 'he shall replace the slave with another slave'. Such reprisals could have deterred an ambitious surgeon in Babylon and might have resulted in conservative rather than surgical treatment of an abscess. No statistics are available as to the intake of medical students after this law was passed, but Herodotus, some years later, reported that 'there were no physicians in Babylon'.

Informed Consent — A Euphemism?

Increasing litigation against doctors has focused attention on the need to obtain the patient's consent before starting surgical or medical treatment. Most consent is implied and not written; otherwise medical practice would come to a halt. The fact that someone visits the doctor or goes to hospital or holds out an arm for a sample of blood to be taken means acceptance; and undressing and lying on the examination couch is non-verbal consent to examination but, of course, not to anything else. In an ideal world, treatment and its possible risk are best discussed; writing it down just creates fear, and the longer the document, the greater this becomes. Hitherto the consent form in the UK which the patient is asked to sign before having an operation has been simple: it briefly mentioned the operation though nothing more; an addition, in the last five years, has been to mention on the form for women under-

going sterilisation that, however perfectly the operation is done, there is a slight risk of failure, the purpose of this being to avoid the patient sueing if the operation is unsuccessful.

The idea of informed consent — where the patient is given all details about the risks of the operation — began in the USA in the 1960s, the function being similar to that of ethical committees: to protect the patient but, more so, to protect the doctor. Patients should, it was thought, be told all the risks or benefits of treatment and the possible alternatives should be explained to them. But a cynic would say that it is never possible completely to describe the operation and its complications to a patient, except when the patient is another doctor, as it takes many years for a doctor to qualify and another ten to reach the level of knowledge of the surgeon who is to carry out a complicated operation; so it is impossible to inform the patient in ten minutes. Consent forms in the USA have reached the size of booklets with details covering every possible complication and procedure, and below* is a parody of one.[6]

The medical defence bodies and lawyers in the UK consider that the primary purpose of the consent form is to provide evidence of consent to the procedure and of this being done with due care and formality; they have not advised that special hazards are recorded on these forms, but if an operation carries with it a specific and significant risk which the surgeon has expressly mentioned to the patient, it is wise to record this in the case notes. Consent is not needed in an emergency or unanticipated condition where immediate action is necessary to preserve the life or health of the patient who is in no condition to give informed consent; the physician or surgeon then has a duty to do whatever the occasion demands. Consent to treatment provides a difficult ethical problem when, for example, dealing with the mentally subnormal or psychiatric patients — or religious objectors; Jehovah's Witnesses will not allow a blood transfusion so the doctor in the casualty department is presented with a dilemma. Giving blood in opposition to the wishes of the patient is an assault in law whether or not the life is in peril: however, if this did lead to a court action, it would be unlikely to succeed — hence many doctors faced with an urgent situation will be inclined to get on with it and give blood.

Consent remains a matter which is likely to trouble doctors more and more in the future. Should they tell the patient everything or withhold some details to avoid worrying the patient? Hard data obtained by questioning patients usually indicate that doctors should not insist on getting 'fully informed consent' from anxious patients, but nor should they deny detailed information to enquiring ones. However, patients can be divided into two groups: those who wish to know every detail of the diagnosis, treatment and possible complications — probably a minority — and those who (like the writer) prefer to choose a doctor in whom they have trust and leave themselves in his or her hands.

Relationships in the Future

When a medical mishap occurs, it should really lead to better care of

the patient and closer rapport with the doctor; but in practice it results in confrontation. This is because of the legal system: Britain and America have in common an adversarial approach and the outcome of litigation may depend more on the debating ability of the barrister than the truth of the matter. Patients have no other choice when they suspect an error of diagnosis or treatment than a lawsuit: even in the UK, the various avenues of complaint in the National Health Service only deal with conduct and terms of service of doctors, but thought is being given to improving this system. In Sweden and in New Zealand, the method of no-fault compensation where awards are made without the need for a court action against the doctor, provides patients with a fair way of complaining about clinical and other problems and benefits doctors, who are hardly ever at risk of lawsuits or suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous publicity; but there should be no escape from discipline for proved negligence.[7] However, no-fault compensation is unlikely to come about in the UK, although it is being discussed seriously. Meanwhile, the better the doctor-patient relationships, the less likely are futile and time wasting legal cases. The keystone to this is better communication, for most patients are more anxious to find out what has gone wrong than to make money.

Most doctors would agree today that the best way to avoid misunderstandings is a partnership based on mutual respect. Kindness, consideration and sensitivity are ingredients which ensure this, whereas an abrasive and insensitive attitude generates mistrust and misconceptions. High technology medicine with its expensive, complex and often alarming equipment can hinder close relationships with patients, as the doctor's attention may be diverted by the intricateness of scientific investigations. The patient then becomes the duodenal ulcer in the end bed instead of Mr. Robinson, the window cleaner. Doctors have to be up-to-date technicians in treating organic disease but, in most conditions, there is also the psychological component. There is no means of measuring this, no biochemical tests to detect it — and it can easily be missed in the complexities of advancing scientific medicine and cannot be treated by pills. The art of medicine is to treat the whole person and not just the disease, an approach that is being taught in special sessions in many medical schools. Formerly, medical students have learnt about achieving good doctor-patient relationships from observing the behaviour of their teachers but it is important to have formal teaching, in case this falls short of the ideal.

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*PROPOSED INFORMED CONSENT FORM FOR HERNIA PATIENT

I, ..., being about to be subjected to a surgical operation said to be for repair of what my doctor thinks is a hernia (rupture or loss of belly stuff — intestines — out of the belly through a hole in the muscles), do hereby give said doctor permission to cut into me and do duly swear that I am giving my informed consent, based upon the following information:

Operative procedure is as follows: The doctor first cuts through the skin by a four-inch gash in the lower abdomen. He then slashes through the other things — fascia (a tough layer over the muscles) and layers of muscle — until he sees the cord (tube that brings the sperm from testicle to outside) with all its arteries and

veins. The doctor then tears the hernia (thin sac of bowels and things) from the cord and ties off the sac with a string. He then pushes the testicle back into the scrotum and sews everything together, trying not to sew up the big arteries and veins that nourish the leg.

Possible complications are as follows:

1. Large artery may be cut and I may bleed to death.
2. Large vein may be cut and I may bleed to death.
3. Tube from testicle may be cut. I will then be sterile on that side.
4. Artery or veins to testicles may be cut — same result.
5. Opening around cord in muscle may be made too tight.
6. Clot may develop in these veins which will loosen when I get out of bed and hit my lungs, killing me.
7. Clot may develop in one or both legs which may cripple me, lead to loss of one or both legs, go to my lungs, or make my veins no good for life.
8. I may develop a horrible infection that may kill me.
9. The hernia may come back again after it has been operated on.
10. I may die from general anesthesia.
11. I may be paralysed if spinal anesthesia is used.
12. If ether is used, it could explode inside me.
13. I may slip in hospital bathroom.
14. I may be run over going to the hospital.
15. The hospital may burn down.

I understand: the anatomy of the body, the pathology of the development of hernia, the surgical technique that will be used to repair the hernia, the physiology of wound healing, the dietetic chemistry of the foods that I must eat to cause healing, the chemistry of body repair, and the course which my physician will take in treating any of the complications that can occur as a sequela of repairing an otherwise simple hernia.

..... Patient

..... Lawyer for Patient

..... Lawyer for Doctor

..... Lawyer for Hospital

..... Lawyer for Anesthesiologist

..... Mother-in-Law

..... Notary Public

..... Date

..... Place

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[Part 1 of Dr. Clifford Hawkins's article appeared in the *Contemporary Review* in September (No. 1484, Vol. 255).]

THE SMOKE TAX MUDDLE

by S. Cameron

THE 1989 budget has brought protest about the failure of the government to raise the level of direct taxation on cigarettes. As in other years when the rate was raised there has been a failure to grasp certain implications which follow from the belief that smoking can be controlled by tax induced price rises.

The idea that taxes on smoking will lower consumption seems to derive from the fundamental economic concept of a demand curve. We generally accept that the higher the price of a good the lower will be its consumption. Economists distinguish two factors that produce this result. The first is that the good becomes dearer relative to alternatives, thereby inducing a shift of expenditure towards the alternatives. The second is that the price rise effectively lowers the ability to purchase all goods. A draconian cigarette tax would thus force the smoker who does not quit entirely to consume less of all other things as well as tobacco. It follows from both of these effects that a tax rise would cut consumption. However there is also the implication that a rise in disposable income will increase the amount of smoking. In previous years in which heavy tax rises have been slapped on smoking, anti-smoking campaigners have totally overlooked this. The same budgets which they applauded have contained changes in the amount of income free from tax, cuts in the basic rate of income tax etc. all of which serve to promote smoking. These were not, of course, intended to promote smoking but this makes no difference to the outcome. If we think price changes influence smoking then we must accept a role for disposable income. In the discussion of the budgets over the years no one has ever attempted to calculate the overall impact of the combined budget changes on the purchase of cigarettes. We now explain how these calculations can be carried out.

A host of statistical studies, by economists, and others, has included the price of cigarettes and the disposable income of consumers as explanations of the amount of smoking. Most of these studies use data for the total population of the country. Generally these studies find that a ten per cent rise in the price of cigarettes leads to a fall of around 2-3 per cent in the sales of cigarettes. A 10 per cent rise in disposable income brings a growth of about 1 per cent in the sales of cigarettes.[1] According to these figures, any budget which does not raise the price of smoking by one third to a half the percentage by which it increases disposable income will fail to retard smoking.

The belief that taxes will cut smoking thus implies an additional belief that smoking is connected with income in such a way that better off people may smoke more. Casual observation and successive household surveys indicate that is not the case. Data on individuals show that smoking is more frequent amongst lower income groups. If we wish to argue from this that smoking goes down *because* of the increase in income then

we run into the notion that cigarettes are what economists call 'inferior' goods. If they are inferior goods they are still inversely related to price even though they are positively related to income. Recall that a tax created price rise pushes down the capacity to buy *all* goods. This implies that a given tax rise will be less effective in curbing demand for an inferior good.

There is good reason to doubt that the lower smoking rates of richer people are actually a result of income as such. If they were we would expect to see those who are better off increase their smoking if their disposable income fell slightly. The connection is more probably one of class and lifestyle with smoking than one of income and smoking. Lower income groups may smoke more because of the type of work which they do. Manufacturing jobs are conducive to the regular intake of stimulants. Smoking tends to be embodied in factory life as a group ritual, making it hard to give up. Differences in smoking rates also reflect variable responses to health information. The studies mentioned earlier have concluded that health warnings have been crucial to the secular decline in tobacco intake. A health conscious culture is, in Britain, a mainly middle class phenomenon. It is not then income itself which determines smoking behaviour. Some support for this is found in a recent study which is like those cited above except that it examines demand separately for social classes one to five.[2] In this work it is usually found that, within any social class, there is no impact of price and income on smoking.

I am sure that few people would be startled by the above conclusion. We can all agree that if cigarettes had a phenomenally high price people would give up but it is very unlikely that any government would implement such a policy. A strong bar to government action is the crucial factor of the dependency of many jobs on smoking. Besides jobs in tobacco companies themselves, there are many other jobs in advertising, retail etc. arising from knock on effects. Research currently being undertaken by the author shows that governments do adjust cigarette taxes in response to the purported health effects of smoking but they are even more responsive to potential job losses.[3] Most economists would argue that the job loss worry is largely bogus as the resources will flow to other sectors of the economy where new jobs, more beneficial to society, will spring up. The difficulty with this is that it takes time. Concentrating on non-fiscal solutions allows tobacco companies time to redirect their energies; thus there is less disruption in employment than there might otherwise be.

NOTES:

1. S. F. Witt & C. L. Pass. The effects of health and advertising on the demand for cigarettes. *Scottish Journal of Political Economy.* 1981, Vol. 28, No. 1.
2. Joy, L. Townsend. 'Cigarette Tax, Economic Welfare and Social Class Patterns of Smoking', *Applied Economics,* 1987, Vol. 19, No. 3.
3. Analyses differences in the tax rate between different States in the United States.

[Dr. S. Cameron is a Lecturer in Economics at Staffordshire Polytechnic.]

PERSPECTIVES OF THE NAZI-SOVIET PACT: HITLER'S AND NAPOLEON'S DEALINGS WITH RUSSIA

by C. C. Aronsfeld

THE 50th anniversary of the Nazi-Soviet Pact (23 August 1939) recalls that rarely did history repeat itself more strikingly than in this decisive phase of Hitler's career when compared with that of Napoleon. Both were out to conquer the world and having failed to subdue England, pursued their ambition by trying to win power over Russia.

Hitler had his eyes on Russia ever since he entered politics and in *Mein Kampf* he minced no words about his aggressive aims. The expansion of Germany, he wrote, was possible only at the expense of Russia, and that 'gigantic empire' was 'about to collapse' because it had been 'handed over to Bolshevism' and so 'deprived of that intelligentsia which was the guarantor of its national existence'. In bringing about this constellation, Hitler explained, 'Providence' had given Germans a 'clear hint' that, since Russia's 'Teuton element' had long been ruling an 'inferior race' anyway, they were now called upon to inherit the kingdom. That event would be 'the most tremendous confirmation of the racial *Weltanschauung*'.

As soon as Hitler was in power, the slogan of 'anti-Bolshevism', reinforced with antisemitism, became widely popular, not only in Germany, though not everywhere was it realised that the steadily more strident war cry was designed to unite all Europe in a grand German crusade.

When this device failed, Hitler decided on the more sophisticated strategy which had already yielded good results. If the whole of Europe would not respond to his 'anti-Bolshevist' lures, he would apply the 'One by One' rule which he explains in his book: you divide the path before you into several successive stages and then make every effort to overcome them, step by step; only then will you reach the final goal. In that way (he was sure) even 'seemingly impossible demands' have a chance of being enforced. Accordingly, he split his opponents in East and West by concluding, much to universal amazement, the Non-Aggression Pact with the intended victim, the Bolsheviks of Russia.

It was, albeit cynical, a bold stroke and a plum of diplomacy. Now the 'Jewish' bogeymen of Communism disappeared, and propagandist magic conjured up respectable 'Russian national interests' which enabled Hitler to be undisturbed as he struck down Western Europe — with the admittedly embarrassing exception of Britain which however, after Dunkirk and the Blitz, 'sitting on its solitary island', could be written off (he fancied) as virtually out of action.

This was fine. The Soviet pact served its purpose, from Hitler's point of view, admirably — too admirably from Stalin's point of view who

expected a stalemate in the West that would leave him as the arbiter of Europe. The pact fully bore out Hitler's conception of this, as indeed of *any* alliance — that if its purpose was not war it was meaningless. But this was to prove true also within this German alliance with Soviet Russia, on which *Mein Kampf* had something painfully relevant to say: 'Were such an alliance ever concluded it would constitute the blueprint for the next war. Its outcome would be the end of Germany' (p.749). This, written in 1926, was perhaps Hitler's only, non-self-fulfilling, prophecy that came true: the pact was the end of his Germany, and even his calculated treachery in pouncing on Russia without a declaration of war did not make any difference.

It was the same procedure that had been followed by Napoleon when he invaded Russia in 1812, though the facts of geography required a different approach. He was not hemmed in between East and West. His main concern was to make sure of Britain which had taken a vigorous stand against his early aggressions. Nine years of inconclusive warfare were interrupted by the equivalent of a 'Munich conference', the 'peace' of Amiens (1802), which Napoleon regarded (like Hitler at Munich) as but a stage on his road towards world domination. He almost immediately prepared for an invasion of England, the chief obstacle in his relentless campaign. When direct action failed (as did Hitler's 'Sea Lion' in 1940), he decided on indirect action which would deprive England of any support she might hope for on the Continent. Consequently, he attacked those potential supporters, the European countries, which were eliminated one by one, notably Prussia and Austria, even for a brief encounter a Russian force which, however, was not pursued.

The time had not yet come to take on Russia: the main stumbling block remained England. So now was thought to be the moment to secure the assistance of Russia. After their previous brief brush, the two Emperors met at Tilsit, on 25 June 1807, to recast the map of Eastern Europe, precisely as Hitler and Stalin did. Napoleon's chief interest was, like Hitler's, to manipulate the Russians in such a way as to make them serve his ambition to strike at Britain and her Empire. With England on his mind all the time, he declared after his return from Tilsit, 'only England still continues to oppose me', and she would soon be bankrupt; he was delighted to find 'all nations rejoicing at the prospect of England's evil influence on the Continent being destroyed for ever'.

Since he could not attempt to cross the Channel after his fleet's decisive defeat at Trafalgar, he devised a plan for a joint Franco-Russian attack on India: an allied army was to march into Persia, via Constantinople, to threaten the heart of Britain's Empire, so striking a blow that England was unlikely to survive. By thus embroiling Russia in Asian affairs and at once (hopefully) reducing Britain's power, the scheme would leave Napoleon free to proceed as he pleased. No doubt the plan was well laid but the Tsar did not take the bait; he had his own interests in Constantinople which he did not mean to share — least of all with a partner so devious and full of guile.

The same trick was to have been played by Hitler. He wanted Russia to recognise that her territorial aspirations were far away from Europe, down south, towards Turkey, the Arabian nights and the Indian Ocean. 'If he could persuade Stalin to accept such a settlement (Alan Bullock writes in his Hitler biography), he 'believed he would be able to divert Russia from her historic expansion towards Europe, the Balkans and the Mediterranean — areas in which she was bound to clash with Germany — southwards to areas such as the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean, where Germany had no interest and where Russia would at once become embroiled with the British. It was a bold but transparent proposal which cut right across both the traditions and the interests of Russia'.

The whole treaty was an expedient to suit the contradictory designs of the high contracting parties. 'Napoleon saw in it a means of subjecting the Continent', while 'the Tsar hailed it as a breathing space wherein he could reorganise his army', writes Holland Rose in his *Life of Napoleon I* (1922), adding: 'On the surface everything was friendship and harmony... But beneath these brilliant shows there lurked suspicions and fears'. This equally applied to the Nazi-Soviet relationship, and it must seem more than doubtful, as Soviet scholars now assert, that Stalin was 'fooled' by Hitler and, disregarding warnings, stayed unprepared. He can reasonably be assumed to have known, as the Tsar did in a similar case, that war was best avoided by arming to meet it.

But there also were hopes: 'Napoleon hoped that before so mighty a confederacy as was framed at Tilsit, England would bend the knee' (says Holland Rose). 'The Emperor who had shattered Prussia in a day might well believe that the men of Downing Street, expert only in missing opportunities... would not dare to defy the forces of United Europe'.

Likewise, the Germans miscalculated in 1939. When Russia was invaded in 1941, their chief newspaper, *Völkischer Beobachter* confessed: as a result of the Non-Aggression Pact, 'it seemed that the threat of war had been banished, for no man endowed at all with common sense could expect Britain and France to take up arms without the vital Russian reinsurance'. In fact, so far as England was concerned, the Hitler-Stalin treaty had the same effect as that between Napoleon and Tsar Alexander: 'Both desired peace' (Holland Rose explains) 'so that their empires might expand and consolidate... But the means adopted were just those that were destined to defeat the aim. Where Napoleon sought to intimidate, he only aroused a more stubborn resistance'.

Nor were the Russians in 1807 under any illusion. Their Chancellor, Count Budberg, told the British Ambassador: 'The Continental peace cannot be of long duration; any peace with France must be considered a momentary respite... Neither the French Government nor the French people is ripe for peace; they retain too much of their revolutionary restlessness. We must employ this moment of repose in preparing the means of resistance against another attack'.

Similarly, Churchill correctly interpreted the Nazi-Soviet pact: 'The Russian Government has barred off, once and for ever, all Nazi dreams of

an advance in the East'. At the time (November 1939), Nazi propaganda pooh-poohed the 'impudence' of these 'wishful expectations', more especially the 'lie that the Soviet Union is really a secret ally of England' and that Germany was 'driven by Napoleonic dreams of world domination.' When, in 1941, Churchill was proved right, the same propagandists accused him of having 'known, of course, all along that Moscow was determined to double-cross Germany'.

The Hitler-Stalin pact lasted not quite two years, Napoleon's with Alexander five. Hitler needed less time (or so he thought) since he felt in secure control of Europe and he was in a hurry: he had just turned 50 and, he confessed, he preferred war now to when he would be 55 or 60. Napoleon on the other hand took his time. He may (or may not) have been daunted by the magnitude of the enterprise; in any case he still had to clear up some trouble with Austria, and he tried some diplomacy (though not his best). When Alexander warned him against war on Russia, he blustered: he had made great preparations (he said), he had more money, three times as many men — how could he fail? Now that all Europe was behind him, how could he be resisted?

Even later, on St Helena, where leisure and perspective might have induced second thoughts, he insisted: 'The Russian war should have been the most popular war of modern times: it was a war of good sense, for the tranquillity and security of all. It was a war for a great cause. The European system was already founded; all that remained was to organise it'.

Hitler would have approved of these fantasies when he, dispensing with diplomacy, fell upon Russia in June, 1941, reviving the now somewhat rusty arsenal of his 'anti-Bolshevist' crusade. The 'Jewish Communists' in Moscow now re-appeared as the stooges of 'Jewish capitalists' anywhere, just as Napoleon had presented the Tsar as a 'hireling of England', bought with 'English gold', and an 'Anglo-Russian plot' was found to be as much alive in 1941 as in 1812.

Hitler hoped to get it all over quickly, as Napoleon also had reckoned. Actually, while now and then tripped up by the memory of 1812, he claimed to have learnt from and indeed improved on Napoleon who had followed only one line of advance — the straight road to Moscow — while he basted of having wisely made it three. If even so he came to a sticky end, the fault must lie, as he desperately broadcast, with the same sort of 'traitor' that Napoleon claimed to have been his undoing. Having contemptuously dismissed the enemy's alleged 'hopes of finding traitors in Germany', Hitler was fated to find his scapegoats among the 'conservative' generals, those 'defeatist cowards', yes indeed, 'traitors' who simply 'did not want to win'. In his final hour, poor Eva Braun, his last-minute wife, was rending the welkin about 'all the ungrateful swine who had deserted the Führer'. Even the Russians could be quick to spot 'traitors' as Tolstoy relates in *War and Peace.*

Seeing that history can repeat itself almost predictably, it seems strange that nevertheless so often its antics will be unexpected.

JOHN GRAHAM OF CLAVERHOUSE: A RE-ASSESSMENT

by Frances Benn

> 'To the Lords of Convention, 'twas Claver'se who spoke,
> 'Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke;
> So let each Cavalier who loves honour and me
> Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee'.
> (Sir Walter Scott)

JOHN Graham of Claverhouse, 1st Viscount Dundee, is a prominent figure in Jacobite history and folklore. He is remembered chiefly for the defiant support he demonstrated for King James II after James had been ousted from the throne in 1688. To the Jacobites, Claverhouse was 'Bonnie Dundee', the epitome of a romantic hero. But there were others who viewed him in quite a different light. In the 1680s, Claverhouse masterminded the carrying out of unpopular Government measures against the covenanting presbyterians of the lowlands. In South West Scotland, where presbyterianism was at its most uncompromising, he was 'Bluidy Clavers', merciless persecutor of the pious.

The time is long overdue for a re-assessment of Claverhouse. This article attempts to provide a better understanding of him by digging below the myths and questioning widely accepted beliefs about his character and motivation. Claverhouse is usually regarded as a man whose motives were straightforward: in reality, his character was complex and his life a series of contradictions. Why did he succeed in provoking such extreme reactions? Does he deserve the label of a cruel and ruthless persecutor which has survived side by side with his reputation for loyalty and courage? Why was it that Claverhouse, supposedly a conservative, conventional self-seeker, should feel unable to find common cause with Scotland's Establishment in 1689 and choose to end his life an outlaw?

John Graham of Claverhouse was born in the summer of 1648, in the turbulent months of the second Civil War, when events were moving inexorably towards the trial and execution of Charles I. It says something of the mystery surrounding his early years that his exact date of birth is not known. The Grahams of Claverhouse were a well-established, though not particularly important, gentry family. Claverhouse was only a small child when, in 1653, his father died. He subsequently became heir to the family estates. His formative years were spent in a country first torn apart by civil war and then occupied by Cromwell's army. These were dismal years of disillusionment and upheaval — 'religion was slighted and treated with contempt, and as for justice, there was none in the land', wrote the diarist John Nicoll. Any remaining royalist hopes were extinguished in 1650 when an uprising led by James Graham, Marquess of Montrose, a kinsman of Claverhouse met with disaster. The conduct of Montrose seems to have left a strong impression on Claverhouse. Montrose's loyalty to the Crown was absolute; his death legendary. By the time Claverhouse was growing up, not only royalist sympathies, but

the general consensus of opinion was in Montrose's favour. If Claverhouse wanted to prove himself a loyal servant of the Restoration Government, he had no wider acclaimed example to follow than that of Montrose.

Like Montrose, Claverhouse studied at St Andrew's, leaving the university in 1661. Because of a dearth of surviving records, there are very few first-hand accounts of Claverhouse's doings, either at St Andrew's, or in the years immediately following his departure. It can only be assumed that after graduating, he lived for some years in relative obscurity, whilst elsewhere in the country political tension began to mount. Early in 1672 he began a period of foreign military service, first with the French and then, from 1674, with the Dutch under William of Orange. For a would-be soldier, serving abroad as a volunteer afforded an excellent means of gaining military expertise. It was an especially well-established tradition in Scotland: several of the covenanting generals of the Civil War had learnt their trade on the battlefields of the Thirty Year's War.

What sort of a man was the youthful Claverhouse? The earliest known portrait of him (the work of an unknown artist) is said to have been painted during his time in the Dutch service. It fits perfectly the popular conception of a Royalist: Claverhouse has soulful eyes, fine features and an abundance of wavy auburn hair. It is not the face one would expect to see after hearing a description of the man. Claverhouse could not have looked less like someone of a conventional military type. A contemporary of Sir Walter Scott who was no admirer of Claverhouse is said to have remarked how strange it was that such a man should have such a face. The story goes that Claverhouse's portrait, a copy of which Scott had hanging in his library, was the original source of inspiration for his historical novel, 'Old Mortality', which provides an intriguing study of Claverhouse. Claverhouse's appearance rather belies some aspects of his character. It would be misleading to categorise him as a cavalier dandy: he was on the contrary rather high-minded and certainly no great womaniser. It was a fervent covenanter, Patrick Walker, who so revealingly tells us that 'The Hell-Wicked-Witted bloodthirsty Graham of Claverhouse, hated to spend his time with wine and women'. Claverhouse's marriage, which took place in 1684, had every appearance of being a love match. His bride, Lady Jean Cochrane, came from a prominent covenanting family and he therefore put his entire career on the line by marrying her. All this points to Claverhouse being a puritanical, rather serious-minded person, unimpressed by superficialities.

By 1674 William of Orange was experiencing severe setbacks in the war against France. The culmination of the year's campaign was the inconclusive battle of Seneff. A tradition exists that Claverhouse saved William's life during the action and that, as a reward, William promised Claverhouse command of the first Scottish regiment that should fall vacant. It is almost certain that Claverhouse did distinguish himself during his service with William, although it is impossible to determine whether

the action took place at Seneff. Legend has it that William did not keep his word and passed Claverhouse over when a suitable vacancy arose. A bitter row between the two was said to have ensued resulting in Claverhouse returning to Scotland in high dudgeon. Quite possibly there is an element of truth amidst the hearsay — Claverhouse was an extremely ambitious man and would not have taken such a snub lying down. But it is too simplistic to see hurt pride as a motive for his refusal to come to terms with William in 1688. In any case, Claverhouse owed the favour he found on his return to Scotland largely to William, who recommended his services to the Duke of York — whether in order to make amends or because he thought Claverhouse a fine soldier we cannot be sure.

Claverhouse's experience in foreign armies was to reap dividends. At the end of 1678 he was offered the command of one of three newly-raised troops of horse. Earlier in the year, he had turned down the offer of a lieutenant's commission under the Marquess of Montrose, the grandson of the royalist commander. Such a refusal illustrates Claverhouse's good opinion of his abilities and his willingness to take risks — no other post might have been proffered in the face of such a refusal. But the gamble paid off and at the early age of thirty, Claverhouse found himself commanding sixty horsemen, alongside the other two troop leaders, the Earls of Home and Airlie. His commission gave him responsibility for patrolling South West Scotland in order to maintain the rule of law. In this stronghold of vociferous presbyterianism, resentment against Charles II's Government had been steadily mounting. Gone were the early Restoration days when, despite the re-introduction of bishops, no attempt had been made to force Scotland into a rigid Anglican church model. Claverhouse was soon to realise the depth and strength of anti-government feeling, as within months of taking up his appointment he found himself with a rebellion on his hands.

On 3 May 1679, the Archbishop of St. Andrews, James Sharp was brutally murdered at Magus Moor near St. Andrews by a handful of covenanting fanatics. A former opponent of episcopaleanism, Sharp was a prime target for assassination. His murder provided the necessary catalyst for unrest to transform itself into action. An army led by John Balfour of Burley, one of Sharp's murderers, and by Robert Hamilton began marching towards Glasgow. By 1 June, the rebels had reached Drumclog, a few miles south of Glasgow. In the meantime Claverhouse, having heard that trouble was afoot but believing he was confronting a conventicle, had set out with his dragoons in the direction of Glasgow. As he reported after the event, an unpleasant shock awaited him. '... When we came in sight of them we found them drawn up in battle, upon a most advantageous ground, to which there was no coming but through mosses and lakes.' Claverhouse's forces were far outnumbered and in the ensuing combat were forced to retreat. 'This may be counted the beginning of the rebellion in my opinion', wrote Claverhouse. The Government agreed and drafted in regular troops, appointing the Duke of Monmouth as commander-in-chief. Because this led to Claverhouse

temporarily ceasing his independent command, it is easy to see Monmouth's appointment as a demotion for him. But there is no evidence that Claverhouse received any personal blame for the defeat at Drumclog — Monmouth's involvement merely reflected the fact that a local affair had escalated into a crisis of national proportions. The crisis was not to last long. The covenanting forces, lacking the discipline of a professional army, quickly became divided over ideological issues as well as being unable to agree on a coherent strategy. On 22 June Monmouth's forces attacked them at Bothwell Bridge and won an easy victory.

Although Claverhouse's career as a Government administrator and soldier had begun rather stormily, things were swiftly to change. In the period following Bothwell Bridge, he successfully brought about a greater degree of order in the South West and built up a formidable reputation for himself. By the beginning of 1682 the Marquess of Queensberry could write that 'field conventicles continue in Annandale and Galloway, but will all certainly vanish upon Claverhouse's arrival, as I have often told'. The increasing regard in which Claverhouse was held began to be reflected in the rewards bestowed upon him. In May 1683, whilst under 35, he was made a Privy Councillor. It was at about this time that allegations of his cruel treatment towards the covenanters began to take shape. Summary executions, murders and campaigns of intimidation have all been laid at Claverhouse's door; his is the name that stands out amongst all the 'persecutors' of the period. Macaulay went so far as to claim that Claverhouse 'left a name which whenever the Scottish race is settled on the face of the globe is mentioned with a peculiar energy of hatred.' But how much hard evidence actually exists to justify this sweeping epitaph, which has been so successful in damning Claverhouse's reputation in the eyes of the world?

Careful research into the atrocities Claverhouse is said to have committed has established no more than ten cases when the deaths of rebels had some direct connection with him. But to his critics, lack of evidence is no proof of innocence. Robert Wodrow, author of the 'History of the Suffering of the Church of Scotland' refers to the 'multitudes of instances, once flagrant, which are now at this distance lost; not a few of them were never distinctly known, being committed in circumstances as upon the matter buried them.' Several 'instances', however, were recorded and these cast some light on Claverhouse's treatment of rebels.

The most famous is the case of John Brown, whom Claverhouse seized and had summarily executed in May 1685. Wodrow paints a picture of an innocent martyr who 'was no way obnoxious to the Government, except for not hearing the Episcopal minister.' So moved were Claverhouse's soldiers by Brown's piety that, according to Wodrow, not a single one would shoot him, and 'Claverhouse was forced to turn executioner himself.' There can be no doubt that John Brown *was* executed, since the event is described by none other than Claverhouse in a letter to Queensberry. But far from demonstrating that Claverhouse was exceeding his orders to satisfy his own bloodlust, the execution was carried out

legally. The previous year, a group of covenanters, led by James Renwick, had declared open war on the Government and denounced all connected with it as 'enemies to God and the covenanted work of the Reformation'. The Government responded by passing a law which allowed the summary execution of 'anyone who owns or does not disown the late traitorous declaration upon oath.' Brown refused to take the oath and was in consequence executed. It is likely that similar motives lay behind several other 'atrocities' which have been linked with Claverhouse, such as the shooting of Matthew Meiklewrath, who was killed whilst allegedly obstructing Claverhouse's soldiers and the execution of Andrew Hislop, although the circumstances concerning the latter are more dubious.

In the letter he wrote referring to the execution of John Brown, Claverhouse also alluded to the capture of Brown's nephew. This young man offered to take the oath of allegiance, putting Claverhouse in a quandary. '... I did not know what to do with him', he wrote: 'I was convinced that he was guilty, but saw not how to proceed against him.' Such an attitude shows how important a priority the military ethos of following orders was to Claverhouse. If the law sanctioned summary execution, he would carry it out; if he was not empowered to act, he had no desire to take matters into his own hands. He regarded his own feelings as irrelevant. Naturally, Claverhouse was in sympathy with the measures the Government passed — he could hardly have lasted in his commission were he not — but he was pragmatic rather than fanatical about putting these laws into effect. When in 1683 he defended the execution of an unrepentant rebel named William Bogue, Claverhouse said he 'was sorry to see a man die, even a Whig, as any of themselves. But when one dies justly for his own faults, and may save a hundred to fall in the like, I have no scruple.' These words sum up Claverhouse's philosophy on the taking of life. He did not seem to take pleasure in killing *per se* but saw it as a means to an end. It would be wide off the mark to deny that Claverhouse dealt severely with rebels, but he was not the sadist and indiscriminate killer of Whig historical tradition.

The relentless conscientiousness with which Claverhouse went about his work did not long go unnoticed. During the early 1680s he became an increasingly powerful figure in Scotland. With his appointment in January 1682 as Sheriff of Wigtown and heritable baillie of Tongland, Claverhouse was granted wide powers of jurisdiction in Dumfries, Kirkcudbright and Annandale. In April 1682 he was officially commended by the Privy Council 'for his diligence in executing his commission in Galloway'. In the following year, Claverhouse succeeded in securing the constabulary of Dundee and estate of Dudhope. Hand-in-hand with Claverhouse's puritanism went a singleminded determination to carve himself a position in society. As his friend Balcarres put it, Claverhouse was 'a good manager of his private fortune'.

Inevitably, Claverhouse's meteoric rise led to jealousy. But he was more than able to outwit rivals. That he would fight tooth and claw to protect his interests was shown when he crossed swords with Sir John

Dalrymple, a formidable opponent who belonged to one of Scotland's most prominent legal dynasties. Dalrymple made a blatant attempt to destroy Claverhouse politically by lodging a complaint against him to the Privy Council. Claverhouse responded by bringing counter-charges against Sir John, accusing him of encouraging religious dissent in Wigtownshire. The Privy Council's verdict in early 1683 was a total victory for Claverhouse. The only temporary setback to his career occurred in 1685, shortly after the accession of James II. This time, he fell out with the Douglas family over a petty disagreement with Colonel James Douglas, brother to the Marquess of Queensberry. James II sided against Claverhouse, and for a few weeks Claverhouse was excluded from the Privy Council. But the fall from royal favour was temporary and he resumed his seat for the remainder of James's reign. In addition he was created Provost of Dundee in March 1688, giving him absolute jurisdiction in the area. In under ten years, Claverhouse had built up a power base and a fortune. The news in September 1688 that William of Orange was planning an invasion came as a bolt from the blue both to Claverhouse and to the entire Privy Council.

In October 1688 the regular troops were drafted to London; Claverhouse commanded the cavalry. Ostensibly the Scottish Privy Council and army officers were intent on defending James, but as his position became increasingly hopeless the sinking ship was rapidly deserted. By February 1689, virtually all the key political figures in Scotland had either abandoned James or refused to commit themselves to either side. But Claverhouse maintained a steadfast loyalty throughout the crisis. James recognised a loyal servant when he saw one and in November 1688 created him Viscount Dundee.

Claverhouse's loyalty to James II has almost always been simply taken for granted. Both his admirers and his critics paint a picture of an uncomplicated conservative, whose adherence to James was completely predictable, given his close links to the Stuart regime. The explanation given by Balcarres that Claverhouse could never have deserted James, since his 'fidelity to so good a master would ever be the same' is seen as sufficient to account for his behaviour. But it cannot be accurate to accept the assumption that support for James was automatic amongst the conservatively inclined, since both in Scotland and England the 'Establishment' regarded James's political strategy as a threat to their power and welcomed William of Orange with open arms. Claverhouse's unwavering support for a regime widely viewed as a threat to the social set-up demonstrates that he was no ordinary conservative. His brother-in-law attempted to persuade him to switch allegiances. 'I am sorry,' Claverhouse replied, 'that your Lordship should be so far abused as to think there is any shadow of stability in this new structure of government these men have framed for themselves'. His cut-and-dried approach was in sharp contrast to the self-interested manoeuvring of his peers. But Claverhouse was as — if not more — politically astute as they. He knew the likely consequences of his actions. Why, then, did he choose to risk

his fortune, position — and life — for an almost certainly hopeless cause?

Claverhouse had traditionally been viewed by his admirers as a political moderate, dedicated to weakening the power of the extreme covenanters. But his untempered condemnation of the new regime and his fervent opposition to its policy of trimming and trying to please as many people as possible rather throws this even-handedness into question. We should see him for what he was — no passive conformist, but a rebel fighting the Establishment. For William's Government in Scotland, far from being extreme and politically isolationist, took a conventional attitude to constitutional issues and made every attempt to accommodate as many people as possible. Sir John Dalrymple, William's Lord Advocate, expressed the consensus opinion in his belief that 'The King, besides the right of royal prerogative, has a particular interest in the body politic'. He opposed renewing the 1641 Act limiting this prerogative, as this would be 'to leave nothing to the king but an empty name'. William's Secretary of State, Lord Melville, did not favour alienating anyone who could be won over to the Government but advocated 'all parties (to) be taken in who will own the king' so long as they did not oppose presbyterianism. George Mackenzie of Tarbat, a servant of James who was won over to William, summed up the character of the new regime when he wrote of the necessity to 'consider not only what will satisfy one party, but the whole... if the true Presbyterians do prudently, they will do to others as they would be done by.'

The only elements of William's Convention Parliament with whom James's supporters had any dealings were a faction known as 'The Club'. This grouping favoured a drastic reduction in royal prerogative, a far greater importance to be given to Parliament, and the full-blooded restoration of a State Presbyterian Church. Such a programme was contrary to the official policy of the Government. Leading Club figures and prominent Jacobites co-operated in a common attempt to re-instate James. That Claverhouse should have found more in common with a group of uncompromising hardliners than with a politically moderate regime which his associates flocked to join tells us a great deal about his true political colours.

By March 1689, it was clear that the Convention Parliament was in the control of the new regime. Claverhouse could do no more to advance James's cause in Edinburgh. On 18 March he left the city to begin raising an army in the highlands. The story goes that as he was departing, an onlooker asked him where he was going. 'Wherever the spirit of Montrose shall lead me' he is said to have replied. But we should be wary of accepting Claverhouse as Montrose's spiritual heir. Unlike Claverhouse, Montrose was a committed presbyterian and had originally been a passionate supporter of the Covenanting cause, only deserting it after much soul-searching because he believed its leaders did not have Charles I's interests at heart. And it would be unthinkable to conceive of Montrose countenancing deals with covenanting extremists as Claverhouse was prepared to do.

It is upon the last four months of his life that Claverhouse's fame chiefly rests. During this brief space of time he conducted a brilliant and successful campaign for James. All his energies went into soliciting the support of key figures. Like Montrose, Claverhouse gained the loyalty of disparate and feuding Highland clans. That these autonomous, ill-disciplined clan chiefs should have been willing to accept Claverhouse as their leader says much for his charisma. In April, William sent an army commanded by General Hugh Mackay of Scourie into Scotland. Through a series of lightening marches and daring retreats Claverhouse succeeded in escaping Mackay's clutches.

By mid-July, tension was mounting. Following the defection of the Atholl clansmen (though not their leader, Lord John Murray) to James's camp, Claverhouse summoned a meeting of the clans for 26 July. Meanwhile Mackay's army had begun marching northwards from Stirling, reaching the pass of Killiecrankie, three miles from Blair, on 27 July. His army advanced along the narrow road, flanked on the right by rugged mountains and on the left by the River Garry. Claverhouse's army took up the higher ground above Mackay's right wing. At eight in the evening, Claverhouse gave the order to advance. Although under heavy fire, the highlanders mounted a ferocious claymore charge against Mackay's infantry, rapidly scattering them. Disheartened, the troopers and gunmen fled in their droves. Highland tactics had once again won the day against numerically superior forces. But it was a Pyrrhic victory. Towards the end of the battle, Claverhouse was hit in the side and mortally wounded by a shot of cannon. As he lay dying, he asked one of his soldiers how the battle had progressed. He was told that his army had been victorious. 'It is less the matter for me, seeing the day goes well for my master', were Claverhouse's last words. His death extinguished any hope of a sustained Jacobite campaign in Scotland. William was perceptive enough to realise that Claverhouse was the lynchpin of Jacobite hopes. When the news of Killiecrankie reached him he was urged to send forces without delay into the Highlands. 'It is needless', he replied, 'the war is ended with Dundee's life'.

The more we study his life, the more paradoxical and enigmatic Claverhouse seems to become. His determination to cling to James, with the enormous risks entailed, is somewhat unexpected from one so worldly and self-seeking. His public persona was that of a highly efficient pragmatist. The nature of his employment dictated that his immediate concerns were the practicalities of day-to-day administration; the need for extra provisions; for up-to-date pay; for the safety of his soldiers. It seems strange that one with his feet so firmly on the ground should have romantic visions of leading highland armies to victory for a cause widely regarded as lost. Yet in the end Claverhouse demonstrated that he was as much of an ideologue as the covenanting dissenters he sought to oppress. Perhaps his success in undermining opposition was in some measure due to his own understanding of the workings of extremism.

HERE BE MONSTERS

by Muriel Barnett

THE fewer the facts available the better it be for fantasy. So, at least, it was for the map-makers of the Middle Ages, and even on into the Renaissance period. Much unexplored territory left cartographers confronted with vast spaces requiring to be filled in. And what better means for that than the use of fanciful monsters?

Cartography's real difficulties began with the disastrous fire in Alexandria in AD 391 when all the manuscript volumes in the Great Library were destroyed. There were few copies beyond its shelves. Included among the losses was the major work of Claudius Ptolemy, the mathematician, who had worked out not only the latitudes and longitudes of the principal towns and landmarks, but had also drawn up a grid on which to plot them. True, there was a copy of this particular book, but it lay in the Library in Constantinople — in Turkish hands — inaccessible to the rest of the world.

So what happened? The Church stepped in and dogmatically imposed its scriptural ideas on the making of maps, and woe betide any who argued with that! Cosmas, a former travelling merchant, converted to Christianity in the 6th century, produced a world map based on texts of the bible. In Hebrews, Chapter 9 and Verses 1 and 2, St. Paul had written that the Tabernacle in the Temple of Jerusalem, was worldly. So Cosmas modelled his world on that. He drew his world in the same proportions as the Holy Table, two by one cubits, flat and rectangular; for did not the Book of Revelations refer to the four corners of the earth? The Candle and the Shewbread, Cosmas believed, indicated the position of the land masses. The blue tablecloth with its undulating overfall represented the surrounding Oceanus, sometimes referred to as the Briny. The lands round the Mediterranean were the only ones to be inhabited because no other peoples had been taken aboard the Ark by Noah. What fun can be had if facts are arguable! For long, biblical place-names were given pride of place on maps. Jerusalem was the centre of the World, justified by the words of Ezekiel that the Lord had 'set it in the midst of the Nations.' In the Middle Ages, one could be fairly sure of locating the Tower of Babel and the final resting place of the Ark, trace the path of the Israelites through the Red Sea and pinpoint Joseph's Barns, looking remarkably like the Egyptian Pyramids. And Paradise too — but that is another story.

It took an English monk, Matthew Paris, in 1250 to break away from the rigidity of ideas imposed by the Church. Paris compiled a thoroughly useful map of England showing, stacked one above the other, the ecclesiastical establishments where pilgrims journeying from York to Dover might find a night's lodging — each a day's ride apart. Not a text from the Bible was used in its compilation.

With the fall of Constantinople in 1459 the other copy of Ptolemy's

book, *Geographia,* became available to Christendom and the science of cartography climbed out of the Dark Ages.

But the known world had increased by that time, with scanty and suspect information brought home by travellers. This presented the map-makers with the problem of blank spaces. What to do about them? Fill them in, of course. But how? And that is where the monsters and other fanciful devices came in handy. Empty seas were easy. Introduce sailing ships — lots of them — and monster fishes, like whales with long sharp snouts, or with two tusks like walruses. These could be as big and fantastic as space demanded. A map of Iceland, called Islandia, by a Dutchman, Ortelius, in the 16th century had seas awash with gigantic creatures. Along with the usual ones, there were sea-horses like racing horses with scales and tails, sea cows walking the surface of the waters closely resembling land cows, and polar bears perched precariously on sloping ice-floes.

Mariners kept on plotting their charts with greater and greater accuracy, but the land behind the coasts was a mystery. Uncharted stretches of sea they filled with wind-roses from which radiated useful lines of constant bearing to aid their passage across the Mediterranean. Wind direction was of great importance but curiously the terms North, South, East and West were not used until around 1500. Before that the cardinal points were given other names such as Boreas from Darkness (north), Notus from Light (south), Eurus from Morning (east) and Zephyrus from Evening (west). These were shown on a map as four figures seated on bags full of wind, which they compressed with one hand to expel the air through trumpets held in the other. Was this the origin of the Scottish bagpipe? In time the aeolian bags disappeared and the winds appeared as faces with puffed cheeks blowing like mad! Some maps showed as many as twelve wind-directions.

As the known world extended, vast tracts of unexplored land had to be coped with. In desperation, the map-makers fell back on the old travellers' tales, which had lost nothing in the telling. Dragons with red tongues, lions of splendid ferocity, queer birds and monkeys with unbelievably long tails, camels of curious anatomy and elephants with wings! All had their hey-day. A World Map in 1235 showed lions near the Caspian Sea, the likelihood of which kept geographers arguing for centuries.

At last the disputed lions disappeared from the maps, only to re-emerge in the centre of Peru as late as 1595. Little wonder that Jonathan Swift was driven to the following doggerel:

> So Geographers in Afric Maps
> With savage pictures filled their gaps,
> And in uninhabitable downs
> Placed elephants for want of towns.

Travellers brought stories of peculiar human beings, not altogether uninfluenced by *The Book of Wonderful Things* compiled by a charlatan called Gaius Julius Solinus in the 3rd century. This book was used as a kind of map-makers' pattern book for centuries. It was full of pictures

of curious humans. There were wolf-headed men, one-eyed boys — the great German map-maker Sebastian Munster plotted one such monstrosity in West Africa as late as the 16th century — four-eyed men, headless men with facial features on their chests, and men with feet turned backwards from their heels. A single-legged man had a foot large enough to act as an umbrella. There was a one-breasted woman, a noseless man, and one with long pendulous lips, as well as an elephant-eared man, another with goat's horns and yet another horse-hooved. Examples of some of these can be seen in the magnificent World Map of 1286 drawn on a single skin, which hangs in Hereford Cathedral, and ran the risk of being sold on the open market recently, to take care of the cathedral's financial difficulties.

In the 15th century, desert areas sported Arab tents with their owners proudly seated at the open flaps. Beflagged castles, too, came in handy, as did coats-of-arms. Christopher Saxton, the English County map-maker of the 16th century made great use of such devices although not so much as space-fillers but as a means of currying favour with royalty or rich sponsors. Even in Victorian times, Thomas Moule in his county maps resorted to coats-of-arms for their embellishment.

Paradise had always appeared on early maps, and its exact position exercised the minds of cartographers for long enough. Cosmas had it positioned off the edge of his table-shaped world. From it flowed four rivers to keep Oceanus supplied with water. Later when East was shown at the top of maps, Paradise was found there, usually with a picture of Adam and Eve in confrontation with the serpent entwined round the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. But Paradise's location was by no means fixed. St. Brendan, at the turn of the 5th century, was convinced that it lay west of Ireland, and set out to find it. But, all he found, so the story goes, was a huge whale on the back of which he and his companions were able to land and hold Mass. A good tale dies hard. A picture of this ceremony graces a map of the North Atlantic dated 1626. By the 15th century Paradise had floated off towards the Equator before drifting back to Ireland only to escape to the West Indies, where it stayed until as late as 1759. Columbus hoped to come across Paradise on his famous voyage across the Atlantic in 1492.

Another peripatic feature was the island of Brazil — spelt with an 's' — which appeared off Ireland in the 14th century, near Newfoundland by the 16th, and finally came to rest off Brazil — spelt with a 'z' — in South America, which seems logical enough.

Antilla was another movable island — rocky on its spelling too. In the 8th century it was believed to lie west of Portugal where the Bishop of Oporto claimed to have visited it. It disappeared only to re-appear in the 14th century outside Gibraltar with the caption:

> Here are the statues which stand before the shores of Atullia, (sic) which have been set up for the safety of sailors. Beyond this lies the vile sea which sailors cannot navigate.

So much for the Atlantic which washes round our shores.

Another piece of land which refused to sit down was the Land of

Prester John, the mysterious Christian Emperor originally thought to live in Scythia. Marco Polo hoped to meet him on his journey to visit the Kublai Khan. But not so. By the 16th century the Dutch map-makers had shoved Prester John into what was Abyssinia, now Ethiopia.

There were two bad men called Gog and Magog mentioned in Ezekiel, Chapter 39 and verse 2. They appeared in early maps in Northern Siberia, confined behind an Iron Wall. They were cannibals. In a World Map of 1235, they are shown eating legs and arms newly amputated from victims whose severed stumps spout blood all over the snow. Delightful! Roger Bacon, the scientist, firmly believed in Gog and Magog and feared for Christendom should they ever break out from behind the Iron Wall! By the 16th century, curious cannibalistic scenes reminiscent of Gog and Magog's activities were depicted in South America. Legs and arms are shown hanging out on a line to dry.

Mistakes are always interesting. And, since early maps were in manuscript which had to be painstakingly copied by fallible human hand, many errors crept in and were perpetuated. Our own country, Scotland, suffered a curious misinterpretation of the facts. Matthew Paris had it as a near-island with a bridge-link. Next time round, Scotland was shown as a real island, and it stayed that way until the 16th century. Even the reputable navigator, Sebastian Cabot, was convinced that Scotland was surrounded by water. Presumably this was due to the deep indentations of the Clyde and Forth estuaries. It took a voyage by King James V of Scotland in 1540 to dispel the notion. His navigator, Alexander Lyndsey, informed Nicolas de Nicolay, the French cartographer, who righted the wrong in his map of 1583 attaching Scotland very firmly to England.

California suffered this curious fate also, being mapped as an island from 1622 to 1730.

But even worse befell Scotland at the hand of the map-makers. An anonymous early map to be found in the British Museum shows Scotland, her neck broken above the English border, collapsing over to the west. This error was over-compensated for in a map of 1513 — the year of the Battle of Flodden — where it does a Dali-watch flop to the east.

Even Ptolemy made a mistake and a colossal one too. He calculated the Mediterranean Sea to be one and a half times longer than it is. This pushed the rest of the world either side of it out of position so much that it left no room for the two huge continents of North and South America. That is why Columbus expected to hit the East Indies and India in his westward voyage across the Atlantic. Indeed, the globe Columbus had with him on board showed this error. Perhaps, if he had realised India lay so far away as he travelled westward he might never have set out on the famous voyage.

Once copper-plates were used in reproducing maps rather than the earlier woodcuts, maps became real works of Art. The cartouche, the device which framed the name of the map, became more and more elaborate, and presents a study in itself sufficient to determine the date of a map in many cases, although excessive use of old copper-plates

makes this suspect. More accurate is an assessment of the water-mark on the paper, which can give accuracy to within a few years.

The Dutch cartographers were the past-masters at cartouches. They drew them as intricately carved wooden frames, or stretched skin bordered with elaborately interwoven straps of leather. In time, human figures draped themselves round the cartouche which included more information such as the name of the compiler, the engraver and the date. The plan of Edinburgh New Town issued in 1823 had a cartouche of this nature.

Neptune, who had disported himself with his trident among mermaids and sea-monsters in earlier days, finally came ashore to support cartouches. Soon it was flowers, fruits, animals and birds of fantastic shape which encircled the cartouche. In the 18th century cartouches were drawn to look like tombstones or milestones with chiselled lettering, often backed by 'romantic ruins'. A map of the Coast of Guinea in West Africa, printed in the 17th century, had a huge cartouche which took the form of a linen sheet knotted between two palm trees. In front of it sat a merchant bartering beads and mirrors for tusks of ivory from feather-headdressed natives who might have hailed from the Americas. In the background an elephant with small ears presumably had wandered in from Asia. Cartographic fantasy was still going strong.

The human figures round a map later had more geographical significance. They gave information regarding the people who lived in the areas being mapped. The late 16th century German cartographers, Braun and Hogenburg, issued town plans with a man and a woman in the foreground wearing the traditional dress of the neighbourhood. Likewise, John Speed in his county map of Cambridgeshire shows some University Dons in academic robes.

Map borders make an interesting study too. For instance, Blaeu, the greatest of the Dutch cartographers, in 1648 encircled his World Map with figures representing the twelve signs of the zodiac, the four seasons and the elements of fire, water, air and earth.

Cartographic curiosities can be studied by visiting the libraries where the original or good facsimiles are kept. Entry is not too difficult to the map-rooms of the British Museum, and the Scottish National Library; it is also possible to the Geographical Societies in Edinburgh and London, as well as such university libraries as King's College, Aberdeen. In such places are to be found monsters and cartographic fantasies to boggle the mind of even the most prosaic.

GUIDE TO SOME INTERESTING MAPS

1. 12th century Map of World. Showing Wind Figures using Aeolian Bags. (From Nordenskiold's Facsimily Atlas, 1961, page 33).
2. Ptolemy Map, 1490. British Isles with Scotland over on its side. (From Nordenskiold as above).
3. Hereford Map. (From Periplus. Published by P. A. Nordstedt & Soner, Stockholm, 1897.
4. Bottom half of map of Islandia (Iceland) showing many monsters. Page 138 Theatrum Orbis Terrarum. Geo. Philip & Sons, Ltd. London, distributors. McNally & Co. Chicago, publishers, 1968.

EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL

by Laurence Green

THE appearance of acrobats, artists, jugglers and actors dressed in colourful costumes and often wearing masks on streets teeming with people can only signify one thing — the 43rd Edinburgh International Festival, the world's largest arts festival, is well and truly under way. Director Frank Dunlop always manages to do the most skilful balancing act between finance, culture and artistic merit. 1989 was no exception.

The bagpipes, synonymous with this traditional annual event, were almost — but not quite — replaced this year by the sound of castanets, tambourines and stamping feet as Spain took centre stage. The many facets of that rich and diverse country were reflected in the National Opera of Spain's lively *zarzuela, La Chulapona,* a blend of music and dance set in pre-war Madrid, the Spanish National Ballet whose repertoire ranged from flamenco to modern-style classics, 'the Queen of Spanish Dance', Cristina Hoyos's all-flamenco programme including her own version of Carmen danced to Bizet's score and two classical dramas from Madrid's National Theatre Company.

Even the Fringe, such an essential part of the festival itself, with over 500 companies from 24 nations performing in over 1,000 shows, maintained a strong link with the Spanish theme. For example, there were several *Yermas,* a *Don Juan,* and a highly regarded production of John Clifford's *Ines de Castro,* described as a 'richly theatrical tale of doomed love', performed by the renowned Traverse Theatre Company.

'Money cannot buy honour at any price!', says the protagonist in Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca's *The Mayor of Zalamea.* This play, written in 1640, takes as its theme honour — a rare commodity nowadays — and extends it to incorporate trust, betrayal and retribution. En route for Portugal where Philip II is to be crowned King of Spain, a contingent of soldiers makes a stop at Zalamea. Their captain, an arrogant man who firmly believes that no peasant woman can ever be called a lady, is temporarily billeted at the house of Pedro Crespo, a rich but humble peasant, and his beautiful daughter Isabel. The captain becomes infatuated with the girl as soon as he catches sight of her and, by various devious machinations, abducts and rapes her. Her father, now elected mayor, is set on revenge.

With a tight narrative structure and a refreshing absence of symbolism, Calderon pares the drama down to essentials, putting the characters with all their human foibles and prejudices, and the issues involved, sharply into focus. The splendid *Compania Nacional Teatro Clasico* do the play full justice, subtly bringing out the swift changes in mood and perspective on a minimal set of bare, concrete-coloured walls which open and close to reveal indoor and outdoor scenes. Jesus Puente gives a performance of quiet dignity and controlled power as Pedro, and he gets strong support

from the whole company, especially Adriana Ozores as Isabel and Juan Gea as Don Alvaro. At a time when moral values are consistently being undermined, this 300-year-old piece has a relevant message for us today.

That fine character actress Miriam Margolyes staged a well researched and thoroughly entertaining, virtually one woman show on the *Women in Dickens.* By relating the writer's own experiences with the opposite sex to the characters he created in his novels, Miss Margolyes sheds an illuminating light on the man himself. She traces Dickens's life from the poverty and squalor of his childhood, through his career as a reporter in the House of Commons to fame as an author and chronicler of the social ills of the time. But it is the women who are at the forefront of this show. 'He described in his novels a perfection of womanhood, mainly young, which he never found in life,' Miss Margolyes informs us. There is even a suitably Scottish link, for in 1836 he married an Edinburgh girl who had come down to London in her teens: 'she had 12 births in 16 years and got on his nerves dreadfully!' Later — at the age of 46 — he fell in love with a 17-year-old, we are told. However Miss Margolyes is at pains to point out that 'his most enduring and passionate relationship was with his public'. Interspersed with the readings, performance and commentary — and to give Miss Margolyes a well-deserved rest — are songs, both witty and revealing, written by his friends and even one by Dickens himself, performed with verve and relish by David Timson.

The festival is as much about encouraging and fostering new talent as it is about displaying the cream of established actors, writers and directors, and so it was a pleasure to welcome the Thomas Sumpter School's production of *The Moon's The Madonna,* staged under the aegis of The National Student Theatre Company, on the Fringe. Written by Richard Cameron, himself a teacher at the school and twice winner of the *Sunday Times* Playwriting Award, in the light of the Cleveland affair, this is an assured and heart rending account of the devastating effects of suspected child abuse on one fatherless family. Tragedy strikes at the end, but not before a sharp accusatory finger has been pointed at the callous treatment of the social services who, in trying to do what they feel is in the children's best interests, only seem to compound the problem.

Less impressive was the Traverse Theatre's production of Michel Vinaver's abrasive French comedy *Blending In,* skilfully transposed to Glasgow. The play concerns a small family firm making food mixers which gets swallowed up by a conglomerate. The topical theme, though, is always in danger of becoming obscured under the welter of office bitchiness and small talk which, although bitingly accurate, weakens the overall impact. Nevertheless, good ensemble playing kept my interest alive throughout.

The quest for spiritual attainment was expressed through the medium of dance in the Houston Ballet's *Gautama Buddha,* which received its European premiere in Edinburgh. Imaginatively choreographed by Christopher Bruce, the ballet comprises a suite of dances illustrating episodes of the great aesthete, beginning with his choice of a bride,

through to his enlightenment — to seek salvation for mankind, a state of peace beyond the cycle of birth, death and rebirth. The basic flaw in this production is that it lacks dramatic impetus, and, although the specially commissioned score by Naresh Sohal is suitably oriental and mystic in style, it does not have the necessary variation. The dancing was commendable, especially that of the principal, Li Cunxin, as the young man who relinquished all his wealth to become a wanderer in search of truth. Mr. Cunxin, however, displayed his agility to full advantage in the second programme *Esmeralda Pas De Deux.* But the memorable part of the evening was the final work, *Ghost Dances.* This brilliant ballet, also by Christopher Bruce, danced to the haunting and evocative music of Inti-Illimani's folk songs, was dedicated to the sufferings of the South American people over the centuries. I was particularly moved by the image of three skull-faced figures of death who seemed to be the people's constant companions, claiming their victims at will.

The most eagerly awaited event was the Taganka Theatre's production of Pushkin's *Boris Godunov* which marked the reunion of director Yuri Lyubimov with the company from which he was dismissed in 1984 for criticising the government. A difficult but rewarding parable on the nature of tyranny, the play traces Boris's ascendancy to the throne, the spiritual consequences of his murder of Tsarevich Dimitri and the way in which the monkish imposter, Grigori, assumes the name of Dimitri in order to obtain power. Under Lyubimov's masterly direction, this was no mere recreation of a turbulent period in Russian history but a scathing comment on a nation forced to suffer under the yoke of a succession of tyrannical rulers. 'Are the people better off? Ask them!', says one character directly to the audience, as the lights go up and we are put in the dock as a sort of silent witness to oppression and injustice. This is just one of the theatrical coups that Lyubimov brings off. Another is the coronation of Boris when coins are showered upon his head. The ever-present chanting chorus, hungering for true leadership, and the central recurring motif of the Tsar's spiked staff symbolising the continuation of authoritarianism, lend the work a chilling and timeless quality.

Finally, to art — and *El Greco Mystery and Illumination.* This fascinating exhibition (which runs until October 15) examines the mysterious 'Allegory' by El Greco (1541-1614), that most visionary of painters, and sets it in the context of related work by the artist and other masters such as Bruegel and Rubens. The 'Allegory' series of paintings evokes the world of strolling players and confidence tricksters in its depiction of a pale-faced figure blowing on an ember, with a monkey gazing intently on one side and an inanely grinning man (possibly the monkey's trainer) on the other, the prospect of a candle being lit obviously giving him mischievous delight. Secretly huddled together in some dark corner, these rascals seem to be hatching a diabolical plot. Documentary evidence provides no clue to the meaning of the work but it is thought to be a comment on man's waywardness and foolishness.

Literary Supplement

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW

by Betty Abel

Lewis Percy. Anita Brookner. Jonathan Cape. £11.95. *Raj.* Gita Mehta. Jonathan Cape. £11.95. *Towards Asmara.* Thomas Keneally. Hodder & Stoughton. £12.95. *The Execution of Justice.* Friedrich Dürrenmatt (translated by John E. Woods). Jonathan Cape. £12.95. *My Father's Moon.* Elizabeth Jolley. Viking. £11.95.

Anita Brookner's novels are always, for some strange reason, hypnotic. Pitched in a low key, they could almost be seen as a modern translation of what used to be labelled 'fine writing'. There is no striving for effect, little drama, merely a skilful, steady stream of description of the life of her central character whose fairly uneventful life seems to be on the verge of bursting into vigorous activity. No such thing ever happens and yet the reader is led into believing that it might. In her best novel, *Hotel du Lac,* the dreary holiday weeks in a Swiss hotel are enlivened by the sudden romance which develops for the heroine, a novelist from London, travelling incognito. Her identity is soon discovered by other guests and is exploited by a middle-aged adventurer and tycoon. The book is short enough for the inevitable deception of the heroine to be a feasible ending.

In her latest novel, *Lewis Percy,* Anita Brookner describes at much greater length the unexciting life of a timid young near-scholar whose days are spent in libraries where he is reputed to be writing a thesis. The hero begins by living for a year in a Paris boarding house but soon has to return to England to look after his widowed mother. The resumed thesis, supposed to be concerned with some dedicated heroes of the nineteenth century, simply serves to remind Lewis that his own existence is singularly devoid of stirring deeds of high romance. Becoming bored with his daily task of taking his mother for her customary walk past the 'sodden Common', he dreams of delivering from similar maternal bondage a timid librarian called Tissy. Tissy is almost unbelievably frail, lacking in the most rudimentary forms of initiative. She even suffers from agoraphobia, so that the ensuing marriage between them after his mother's death fails to provide the release Lewis desires.

Not surprisingly, Lewis falls in love, quite soon after their daughter is born, with the sister of his best friend, a far more generous natured woman, and abandons Tissy. The domineering character of both their mothers, Lewis's deceased but still powerfully in his thoughts, Tissy's very much alive and constantly in his house, bears an obvious responsibility for this dire state of affairs. Tissy turns into a vengeful feminist, denying Lewis comfortable access to their daughter whom he regards as some sort of justification for his failed past. It is at this point that the novel becomes too long, even though Emmy, the sister of his friend, and other well-drawn characters rally round, for Lewis indulges in introspective reminiscences and obscure yearnings. There is too little dialogue and too much dispirited brooding, written in an old-

fashioned mannered prose. Interaction between the otherwise promising characters is precluded. Nevertheless, Anita Brookner's sharp, amusing observation does not desert her and the book is eminently readable for that alone.

Raj by Gita Mehta, the new rival to Paul Scott, author of *Jewel in the Crown,* is a novel of stature. The plot is as sentimental and ordinary as many other tales of the Indian Continent under British rule: but Gita Mehta brings to this scenario a freshness and depth unusual in a romance of the Orient. Her plot concerns Jaya, a Princess raised in purdah who inevitably falls in love with a handsome young Englishman. Forced to marry a dissolute, unattractive Indian Prince, she later has an affair with a politically radical but heartless Casanova. Nonetheless, Jaya emerges a resolute, politically mature and well-balanced lady, bearing a suspicious resemblance to Indira Ghandi. But there is more to the novel than it seems so trite a plot could bear.

Written by an Indian woman, one moreover who finished her education at Cambridge, the book is marked out by its acceptance of the traditional culture of the Mabarajahs which the author can show effortlessly, without self-conscious explanations of the kind which even Paul Scott, being English, needs to deploy in *Jewel in the Crown.* Gita Mehta also understands, without trying, the peculiar chemistry of the Anglo-Indian relationship. She depicts the irresistible attraction of the Western ethic for high-born Indian nationals. The contrasts between the extreme poverty of the masses and the wealth of the Indian elite are shown with exceptional clarity, yet with an innate understanding of the philosophy of the Princes and of the bloodthirsty warrior class in all its medieval arrogance. Simultaneously she knows the meaning of the conservatism of her parents, already an anachronism in the early 1900s, and the choice of a freer democracy for her own generation.

The two alternatives, conveyed by the men in her life, show Mehta the failings of both sides of the Indian struggle, the British and the nationalist. But above all they reveal the inherent contradiction in the English habit of requiring the Princes and professionals to adopt British ideas of democracy and at the same time treating all Indians, whether high or lowly born, as inferior. The women came out of purdah into a different but equally unhappy bondage: it seemed like slavery with a twist, and was just as unacceptable. On the other side, the Nationalists imagined a smooth transition to Western theories of statehood for the inhabitants of an already deeply divided land, full of physical and spiritual contrasts.

The heroine's decision to embrace political life might well be seen as a reflection of Indira Ghandi's life: her ambition was to reconcile the aspirations of Westernised, educated Indians with those of the masses for reasonably stable living conditions. The author's feeling for the innermost desires of all the protagonists makes her contribution to the fiction and history of present-day India an important one.

Thomas Keneally's novels, too, have usually been concerned with great moral dilemmas in a regional setting. He has shown the problems of the American civil war, in *The Confederates;* and more recently the controversial history of the Germans in the holocaust, in *Schindler's Ark.* In his latest book, *Towards Asmara,* he deals with the stranglehold of politics on the famine-ridden Horn of Africa. The terrible famine in Ethiopia in 1984 inspired Bob Geldof to shock the whole world into action. But the struggle for independence by Eritrea has been largely forgotten, although it has lasted for no less than twenty-eight years. The Soviet-backed rule of the dictator Mengistu caused more Ethiopian soldiers to be killed in the past year alone, at the

hands of the Eritrean People's Liberation Front, than the number of Americans killed during the entire Vietnam war. Keneally visited the front line under the protection of Eritrean rebel leaders two years ago and again just after the coup against Mengistu. He was profoundly impressed by their progress in the matters of education and the freeing of women, but appreciated most of all the fact that they had in one bound gone from a tyranny to something resembling a pluralist society and a mixed economy. His novel reflects that respect for a progressive revolutionary society and revolves round four westerners, stock characters designed to portray different types of reaction to the prevailing conditions of the country.

Darcy is the narrator, an Australian lawyer with a commission from *The Times* to investigate suspected Ethiopian gun-running, and his travelling companions are Christine Malmedy, a French girl in search of her father (a cameraman missing in the desert), Mark Henry, an American aid worker already expelled from the country but determined to see the 'other side' of the conflict, and Lady Julia from the Anti-Slavery Society, crusading against the traditional circumcision of young girls. On their journey towards the holy city of Asmara these four are shown the Eritreans living and fighting from the caves they inhabit, their hospital valley where up to date complicated surgery is performed, their schools in dug-outs and a vast food-distribution centre at Jani. All four have other reasons, more personal ones, for the crusade they have undertaken but all learn in their various ways that they are irrelevant to the point of being needlessly intrusive. A propaganda novel it may be but it is one in which the author makes his stock characters live. He brings home the true tragedy of Ethiopia in a skilfully written story of victors, vanquished and misguided helpers.

Dürrenmatt's novel, *The Execution of Justice,* is also a crusading book but one which possesses the added ingredients of murder (a crime in Zurich), gun-trading and pornographic games underneath polite Swiss society. The author plays allegorical games with consummate skill. The reader is always sure to be enchanted by a Dürrenmatt novel and the new story is no disappointment. A Zurich city councillor shoots another prominent citizen in full view of a restaurant crowded with diners. Dr. Izaak Kohler, the murderer, is a liberal and a university professor. From his hygienic, comfortable prison cell Kohler hires young Spat, an idealistic lawyer, to get him off. Kohler's wealth procures witnesses who readily change their original testimony. Spat resolves to kill Kohler himself, so disgusted is he at the blatant bribery offered to himself and others in the case before the trial. Friedrich Dürrenmatt's writing is fast and tense and his plot takes surprising turns. He is a master of entertaining but sobering fictional morality.

Elizabeth Jolley, the author of the absorbing novel *The Sugar Mother,* has written the story of a growing girl suffering incarceration in a series of institutions. *My Father's Moon* is the story of Vera, born of German parents, who is made to go through boarding school, a military hospital, and a live-in job at a progressive school full of unstable children. She, who has been brought up a Quaker, has to suffer a series of eye-openers of the crudest kind at the hands of other women, and some men who attempt her seduction. She is emotional, immature and depends on a strong but harmful female paragon. The author piles on the agony to show that Vera is the paradigm case of perpetual outsider; for only someone apart and aloof can command her attention. She endures ill-treatment of all kinds. The novel is gripping and

well developed although less complex in its plot and less subtle than *The Sugar Mother.*

Also Received.

The Notebook. Agota Kristof. (Translated from the French by Ann Sheridan). Methuen. £10.95. The Hungarian author went, after the 1956 failed revolution, to live in Switzerland. The novel is her first; a haunting fable about a pair of male twins who have been abandoned in the strange world of Little Town, after the bombing of Big Town where they lived. They are adopted by a wicked witch but are given no names and go through terrible adventures in the attempt to survive. The resulting Spartan outlook makes them cold, unfeeling and strange to the other children. The nightmare quality of the tale is cleverly contrived, the prose strong and direct.

Letourneau's Used Auto Parts. Carolyn Chute. Methuen. £11.95. Carolyn Chute is already well-known amongst American writers for her vivid portrayal of small towns on the East coast. Her delineation of the life of Miracle City, a little place in Maine, conjures up a rural America teeming with life. It is a worthy successor to her first, best-selling novel, *Town of Egypt, Maine.* She has the gift of bringing to life her extraordinary characters, especially the improbably beneficent car dealer, Letourneau, whose unobtrusive good works belie his tough exterior. The unusual picture of poverty in an Eastern community and the rigours of life there is a telling one.

The Burning Boys. John Fuller. Chatto & Windus. £10.95. The author's description of wartime Britain records the days of Spitfires, ration books and dried egg cooking where boys were growing up in the knowledge that their fate could be to die in battle. David, evacuated from London after his mother has been killed in the Blitz, finds a mysterious and unsettling world. His meeting with a crashed fighter pilot aids the maturing process: John Fuller writes his story in vivid and luminous prose, giving an unforgettable account of the war at home seen through young eyes. (John Fuller's own Sycamore Press publishes poetry.)

Labrador. Kathryn Davies. Bodley Head. £10.95. The first novel by this writer is a tale of 'bewitchment' of the kind that is increasingly often written in America, if less frequently in Great Britain. Two sisters and a superstitious housekeeper make excellent fodder for the machinations of the wilful Willie who lures the younger girl, Kittie, to her grandfather's house in the 'tundra' of Labrador where she, predictably, exorcises the ghosts facing her from her childhood. For witchcraft addicts, it is an interesting novel: for most readers, a weak fantasy.

The Legend of the Holy Drinker. Joseph Roth (translated from the German by Michael Hofmann). Chatto & Windus. £7.95. The translation into English of the last novel of Joseph Roth, witten shortly before his death in 1939, is a story of triumph in adversity. A poor, drunken tramp is taken by a series of flukes which he labels 'miracles' from the down-and-out places which he normally inhabits into a life of high living in luxurious settings. The development of the theme where contrasts and similarities are pointed out really supplies the book's substance but the settings are impressively and the descriptions superbly written.

NON FICTION REVIEWS

THE VENERABLE BEDE

The Illustrated Bede. John Marsden. Macmillan. £17.95.

When I was asked to review this book, I began to ask people what they knew about Bede, and it soon appeared that most knew his name and the fact that he was 'a Venerable' and virtually nothing else. They knew that he lived a long time ago, though few would hazard a guess as to just when that may have been, and most thought that he was English; though some opted for Irish and others for Scottish. Yet there is little doubt that Bede was the most remarkable man of his time and one of the most remarkable men ever to grace the history of this island, let alone to write one of its most fascinating histories and various biographies, which light up some of its darkest times. Perhaps people have been put off by the names of his contemporaries: Egfrith, Ceolfrith, Alchfrith and other assorted 'friths', let alone such characters as King Yffi, Pope Agatho, and the Abbess Aelffled. If so, it is a pity, and anyone even remotely interested in the early history of this island should be encouraged to welcome this new translation of extracts from some of his major works. It may not be a sufficiently complete version of his works to satisfy scholars, but it is an admirable introduction to them for the ordinary reader, who would like to know what it was like to be alive in England thirteen hundred years ago.

Born about 673 at Wearmouth — the ancestor of the modern town of Monkwearmouth, nowadays virtually swallowed up by Sunderland — his parents handed him over into the care of a monastery, when he was about seven years old, and there he grew up and was educated by the monks, eventually becoming a monk himself. For a time he moved to the monastery's sister house at Jarrow, but he does not seem to have stayed there for long; for a little while later, when both houses were struck by a lethal plague, which decimated their inhabitants, only the Abbot of Wearmouth and one young boy — almost certainly Bede himself — survived. Posterity should be profoundly thankful that he did so, for thereafter he lived with astonishing serenity through some of the blackest years of the Dark Ages in this country, until he died aged fifty-two in 735, leaving behind him an incomparable record of what everyday life was like at that time: a time so different from our own that without Bede and his aid it would be virtually impossible to imagine how he and his fellow men viewed the world they lived in.

For one thing, England was divided into seven kingdoms — Kent, Sussex, Wessex, Essex, East Anglia, Mercia and Northumberland — which were perpetually at war with one another, burning each other's cities and slaughtering each other's people, as they vied for supremacy over each other in their time off from fighting the Welsh, the Irish and the Scots; there was no common language other than Latin, a legacy of Roman rule and the preserve of a few scholars and the church; comforts were non-existent, disease ubiquitous, and early death the norm, so that one might turn with confidence to Thomas Hobbes's description of the life of man as 'solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short' as being entirely appropriate to the lives of people in Bede's world

without thinking twice about such a judgement. Yet this would be a great mistake, to which even the most cursory reading of Bede's works gives the lie. The lives of his contemporaries may often have been short by twentieth century standards of longevity and poor if poverty is judged in terms of material wealth, but by their own standards they were nothing of the kind. For they lived in a different universe from that which we all carry around in our heads: to them a newly discovered universe and therefore an immensely exciting one, over-arched by the realm of God in his heaven, ruled by Christ in his mercy, and subject to frequent interventions by angels and archangels and all the company of heaven, who were liable to erupt into the everyday lives of men and women in dreams, visions, and sudden little miracles. No one doubted the reality of this invisible, transcendent world any more than any of us doubt the reality of the invisible, post-Newtonian world of sub-atomic physics with its particles and anti-particles, protons and neutrons, quarks and electrons or the galactic universe of quasars and black holes, and Bede has left such a vivid description of it that it comes alive again as we read his pages.

I have only one minor criticism with which to finish this review. I did not find the illustrations of much interest; photographs of otters on a rock, seals on another, shags on a third, and eider duck at sea, even in glorious technicolour, did little to help me appreciate either Bede or his time. To be fair, some illustrations are of slightly greater relevance and interest than that, and even if the majority are rather boring, nothing can detract from the fascination of the text.

TONY BRIDGE

A TO Z IN SOUTHERN AFRICA

The Dictionary of Contemporary Politics of Southern Africa. Gwyneth Williams and Brian Hackland. Routledge.

Anyone who felt compelled to make a quick trip round the countries of southern Africa — like, say, a British Prime Minister — and who needed a portable A to Z of 'who's who' and 'what's where now' would be wise to invest in this book. Its information is so compacted, and its detail so awesome that it — and the forbiddingly high price of insurance policies against air-disaster, terrorism, impure water and gyppy-tummy — might well induce the potential traveller who had any freedom of choice to settle for his own armchair, and to acquire from television whatever he needed to know of the politics of the Cape mis-named Good Hope. But then that was the term coined by the seventeenth-century advertising equivalents of Saatchis or of Lonrho: until then, it was the Cape of Storms. Vasco da Gama, as I recall it, sailed round it (or was blown round it?) without realising that it was there, and did not attempt a landing. The Portuguese of the fifteenth century were wiser than the Dutch — though they too came in the end, and were not to stay long.

A dictionary is not designed to preach, or to offer solutions; it is a fact provider, and this is a good one. If it seems to be preoccupied with Namibia, this is but evidence that it is up-to-date. Being a contemporary guide, it minimises history. Those who do look for theses here, however, can find them in plenty, and all are disturbing.

Let me cite three. Except for the 84-year-old Hastings Banda in Malawi, Quett Masive in Botswana and the politicians of the Union of South Africa,

all the other leaders of the newly-created Southern African countries described here came up not by a political or a military ladder but as terrorists. (As one might add, they also did in Israel and Palestine.) When does a terrorist whose tools are shot-guns or machetes or burning necklaces become a politician whose tools are words; more precisely, can his words, in or outside a 'talking-shop', or on paper, be trusted? Second, how deep are these so-called 'African nationalist' movements? Where they are the equivalent of 'tribes', they rarely march with national boundaries. As in Zimbabwe, they often divide the 'nation'. But then, in our world, as in Hitler's, as in Lewis Carroll's, myths are for manufacture, embroidery and repetition; and 'what I tell you three times is true'. And third, the letters UN here usually preface UNITED NATIONAL something or other, very rarely United Nations. As recent events have shown, the United Nations Organisation plays a minor role here, and that usually as a distributor of aid, usually described as non-military, to agencies usually in fact covers for terrorist activity. What is not mentioned is that at least 16 per cent of all UNO (and ILO) funds are provided by the US, and that 45 per cent of the 155 members of the UNO, many of them in receipt of them, by their voting patterns can be classed as avowedly anti-American.

This is a useful and factual guide to Southern Africa's many storm-tossed dilemmas. It serves as a reminder that facts are stubborn things, and that many of them will not be wished, or talked, or promised, away. Example: one-crop exporters are tied to their buyer as tightly as in any Imperial system: as Zambia is, when copper and cobalt constitute 90 per cent of its exports. And example: South Africa's whites are outnumbered by blacks inside the country in the ratio of one to six; and the proportion is awesomely greater if one looks north of the Limpopo.

ESMOND WRIGHT

THE SHADOW OF FLAUBERT

Flaubert. Herbert Lottman. Methuen. £17.95.

'No one understands me,' Flaubert wrote in a letter to George Sand, and it cannot be said, in all fairness, that Mr. Lottman has remedied the situation. The strength and lasting value of his study lies in the accuracy of the historicity, upon which, rightly, he prides himself. His familiarity with the Flaubert archives is obviously unrivalled, but, even so, he has contrived to write a fully detailed biography in which the subject is not present other than in direct quotation. Mr. Lottman has some kind of aversion to psychological speculation, which he seems to regard as automatically spurious. However, the history of a man in his setting, what he did, what happened to him, even what he thought, is not, on its own, biography. Stage One is the accurate framework. Stage Two is the interpretation.

Part of the curiously brutal effect of the book is the shallow, homogenous style, determinedly non-academic, and none the worse, necessarily, for that, but with each uniform, fact-packed page laid end-to-end in a monochrome tapestry of moving figures. Certainly Flaubert's life was more active than in the popular imagination. The search for the *mot juste* in the seclusion of Croisset was interspaced with periods of intense social and entrepreneurial activity in Paris. Mr. Lottman will not allow that Flaubert's epilepsy was the direct cause of his tortuous work-methods. He has obviously researched the background here thoroughly, but has distilled his findings into a disappointingly

small discussion. Nor will he allow that 'Madame Bovary c'est moi' — the remark, apparently, attributed to him by one Amélie Bosquet — was a true representation (however widely believed) of Flaubert's methods and intentions. The author's use of new material is rewarding as to matters of fact: held, for example, in the Morgan Library in New York, he tells us, are Flaubert's notes towards the preparation of *Salammbô*, with minutiae about Carthage, down to 'such details as tides and fish'. Dubious data are combed into shape. Thus, he proves conclusively (and says it twice!) that Flaubert *did* read before the age of nine. As a work of reference, Mr. Lottman's opus is impressive. At a Life, it is a mere shadow-play.

MOLLY TIBBS

MURDER MOST SOCIOLOGICAL

The Bermondsey Horror. Albert Borowitz. Robson Books. £14.95.

Its somewhat spinal title notwithstanding, originally published as *The Woman Who Murdered Black Satin* by the Ohio State University Press, this is a work of scholarship, written by a historian, and very far removed from the scissors-and-paste journalese normally characteristic of the treatments of such subjects. With a lawyer's eye — the author is a partner in a Cleveland law firm — and a nice sense of history, Mr. Borowitz takes a transatlantic look at a classic nineteenth-century English murder case, set in the cholera-ridden, working class London district of Bermondsey.

The crime itself was, in all conscience, sordid and run-of-the-kill enough: the slaying of ne'erdowell Patrick O'Connor by his Swiss Miss mistress, actually *Mrs.* Marie Manning, in cahoots with her husband, Frederick George Manning, in 1849. Interestingly, the Mannings had married at 'the murderers' church', St. James's, Piccadilly, where the marriages of Mrs. Florence Maybrick and the poisonous Dr. Philip Cross also took place.

Bizarrely, husband and wife united to kill the lover; a most unusual variation on the triangular musical beds theme, wife and lover, or husband and mistress, generally being the executive couple. Equally oddly, only Marie out of the trio made the DNB. A case full of surprises. The ripples which it produced were both wide and socially significant in their time. Naturally, the 'sensational' crime sent the penny-a-liners of the metropolis pelting across to Minver Place to hymn the 'Bermondsey Horror', or, as Mr. Borowitz cynically observes, 'just as likely stayed at home and exercised their journalistic fantasy.'

One who exercised his fantasy thereon was Robert Huish, which fantasy, entitled *The Progress of Crime; or, The Authentic Memoirs of Maria Manning,* was a contemporary publication in penny parts, fifty-two of them, totalling 832 pages. Huish specialised in novels based on lurid crimes (he also did Maria Martin of the Red Barn) and the lives of royalty — not necessarily such disparate subjects.

The missing O'Connor having been found under the kitchen flagstones, his clay mixed in with his earthen and quicklime bed, the flown Mannings were pursued — that pursuit being elevated to a scientific wonderment by the introduction of the new-fangled electric telegraph — and soon arrested; she in Haddington Place, Edinburgh, he, now grown sottish with copious libation of the brandy of the damned, in Jersey. Their capture and trial caught not only the popular imagination, but also that of the literary lions — and lionesses — of the day. Jane Welsh Carlyle, and her husband, Thomas, were intrigued by it.

So was Dickens. He not only attended the execution at Horsemonger Lane Gaol, but also, it is generally accepted, drew Mlle. Hortense, Lady Dedlock's maid in *Bleak House,* who kills Mr. Tulkinghorn, from Madame Manning. The latter, told of Queen Victoria's refusal of a reprieve, remarked succinctly: 'Then she is no lady'.

Maria was hanged in one of the black satin dresses which she had long favoured, and which, so beguiled witnesses of the male sex reported, favoured her. But Mr. Borowitz kills the legend that it killed the fashion for black satin. Maria's other claim to remembrance, outside the red leaves of the Homicide Calendar, that is, is that she and her unwholesome spouse have been fragilely immortalised as Staffordshire china figurines, along with their malefactoral peers James Rush, Dr. Palmer and William Corder.

Mr. Borowitz's book supplies a highly dignified account of a 'highly popular murder'.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

THE METHUEN LIST

A Thousand Capricious Chances. A History of the Methuen List, 1889-1989. Methuen, London. £15.00.

The centenary of a respected name in the book trade is fittingly celebrated in this survey. It is a study of the firm's annual announcements of forthcoming publications. It is not a history of the firm, but the outlines of that can be pieced together from explanations of how the lists and the books on them came into being. It would be worth following up in more detail, though much information may be lacking after the destruction of correspondence and records during the removal from the Essex Street offices.

The firm was the creation of one man, Algernon Methuen Marshall Stedman. He started a preparatory school in Surrey in 1880 and wrote text-books, which he had printed at his own expense. He began selling them to people outside the school, and then arranged for George Bell and Sons to market them. He had already published a book on Oxford, to which Hensley Hension, a Fellow of All Souls, had contributed. Stedman suggested the chapter should be expanded into a book. Henson replied with a counter proposal — a rather surprising one for a future Bishop of Durham — a history of Nonconformity. Stedman accepted this, but the book was never written. However, he was still attracted to becoming a publisher and wrote to a number of established authors. Two of them offered manuscripts. They were Sabine Baring-Gould, now chiefly remembered as a collector of folk-lore, and Edna Lyall, who became a highly successful novelist. Stedman rented a small back room in Bloomsbury from a remainder merchant, who became his trade manager.

He chose the name Methuen for his first publishing announcement and later adopted it as his surname. Of Edna Lyall's novels 25,000 copies were sold in its first year. Popular novels enabled the firm to expand. Success was assured by Kipling's *Barrack-Room Ballads* in 1892. Two years later a new manager was appointed and the office moved to 36 Essex Street, off The Strand. Soon afterwards Methuen gave up teaching to concentrate on publishing. He continued to produce text-books. Education of a broader kind figured in the early lists. In the first there was a series called Social Questions of

To-day, including books on trade unionism, the rural exodus, women's work, the co-operative movement and the industrial condition of the poor. Methuen perhaps had a personal interest in these subjects: he was an active Liberal and when he formed a company he offered his employees shares in it. Books for children and adolescents were strongly represented in the lists for many years.

Prosperity, however, depended on popular novels. The best sellers had little literary merit. As Ms Duffy says, they had the kind of appeal television soap operas have to-day. She discusses interestingly the changes in their general character in response to changing interests of their readers. Methuen confessed that he published the mediocre in order to be able to publish the things he valued. He was knowledgeable about the arts, and books about them appear regularly in his lists. In fiction he persevered with Conrad and Henry James even though they initially brought poor returns. Courageously he published Oscar Wilde's *De Profundis* at a time when Wilde was unmentionable in English society. But he had to abandon D. H. Lawrence's *The Rainbow* after a court ruling against it.

Methuen's death in 1924 left the firm rather adrift. Innovative writers of poetry and fiction passed it by, partly because of the conservative taste of the new chairman, E. V. Lucas. Fortunately just before his death Methuen had appointed E. V. Rieu as educational manager, and he kept up a supply of texts for universities and schools. A translation of Einstein's *Relativity* had been secured as early as 1920. In the thirties there appeared series on philosophy and psychology, edited by G. C. Field, and on physics, edited by R. L. Worsnip. Series on other sciences followed.

Rieu left the firm in 1936, but two years earlier it had recruited Peter Wait, who became a very successful education manager and won great esteem among academics and writers. He developed useful contacts in universities and education as a whole, but the full fruits of his work were not harvested until after the 1939-45 war. In the later thirties Methuen, like other publishers, was in the doldrums.

In the post-war expansion of education Methuen responded very actively to the demand for students' books. The University Paperbacks covered a wide range of studies. The most notable literary ventures were plays by the new writers being staged in the rejuvenated London theatre. The *pièce de résistance* in a succession of quite impressive lists is probably The Arden Shakespeare. The firm had been publishing separate plays since 1899. In 1950 a completely new set was launched under the general editorship of Una Ellis-Fermor. When she died Harold Brooks and Harold Jenkins took over her responsibility. The series is a fine record of a generation of literary scholarship.

All this achievement took place before a frequently changing transformation scene. The shares Methuen left in trust were bought by a biscuit manufacturer, who later lodged them as surety with Lloyd's Bank, which then appointed two directors. During the war a financier bought a controlling interest and introduced two other publishers to the board. In 1958 the firm merged with Eyre and Spottiswood into Associated Book Publishers. The Methuen imprint was confined to a university list largely devoted to the humanities but still supervised by Peter Wait until he retired in 1973. In the financial juggling of the eighties it passed from one conglomerate to another. It is not clear what remains. One can only hope the centenary tribute will not turn out to be an obituary.

BRUCE PATTISON

THE ARTIST'S PALETTE AS ANALYST'S COUCH

Beardsley Re-Mounted. Brian Reade. The Eighteen Nineties Society. £16.00.

The phthisic shade of Aubrey Beardsley has cast a long shadow over the twentieth century. Ninety-one years in his shadeless hillside grave, high above the Mediterranean, at Menton, the thin shell that held the pearl of his being has lain. Mr. Reade's elegant, and elegantly produced monograph, a clever and subtle extended essay positively crackling with brilliant insights and deftly snatched off-glances, subscribes to the notion that 'the parallels to be found in Beardsley's life and in his drawings have an inferential importance for us in understanding his art'. With practised eye, Mr. Reade surveys the line-up of black and white evidence and, working backwards as it were, astutely deduces the frames of mind and states of being which and when begat and orchestrated its expression. The search for distinction he finds already manifest in 'the burlesque art of his juvenile caricatures,' and by 1893, his drawings — albeit inspired, influenced, by Whistler, Burne-Jones, Dürer, Mantegna, Constantin Guys, Japanese prints, and so forth — bear the strokes never to be confused with those of anybody else. There are only a handful, literally, of years to go. One for each finger. Five of them.

In 1894 and 1895, the young Beardsley, failed by father, Vincent, product of a Matriarchy — mother and Mabel — taken up in the homosexual circle associated with Robert Ross, flirted outrageously with *Yellow Book* contemporaneity... Art Nouveau women with mammoth hats and mahiotre sleeves. But for Beardsley, *The Yellow Book* closed after the January 1895 issue. April and May brought the trials of Oscar Wilde. W. B. Yeats recalls Beardsley arriving a little after breakfast and a little drunk at Fountain Court, his mind running upon his dismissal from *The Yellow Book*, staring into a mirror — 'Yes, yes. I look like a sodomite. But no, I am not that.'

It was in 1895 that there was published a drawing, *Child Standing by its Mother's Bed*, which, Mr. Reade believes, 'marks the end of something — or possibly the end of the beginning of progressive, idiosyncratic tendencies in Beardsley's life.'

Had Beardsley's black and white magic any connection with Satanism? Was Roger Fry's 'Fra Angelico' label a witty irrelevance? Mr. Reade has interesting views to express. They involve the strange 'XL', otherwise Julian Osgood Field, author of the story in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for which Beardsley drew *The Kiss of Judas.*

In this absolutely essential contribution to the understanding of Beardsley, Mr. Reade supplies a unique analysis of the tools of his art — the types of pens and nibs and paper and the why and wherefore of their deliberate employment in different masques and phases — and, incidentally, authoritatively reasserts that the sketch-book drawings reproduced in John Lane's *Uncollected Work of Aubrey Beardsley* (1925) are clumsy fakes.

This is a most valuable addition to the analytical literature of the eighteen-nineties.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Afrikaners: Their Last Great Trek. (Macmillan. £14.95.) This is a well timed study at a moment when the struggle against minority white rule in South Africa intensifies. Graham Leach has written at some length of the dominant white Afrikaners who introduced apartheid after the Union of South Africa became independent. The first Great Trek was in 1838 when the Afrikaners sought freedom from British rule by opening up and settling in the vast open spaces of Southern Africa. Now, Graham Leach argues, the 'final trek is the search for an accommodation with the blacks'. This, he accepts, will be no simple business. In spite of their internal divisions they are determined to remain dominant. In the end, they will have to accept black majority rule. This is an important contribution by the author who was Southern Africa Correspondent for BBC Radio from 1983 to 1989.

The Dialectics of Friendship. (Routledge. £9.95.) Roy Porter and Sylvana Tomaselli, editors of this volume, have brought together ten articles on different characteristics and aspects of friendship. The contributors are well known academics. Professor Pat Easterling writes on Friendship and the Greeks. Gillian Clark and Professor R. L. Clark are concerned with the Christian tradition. Female and male friendship are discussed respectively by Sue Limb and Michael Neve. Friendship in children's fiction is the subject of Margaret Kinnell's piece. Friendship and personal development is Adrian Furnham's subject. James Serpell discusses the limits of friendship between human beings and animals. Friendship and the social order is Stephanie Garrett's subject. Graham Little writes on Freud, friendship and politics. Professor Logie considers the environment of fellowship around 1900. The Editors themselves have a useful Introduction. This is an interesting volume although it is not possible to cover this vast subject in depth, within the space available.

Abroad in America. (Lennard Publishing. £15.95.) 'Literary Discoverers of the New World from the Past 500 Years'. Robert Blow has brought together extracts from the published works of more than one hundred non-American authors with their comments on the United States. There are four parts, each with an introduction. The first, Irish and Norse Legends of Discovery, is followed by the Exploration and Colonization of America 1492-1775, The New Nation 1775-1865 and the Great Wave 1865-1988. It is an enjoyable volume to browse in. It is not intended as a work of scholarship.

Jacqueline du Pré: A Biography (Hodder & Stoughton. £12.15). Jacqueline du Pré died in 1987, aged 42, she had long been famous for her extraordinary talent as a cellist. Her crippling illness was borne with an unbelievable courage and stoicism. This story of her life shows the reality of her days apart from the public face, recounting the course of her training, her marriage to an equally talented musician, Daniel Barenboim and the brave attempts to carry on teaching others when she could no longer hold the bow herself. The writer, Carol Easton, has written the biography with the fullest co-operation of the musician, before her death, and with the help of many other admirers after it. It is an honest, moving portrait of an exceptional woman who lives still through her outstanding performance, much of it recorded.

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THE ENLARGEMENT OF THE COMMUNITY: PART 1: AUSTRIA & THE EASTERN BLOC

by Michael L. Nash

THE Treaty of Rome does not stipulate any criteria for entry into the European Community: any European state can apply to join. But, as Roy Jenkins, once President of the Commission, pointed out in an interview in March 1986, a set of unofficial criteria have grown up in the Community with regard to the applicant states.[1]

These unofficial criteria are as follows: the applicant state has to be European, it has to be democratic, and it has to want to join. Thus, if we apply these criteria to the application of Britain in the 1960s, the first two criteria were undoubted, but the member states were not at all convinced about the third one, and this twice led to rejection. Similarly, in the case of Norway, the third criterion was tested in a referendum in late 1972, and by a margin of less than one per cent, the Norwegian electorate rejected their application.

The application of Austria, formally lodged on July 17, 1989, brings into focus other kinds of considerations. To begin with Austria is a member of EFTA, the European Free Trade Area, formed in the 1960s as a kind of loose trading association in retaliation to the European Community and its aspirations for closer union. Three members of EFTA, the United Kingdom, Eire and Portugal, have already made the leap from one organisation to the other. The application of Austria has taken (initially) many people by the ears. It is not only that Austria belongs to EFTA, but that she is neutral. Neutrality is not in itself a bar; there is nothing in the Treaty of Rome about it. But Austria's neutrality is demanded by the terms of the 1955 Treaty which gave it its present independence.

Austria has agonized for some time now about the true meaning of this neutrality. She has come to the conclusion that it means military neutrality, and she has no intention of becoming a member of any military alliance. Here she has the precedent and example of another member state, Eire. (Spain too, on joining the European Community was not a full member of NATO, though she has since become one.) To Austria neutrality does not mean political neutrality, and she points to many examples since 1955: her position as a mediating state in the case of terrorism, for example; and being used as a centre for discussions

on drugs. EFTA and the European Community issued a joint document in March 1989[2] in which they appealed for a new era in relations with each other, possibly entailing joint institutions, common legislative procedures and even a pooling of money. [This immediately harks back to Austria's past, and its attempt in 1857 for example to provide for a joint currency with most of the German states by the Coinage Treaty of Vienna.] Austria's Chancellor, Franz Vranitsky, signalled then his country's interest in seeking European Community membership, though he admitted Austrian neutrality could be an obstacle. He also high-lighted a reference in the text of the EFTA document to 'developing co-operation' with Yugoslavia, arguing that European integration should include non-aligned countries. EFTA's prime ministers spoke of establishing a 'homogeneous and dynamic European Economic Space (EES) consisting of all Member States of EFTA and the EC'.

Austria has a special position in this. No consideration can really be given to the factors involved without going back to the break-up of the Holy Roman Empire by Napoleon in 1806, and the vacuum which always seems to exist in Central Europe unless there is some cohesion among the states there: what Otto von Habsburg succinctly summed up as 'the place where the world feels neuralgia'.[3]

Some real cohesion, of course, began to exist with the creation of the Austro-Hungarian empire after 1867, but the break-up of that empire in 1918 traumatized those concerned even more than the transmutations after 1806. The wish to reform this cohesion of states in Central Europe has been with Austria ever since. First came the First Austrian Republic, which lasted twenty years from 1918 until the Anschluss in 1938. Austria felt the need to belong to something bigger after 1918. Vienna had a history of being an imperial city, the centre of a Central European federation. There were only three places, it was said, where the unity of the (Holy Roman) Empire was still on view: Vienna, which was the seat of the imperial court, of the Reichshofrat and the Reichsvizekanzler; Regensburg, which was the seat of the Imperial Diet, and Wetzlar, which was the seat of the Reichskammergericht. The idea of a greater Germany is one of the last century too, a *gross deutsche* solution was preferable to a unified Germany without Austria. It is significant, of course, that it was when Austria lost the internal struggle with Prussia during the war of 1866 that she turned eastwards to form the Austro-Hungarian empire in 1867. It was in many ways compensatory.

Bismarck was a popular man in Austria because he believed in the greater ideal; he had this vision: 'Austria itself is a myth; it is more an idea than a country'.[4] By this is meant that it is the pivot and the centre of an extended Europe, a federation of states, embracing Central, *Mittel Europa*. Germany by association and culture is close to Austria. Austria was even called German Austria between 1918 and 1920 — but there was not an overwhelming majority for the Anschluss. It was at first refused by Schuschnigg, who wanted a plebiscite. In 1922 the Pan-Europa

movement had been founded by a prestigious and remarkable Austrian, Count Richard Coudenhove-Kalergi. He envisaged what has now become the idea of a 'United States of Europe', so that war would not occur again. It was a noble ideal, and interested many similar noble souls, including Edouard Herriot, the French Foreign Minister, who, indeed, entitled his own work on the subject, *The United States of Europe.* Coudenhove-Kalergi lived until 1972, having received the Charlemagne Prize at Aachen for his work for European unity, and having seen the real beginnings of a united Europe. Since his death his place has been taken in Pan-Europa by Otto von Habsburg, born the heir to the Austro-Hungarian empire, the son of the last Emperor Karl; and who is now a member of the European Parliament and a most active member of its Political Committee. There are those who see in Pan-Europa a sub-text, a hidden agenda, being in some way the restoration of the Habsburgs to the position they occupied in European politics for six hundred years.

The Nazis at first found the possibility of a Habsburg restoration irksome and mounted propaganda against it. Schuschnigg, the Austrian Chancellor, has been described during this period as a 'devoted though platonic lover of the monarchy', and it is true that he put through two measures, in July 1935 and April 1936, to remove legal restrictions from the Habsburg family. He also, at considerable risk to himself, had secret meetings with the exiled Archduke Otto in Switzerland, in September 1935, in January 1937 and in December 1937.[5] Hitler sensed that the story of a pro-Habsburg plot would offer considerable advantages for armed intervention in Austria, the last thing the Habsburgs surely wanted. In June 1937, Hitler's War Minister, Field Marshal Blomberg, received instructions to prepare a military plan for the operations in Austria, and it received significantly the code-name 'Otto'. Its aim was to 'compel Austria by force of arms to renounce a restoration'.

Schuschnigg, totally isolated by now, gave way and resigned. Hitler then announced his own plebiscite, to be held in early April 1938. Only the exiled Archduke Otto promptly protested against it, in a statement from Paris. Unfortunately he also, somewhat unrealistically, urged Schuschnigg to hand over the office of Chancellor to him. Schuschnigg, monarchist though he was, rejected this idea without reservation, and had replied to the Archduke's letter: 'In no circumstances can it be reasonable . . . to lead the country into a struggle which is hopeless from the outset'. It has been suggested that it was this spirit, not any overwhelming desire for union with Germany, which led 90% of Austrians to vote 'Yes' in the plebiscite on 10 April 1938. It was not the kind of union Austria wanted.

The war years were a time in which the Habsburgs were looking forward to the end of the war and the rebuilding of Europe, as Coudenhove-Kalergi continued to envisage. They clearly hoped there would be a place then for them. When the war broke out in 1939 Archduke Otto was in France, one of his younger brothers, Robert, was in London, and another, Felix, was in the United States. Washington

was more sympathetic than London: it seems that the British Foreign Secretary, Anthony Eden, was much less sympathetic than Churchill himself towards their aspirations. He, Eden, noted on a Foreign Office minute on December 4, 1942: 'We want nothing to do with these Habsburgs. A.E.'

Archduke Otto had a considerable success in the United States, to which he went early in 1940. His brother Felix had already been campaigning for a Danubian federation under the Habsburgs. The British embassy reported that Otto developed the idea of a 'United States of Central Europe', comprising not only Austria and Hungary, but also Rumania, Bohemia, Moravia, Slovakia and possibly Croatia. In London around this time Archduke Robert was more modestly urging the BBC's Director General to broadcast in favour of the independence of Austria.

Intimately connected with all this activity was the idea of an Austrian legion being formed outside Austria from the exiles; it was doomed to failure because, although the initiative was enthusiastically taken by the Habsburgs, many exiled Austrians could not go along with it for this very reason. From January 1943 the Habsburgs played a less prominent role in discussions on the future of Austria after the war, mainly it seems because of the cold water poured on the idea by London.

It is highly significant, however, that the idea, or the renewal of the idea, of a central European federation, had not fallen on stony ground. In April 1942 a draft was sent to Moscow in which the idea of a federation in Eastern Europe figured fairly prominently. The Moscow counterdraft made no mention of this and it is clear that Moscow viewed the idea of a federation with suspicion, as some sort of threat possibly to itself. It was not only the draft sent by London which aroused this suspicion, but the fact that the Polish and Czech governments in exile in London were discussing at this time the possibility of a federation between their two countries. In the event both drafts were dropped, and a totally different treaty, which mentioned neither Austrian independence nor federations, was signed in the early summer of 1942. Churchill clearly at this point wanted to co-ordinate policy with the United States, and showed impatience and a difference of opinion with Eden. On 10 June 1942, he sent a personal minute to Eden: 'I do not propose to subject myself to any special inhibition about Austria. I certainly look forward to its liberation and thereafter to its re-establishment, either as a separate state, or as the centre of a mid-Europe confederation'.

In December 1942 Churchill, having been visited by Archduke Robert, who revived the idea of an Austrian unit, sent another personal note to Eden on 13 December 1942, saying that he approved of the idea of an Austrian unit, and adding significantly: 'I am extremely interested in Austria and hope that Vienna may become the capital of a great confederation of the Danube. It is perfectly true that Europe left Austria to its fate in a pusillanimous manner in 1938. The separation of the Austrians and South Germans from the Prussians is essential to the harmonious reconstitution of Europe...'

Eden, who was perhaps more sensitive to the susceptibilities of exiled Czechs and Poles, did not take to this idea. In answer to a question in the House of Commons on 16 December 1942, he said: 'Whether it will be possible or desirable to include Austria or Hungary within a federation based upon Poland and Czechoslovakia must clearly depend... upon the views of the Polish and Czechoslovak governments and people and upon the future attitude of the Austrians and Hungarians, who are fighting in the ranks of our enemies.' Clearly, the shadow of the Austro-Hungarian empire was still very long, as indeed it might be, if we realise that that empire had been disbanded only twenty-five years previously. Eden opposed an Austrian-Bavarian confederation: 'I think we should work to wean Austria from her traditional association with Germany', he replied to Churchill's minute on December 28, 1942. Confederations should be organic, not artificial growths. Moreover, Eden wrote, 'A Danubian federation with its capital in Vienna would cause consternation among our Polish, Czech and Yugoslav allies'. An independent Austria and perhaps Hungary might be included in a confederation based on Poland and Czechoslovakia, but account must be taken of the wishes of the prospective partners. 'I do not see any future for the Habsburgs', Eden added. Churchill wrote tersely to Eden on 4 January 1943, side-stepping the issue, 'In the circumstances I think it would be better for you to reply to the Archduke Robert, saying that I have passed his letter to you. W.S.'

Foreign Office experts set to work thought that Austria would be the natural leader of a Danubian federation, but that this was exactly what other states of the area would not accept. The reaction of the exiled Czech and Polish governments was different. The Czechs would not oppose Austria's membership of such a federation, while General Sikorski, the Polish leader, feared that, in an East European federation, Austria might be a potential fifth column.

The Russians did not warm to any ideas about federations in Central and Eastern Europe, and the Soviet ambassador in London, Ivan Maisky, told Eden so. Interestingly the Cabinet in London came to the conclusion that 'we should aim at a Central European or Danubian group of nations'. Churchill's sentiments had perhaps overcome Eden's.

The interesting factor for us now is that the idea of federation or confederation in Central and Eastern Europe has never died, and has consistently been kept alive. The arrangement in the Treaty which gave Austria its independence in 1955 could not have been meant to be permanent. It would change with events, and those events have come about and are coming about with perestroika and glasnost now.

The involvement of the Habsburgs is not a sine qua non for the accession of Austria to the Community, or the drawing of other states in Eastern Europe into the Community orbit, but it cannot be underestimated that six hundred years of Habsburg rule is not to be forgotten in sixty or seventy years, especially when the present head of the family is such an active member of the European Parliament in Strasbourg; or

when his mother, the last crowned and anointed Queen of Hungary, has only died in 1989. The wish of Hungary to turn westwards, or perhaps more correctly to extend the Community eastwards, found expression during the visit of Otto von Habsburg to Hungary for his mother's requiem mass. Asked about his enthusiastic reception, Otto replied diplomatically that he was respected in this country because he was the only Hungarian-speaking MEP. 'It is good to see that after so many years of oppression a yearning for freedom lives on in people. It just goes to show that freedom surmounts all obstacles', said Mr. von Habsburg in perfect Hungarian. Earlier in the year, and being in Vienna for the anniversary of the Anschluss, Otto spoke of Austria's wish now for another kind of union. 'What we seek in Europe is not foreign to us', he said. 'It is the fulfilment of the Austrian mission that also motivated those who, 50 years ago, sacrificed their lives for this ideal during the night of National Socialism.'[6] Otto von Habsburg, whether for his dynasty or his native country, carries the torch lit by Coudenhove-Kalergi in founding *Pan-Europa.*

In a wider context, two initiatives are possible. One is that the present members of EFTA, the European Free Trade Area, all of them Western democratic countries, will draw closer to the Community, seeking what has been called a 'European Economic Space', the second is that countries at the moment non-democratic or only partly democratic, the countries of the Eastern bloc, will aspire to join the Communtiy.

In a *Times* leader earlier this year it was stated that: 'There is everything to be said . . . for a closer EFTA/EEC relationship. Such bonds would promote trade and co-operation and strengthen Europe's collective economic strength vis-à-vis the USA and Japan, without prejudicing international trade. They would reinforce Europe's cultural identity. If East European countries achieving democracy could join it, EFTA could greatly assist in building that common European home which Mr. Gorbachov, of all people, has found politic to invoke.'

The *Times* was perhaps therefore envisaging a new role for EFTA. It might not be possible immediately to join the Community, but EFTA might serve the role of half-way house, an anteroom in which full membership of the Community might be contemplated while at the same time already having some real trading links. Since 1986, when Rumania became the first of the Eastern bloc to have accredited links with Brussels, most of the nations of the bloc have followed suit. East Germany and the Soviet Union then put in requests for the accreditation of an ambassador, followed by Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria asking the EEC to establish diplomatic relations. It is to be regretted that the declining relationship of the West with the Rumanian régime has temporarily frozen the moves of this former vanguard of the Eastern bloc.

Those who are far from a geo-political situation often see things more clearly and precisely. It is instructive to recall that China, on breaking a long relationship with Albania when China started to come in from the

cold in 1973, told Albania, to the latter's initial chagrin, that it should seek links with the European Community.

In June 1988 a mutual recognition pact was signed between the Community and COMECON, although it should be remembered that, in one sense, this is not a pact between similar beings, for the Community has much independence because of its supra-national institutions, which COMECON does not. However, diplomatically it was a great step forward.

At the basis of the Community's eastward progress must always lie some revival of the great confederation of *Mitteleuropa.* Enoch Powell has written of the ghost of the Holy Roman Empire which refuses to be exorcised.[7] The last Emperor of Austria, Karl, a man who saw his and Austria's situation with desperate clarity during his brief reign, wrote in March 1919 to a fellow monarch, King Alfonso of Spain, who had remained neutral, asking him to pass on to the Entente governments a stern warning that Bolshevism might devour all constituent states of the old empire unless they took swift steps to prevent it. He suggested that the Entente should support a confederation formed from the nations of the old empire, under Habsburg leadership.[8]

History, as it often does, has come full circle. The idea of some kind of confederation of the old dominions before 1918, of some kind of real association with the new Europe of the West, will not go away now.

NOTES & REFERENCES

1. Interview with the writer, March 1986.
2. Joint communique issued by EFTA and the EC, 15 March 1989.
3. Review of *Fall of the House of Habsburg,* by Edward Crankshaw, 1963.
4. Dr. Hamburger of the Austrian Embassy, London, in an interview with the writer, June 1988.
5. For this and subsequent wartime quotes, see Elizabeth Barker, *Austria 1918-72,* 1973.
6. *Independent,* 14 March 1989.
7. Enoch Powell, 'The Ghost of the Holy Roman Empire still haunts Europe', *The Times,* 13 May 1988.
8. John van der Kiste, *Windsor and Habsburg,* 1987.

[Michael L. Nash lectures in Law and European Studies in the Business School, City College, Norwich. His book, *A Single Europe,* is shortly to be published by Cassells.]

POLAND IN TRANSITION: A BRITISH VISITOR'S VIEW

by Piers Benn

THE last few years have been exciting times for observers of communist affairs. Though opinion sharply differs on the significance of the alleged upheavals in the world of state socialism, few deny that there is, at least, something to debate about. The reforms of the Soviet Union, much publicised by largely sympathetic western media; the parlous future of East Germany as a separate nation, with its flood of refugees leaving for the west; the gathering momentum of rebellion in Czechoslovakia as the crushing of the Prague Spring is 'celebrated'; the Hungarian attempt to give socialism a human face — all these things make us wonder what shape communism will have to take in the next century. Yet, in recent months, the most talked about changes have been in Poland. As it solemnly recalls its brutal devastation by a totalitarian power fifty years ago, there is also much excitement about its future. By what alchemy has the stranglehold of Soviet-style communism, reinforced only this decade by martial law, been loosened into the beginnings of genuine multi-party democracy? How is it possible that pressure from *below* has partially dislodged the old, discredited rulers?

We cannot yet say with certainty that this 'Warsaw Spring' will not suffer a fate like that of the less fortunate 'Spring' of Prague. But the present signs suggest that this is unlikely. Although it is hard to imagine the Soviet Union tolerating the demise of the Warsaw Pact, that country is too pre-occupied with its nationalist discontents and its public image. Yet whatever happens, these are interesting times to be in Poland. I was privileged to be there in the spring as a guest lecturer in Philosophy at the Catholic University of Lublin, in eastern Poland. I was able to witness the official re-birth of Solidarity, the election campaign and the elections themselves on June 4th. Having little more than a phrase-book command of Polish (surely the most unpronounceable and unreadable language in the world) I had to acquire some of my information about the country from English and French newspapers. The *Morning Star* and the *International Guardian* featured prominently in the public reading room. Yet the whole atmosphere of the country, the attitudes of students, the state of its economy were impressed on me far more than they would have been if I had been spending a mere week at an official hotel, being milked for US dollars and talking to coachloads of Americans.

The Poles are expert complainers, sometimes eagerly dwelling on the economic mess of their country, the nasty things that foreign powers have done to them, the fraudulence of communist-led 'reform'. Their sense of national history rivals that of the Irish. Some look back nostalgically to the brief period of autonomy before the Nazi invasion, hoping that the emergence of nationalist Catholicism will save them from social as well as socialist ruin. Such people are gaining an articulate voice

not only through Solidarity, which is now quite a broad church, but in smaller groups such as the KPN (Confederation for an Independent Poland). A sizeable number of its members and supporters held a demonstration outside the Catholic University, protesting that they were not being allowed to stand in the general elections. The University — the only one of its kind in Poland — was indeed a hotbed of opposition activity, with students continuously signing up for opposition causes in the central lobby. With the present Pope a former lecturer in Ethics there (though rumour has it that he wasn't around very much towards the end), it is not surprising that many students take their inspiration from him, as well as from the late Cardinal Wyszinski. I was a little tickled by the irony of my own presence as a lecturer in Ethics as 'successor' to the Pope — an agnostic foreigner with no Catholic credentials. But no-one seemed to mind.

So dismal does Poland seem to many of its inmates that in the summer months there is an extraordinary exodus to the west. London is the most popular destination. It is only recently that Poles have been allowed to have passports at home and Lublin's local passport office was always jam-packed with queues of hopefuls. Money is obviously a principal motive for the exodus. The Polish *zloty* is as good as worthless, and one of the main ways Poles acquire any proper money is by working abroad, often illegally. For those with US dollars, like me, the exchange rate was astonishingly favourable. I had never known a train journey of a hundred miles cost the equivalent of forty pence! The dollar is the unofficial currency of Poland and there is no shortage of opportunities to exchange them. Even the banks now exchange dollars at the black market rate, as they shrewdly perceived that if they couldn't beat the street traders they might as well join them. As elsewhere in Eastern Europe, special dollar shops have sprung up (known as 'Pewex' shops), selling imported western goods — mainly wine (quite rare and expensive in Poland), tea, coffee, perfumes, special foodstuffs and hi-fi equipment. Anyone who pays in dollars can get reasonable goods, and some Poles are adept at acquiring foreign currency. Some university students go to England, officially on language courses. Once there, they endeavour to remain as long as possible, exceeding the limits stated on their British visas (which are quite hard to obtain). They find work there, helped by a network of expatriates. The money they make, though often little by British standards, gives them a good start in life back home.

The economic chaos of Poland was at least mitigated by a relative liberty of expression in the months before the elections. Even if 'glasnost' and 'perestroika' represent the two key features of a reforming communist country, it is always possible to have the one without the other. China, for example, attempted perestroika without glasnost, as the world has now suddenly realised. In Poland, if anything, the reverse was true. Martial law had left mental scars, but things had relaxed considerably since its lifting. The network of 'underground' publications had already become more or less 'overground' by April. Some students were

amused when I explained that there was still a fair amount of left-wing student activism in Britain (though less than in the seventies). They were baffled by accounts of the teachings of the Socialist Workers Party and the Revolutionary Communist Party, and no less uncomprehending when informed that these parties rejected the Soviet system on the ground that it was not 'truly' socialist. As to the economic chaos, which is now a crisis, everyday life was not all that bad. The shops did have some things in them and the standard of living was at least tolerable. But minor chores of life wasted considerably more time than they do in Britain. Shops have stockpiles of unwanted tomato paste, jam and flour while meat, fresh vegetables and other basic ingredients are often lacking. There is no knowing when a grocery will stock onions again, or when the mushrooms will run out. The milk is often bad as it is untreated and unrefrigerated, standing on shelves like soft drinks. Only expensive places like four star hotels provide any milk with tea or coffee. Restaurants tended to shut the moment it seemed sensible to have a meal, and did not particularly want customers anyway. What is the point of attracting custom if it makes no difference to what you are paid? A result of this is that the streets of Lublin were almost empty after about 8pm, even at weekends. There were few public gathering places, and the only revellers were lonesome, vodka-sozzled men, swaying silently and solipsistically from one side of the street to the other.

The elections, at least, livened things up a bit. One could sense the change in atmosphere as June 4th drew near. Music bawled out into the streets from public loudspeakers and Solidarity banners were displayed everywhere. The police became less prone to break up gatherings than they had been in April. The wooden fence beside the university was daubed with posters, no longer promptly torn down overnight by the authorities. When the day came, I insinuated myself into a polling station accompanied by a friend. The complexity of Polish voting was amusing. The ballot paper displayed a long list of names, without much explanation. It transpired that the idea was to cross out as many names as possible but leaving the names of the Solidarity candidates intact. Strewn over the paper, in small print, were the names of unwanted communists and the trick was (for most voters) to spot the non-communist candidates and not cross them out. As was to be expected, many puzzled voters, unused to this kind of IQ test, managed to cross out the ones they wanted. 'Too bad', explained the official to my friend, who had managed to do just this, 'You can't have a fresh ballot paper!' Foreign newspapers carried reports of tearful and confused voters, some of them with little clue what they were supposed to do. They succeeded, nonetheless, in delivering an unambiguous rejection of the government, which had overestimated its own popularity. Sombre and apparently conciliatory ministers appeared on TV in the aftermath, making interminable speeches. But rumour had it that few people besides General Jaruzelski believed in Marxism-Leninism anyway. No doubt, many party members and appointees will learn to change with the times, sensing where their

own interests lie.

It is becoming harder, also, to gauge the precise strength of the Roman Catholic Church, the country's most conspicuous faith. The election of 'Jan Pawel II', as he is known, as Pope, clearly boosted the nationalistic pride and fervour of the Poles. It also considerably emboldened them. Nevertheless, secular lifestyles and ideas are gaining ground. Many see the Church as the appropriate vehicle of protest against communism, even if their own observance is not particularly strict. The large towns are less religious than the rural areas and, as one would expect in a society exposed at once to a variety of influences, some people manage to compartmentalize their thinking. For instance, in spite of the Pope's constant teaching, sexual mores do not differ very much from those in the west. But contraception is hard to obtain and rumoured to be rather ineffective. The result is that Poland has quite a high abortion rate, a cause of alarm for the Church. Indeed, Church figures are making a great deal of this issue and want it incorporated into a political agenda. One bishop is said to have suggested the death penalty for abortion. Churches have notice boards with pictures of lurid, mangled foetuses alongside photographs of the Pope blessing people in wheelchairs. Feminism is not really an organised popular force, and so has not mounted any coherent opposition to this teaching. Nevertheless, I was surprised at the degree of scepticism of religion, even at the Catholic university. Some philosophy students were annoyed about the dogmatic nature of the instruction and looked to me for an alternative. They were highly enthusiatic about new ideas and unhappy that it took so long for important western works to filter through into Poland. They want neither strict Catholicism nor Marxist-Leninism, and their dislike of the communist government is based less on its treatment of the Church than on the empty shops, the drab towns, the rampant inflation and the lack of any proper career prospects for many talented young people.

Whether any popular non-communist secular force will emerge has yet to be seen. But there is already a social democratic movement. The Catholic lobby are wary of it; they fear that the vanishing of the old order will leave a vacuum to be filled by decadent western values. For example, Ryszard Bender, a professor at the Catholic university and a Christian Democrat candidate for the Sejm (Parliament) told me that Poland was not ready for a secular social democratic movement and that it never would be. The bishop of Radom is said to have ordered Catholics not to vote for a certain candidate, because his religious credentials were unsatisfactory. One suspects that certain opposition figures were more interested in the destruction of state socialism than in the establishment of western-style democracy.

Perhaps I have written too much about politics. What of the lifestyles and the general feel of the place? Everywhere I went I met with warm hospitality and interest. Any attempt to speak Polish was well received and often vital, as English is of only limited use there except among students. Those studying English at university were very highly motivated

and extremely fluent. The structure of their course is traditional, with a strong dose of theoretical linguistics, resented by some. Their willingness to communicate in a foreign language was matched by the civilised nature of their hospitality and parties, which in some ways were old-fashioned — men dance with women, for instance, a custom which has been almost killed off by the discotheque in Britain. There is more traditional sexism than in Britain: women are still expected to do almost all domestic drudgery, and they feel less compelled to dress aggressively. In fact, they are strikingly elegant until worn down by husbands, children and chores. As for men, although some cultivate a 'macho' image, there is far less of the 'lager lout' syndrome than in Britain, less gratuitous rudeness and hostility, less violence and menace. Behaviour is more structured by cultural expectations. All this in the midst of a country visibly running to ruin, with half-built and abandoned buildings strewn about, dreary public edifices, old, battered buses and cars, telephones that don't work. The new government wants to revitalise the country and raise the standard of living. If it succeeds, one can only hope that it will also manage to preserve what is good about the national character.

[Piers Benn, a lecturer in Moral Philosophy at the University of St. Andrews, has recently spent some weeks as a guest lecturer in Ethics at the Catholic University of Lublin.]

GORBACHOV — THE 12 MONTHS' TEST

by Leo Muray

GORBACHOV now has 11 months, until the next Party Congress, advanced by six months to October 1990, to consolidate his authority and put into effect his 'perestroika revolution'. This is the practical meaning of the changes he has engineered in the Soviet Party and government in the last eight weeks. He has a period of grace in which he must show the Comrades of the 15 Republics that his perestroika has at least started to improve their living conditions and that it is therefore worth their while to vote at the elections for the Congress, Party members and non-Party members, in the various local and Republic elections. He has to show that perestroika has begun to work.

The oncoming winter will prove to be the first critical period for food and fuel must be made available. It is significant that a prominent economist, Nikolai Shmelyov, has warned about a full rationing system that would be needed and a prominent official has quietly mentioned that the Soviets have been selling some of their vast hoard of gold to get hard currencies for imports of food and commodities. There has not been a good, even fair, harvest. Thanks to glasnost, restricted freedom of communications, introduced to spur support for perestroika, people in the long queues everywhere are shown complaining loudly while some are muttering that it had been better under Breshnev.

Again, the formal progress Gorbachov has made in disarmament talks and foreign relations will not really count. The effect of switching resources from armaments to industries for civilian use is most unlikely to be felt in that new testing period. It not only requires adjustment of production sequences but also the moving of the right people to the right places. Here the thousands of Party officials on the spot will play a key role. Gorbachov needs their support at the very same time at which he has to get rid of those in the Party who have their doubts, and bitter feelings, about perestroika.

The reshuffle in the Politburo, despite its carefully planned dramatic appeal, is only a small beginning. Gorbachov is now speaking more and more as the leader who claims as much authority as Lenin, or Stalin, had. He made it aggressively plain at the September Central Committee meeting that he is determined to change the character and role of the Soviet Communist Party itself. 'The ideological unity' of the Party, he warned, must be 'reinforced on the platform of perestroika'. The Party's functions had to be reorganised on the basis of Democracy. This must mean that Gorbachov has decided to do away with a key feature of all Communist Parties which is Lenin's 'democratic centralism', that is, absolute obedience to the top man.

Gorbachov also gives an explanation that could be called primitive Marxist. The country was different from what it was ten years ago and

one had to accept the trend towards democracy, liberty and transparence (which means that at least some of what is going on should be seen) because 'obsolete theories' had left the Soviet Union behind. One had to go further and seek new approaches and solutions. There had to be major changes in the rights and obligations of Communists, in their relations with official bodies. The nature of power in the present phase as well as the nature of 'Socialist property' had to be redefined. That applied, too, to relations with the Republics and autonomous regions and with the Union itself. The rights of Parties in the Republics should be increased. But these rights-of-action programmes must remain within the framework of the Soviet Union Party programme, and severely so.

The Party is to remain strictly united but not as uniform as it was supposed to be until now. In the Republics, the parties will have the right to consider all aspects of an economic, cultural and political nature and the problems arising from them. Some degree of auto-determination is to be recognised but never the right to secede. But Gorbachov has thus, so it is said by many who approve or disapprove, provided the chance for these parties in the Republics, under the hat of the present overall Union Party, to start on the road to a multi-party system in fact, and later, inevitably, by right.

The September Central Committee meeting has granted auto-determination to the Republics in economic matters, in fact a certain degree of real self-government. The real reason for this is the badly concealed fact that centralisation has proved a gigantic failure on the vast Soviet market.

Centralisation, the essential, politically ordained, feature of the Soviet Command Economy has proved of no advantage to the individual Republics. But it is hard to draw the line on economic auto- or self-determination, especially for the smaller and economically more active Baltic Republics. Who decides on taxes, some or all interest rates, trade agreements? Can Republics make trade agreements with each other, with COMECON (the Warsaw Pact economic bloc), with foreign countries, even with the Union itself? Again, will the Union grant the same rights to all Republics and if, say, Estonia gets more why not the Ukraine? One of the basic weaknesses of the whole Soviet structure is the poor transport, road and communication system. Another serious obstacle to even a simple degree of economic auto-determination is the gigantic Soviet defence system with its big industrial enterprises. The Party leadership will have to work out, if it can, how and to what extent to exempt them from any arrangements with the Republics.

The actual reforms introduced by perestroika in the last three years, as distinct from the claims made, have created 'lost illusions and deceived hopes', as a leading Soviet economist put it. They have produced the strikes and clashes between ethnic groups. Gorbachov has so far not made real progress towards his basic objectives. They are, in the first place, more realistic prices for goods, many of which are not obtainable, especially in the thousands of small country towns; then an assured

widespread leasing of farmland with proper protection for the new leaseholders and lastly, to make arrangements for the Rouble to be convertible. Again, the so-called 'Co-operatives', introduced by Gorbachov, but loathed by the state-run institutions, have not been able to get the raw materials they need from these and this has led to widespread bribery deals with state institutions to obtain them. This has become widely known. It has greatly harmed Gorbachov's personal prestige. State enterprises have largely failed to produce, at comparable prices, the goods the co-operatives have, despite their need to include the cost of bribery in their prices.

These Union-wide failures have forced Gorbachov to launch a crash programme to import consumer goods, paid for by the gold sales. Soon, well before the elections to local bodies, another crash programme is to be launched introducing sales of bonds and housing, increased taxes and cuts in subsidies for state industries. Since there is so little to buy and rents are cheap, there is a lot of savings money around. Gorbachov has to try and cut the queues before the Congress.

Gorbachov's real objective is to maintain the leading function and effective control of the Union Party while at the same time trying to balance the efforts to maintain the Soviet structure and its ideas with the necessities of today. This means that he has to find, if possible, a balance between the reformers and the 'Traditionalists' in the Party, not only in the higher ranks but also, and this is his real trouble, down to the smallest unit on the ground — the Party Cell. He has already warned that there is no place in the Party for 'adversaries' and has stressed time and again that the Union is facing collapse if perestroika fails, or if the new moderate Socialist market system is sabotaged. But in this warning there is the dangerous implication that the whole Marxist-Leninist system of a centralised Command Economy has failed. It implies, too, that the leading role and absolute power of the Communist Party is now hard to justify.

It is no wonder, then, that the screen showed only depressed or fierce faces when Gorbachov gave his address to the September Central Committee and that he did not risk announcing the Politburo changes to the Committee that would have shown its displeasure. For the implication of the reshuffle is that, as far as Gorbachov is concerned, only those who support him get support in the forthcoming elections. The episode of the 'blitz' tour of the United States by Boris Yeltsin, his populist adversary, elected by a landslide in Moscow, is revealing. Yeltsin said bluntly that Gorbachov has at most a year, that is to the October 1990 election, to make a success and that he was a weak leader. Yeltsin would never have said this if he had not been certain that nothing would happen to him after his return.

The changes in the Politburo look more sweeping than they are. Ligachev, the leader of the Traditionalists, remains in charge of agriculture, a key sector. Kryuchkov, the head of the KGB, more publicity conscious than any of his predecessors, is seen more as a neutral while

the second newcomer, the State Planner, Maslyukov, will have to show that he can reduce sharply the area of control of Gosplan, the central state planning authority. He will have to take all the risks and all the blame and arouse the opposition and enmity of thousands of bureaucrats because Gorbachov is in a hurry. The man to watch, if troubles for Gorbachov are mounting, is 60 year old Union Premier, Nikolai Ryzhkov, who has all along been very subtle in showing that he is his own man while routinely supporting perestroika. He has the support of Vorotnikov, the Premier of the Great Russian Republic, and of the Moscow Party Chief Zaikov in the Politburo.

There is also the nationality issue. There is only one non-Slav member in the Politburo, Shevardnadze, the Georgian Foreign Minister, former head of the KGB in Georgia. Now that the Ukrainian Chief, Vladimir Shcherbitsky, has been sacked, all the Slav members are Great Russians, from the core Russian Federal Republic. Among the seven Candidate Members there is one non-Slav, Boris Pugo, an Estonian put in charge of the Party Control Commission. Gorbachov's choice of successor to Shcherbitsky could add to his difficulties: he had to appoint Ivashko, Shcherbitsky's Deputy, as head of the Ukrainian Party. Ivashko is not yet in the Politburo. There is now also a Ukrainian Popular Front, modelled on those in the Baltic Republics, that had denounced Shcherbitsky as a tool of Moscow. Ivashko is seen as one as well. It will not really help Gorbachov in this 50 million key Republic. Again, alone stands the most highly placed Asian, Gumer Osmanov, from the small Tatar Region, who is one of the linkmen between Politburo and Central Committee. In the whole top ranking outfit there is only one woman, Aleksandra Biryukova, Deputy Premier responsible for women and labour affairs. This is of interest for it shows that Gorbachov is not, as yet, taking into account the emergence, for the first time in 70 years, of small independent Labour Unions, although the miners in Siberia and the Ukraine forced him to make some concessions to them and send some food and soap.

The nationalities issue is linked with the confrontation between Reformers and Traditionalists. It has forced Gorbachov to appoint a special Secretary for the affairs of the Great Russian Republic in the Party Secretariat that, until now, have controlled the government. It is the first time there is such a Secretary. Official spokesmen sometimes express worries about the rise of Great Russian nationalism with anti-Western and anti-Semitic undercurrents and enthusiasm for the Imperial past. This is linked with the increasingly open anti-Russian sentiment expressed by the Popular Fronts in the restive Baltic and Caucasian Republics, as well as in Moldavia and now in the Ukraine. As for the Baltics, one should remember that the Russians fought Germans, Swedes and Poles for 300 years for their control. In the Baltics the people, including most Communists, now feel, and often say, that the perestroika reforms are only the first step towards real independence and the Ukrainians and Romanians (Moldavia) are taking their cue from them.

At the forthcoming elections, as in the daily political activities, the Reformers in the Republics mostly favour separate Communist Parties, a Confederation, vaguely, but hotly, linked with the prospect of eventual independence which Gorbachov and his supporters really do not want. So Gorbachov's success breeds trouble for him. Meanwhile, the Great Russians are beginning to feel that they are under attack. Perestroika is, in essence, such a vague term that any Great Russian can support it while in practice hindering Gorbachov. The Traditionalists, meanwhile, can blame the rise of anti-Russian nationalism on Gorbachov and his application of perestroika.

As for the East Europeans, the visible disintegration of the Communist Parties in Poland and Hungary has caused little resentment because the Russian Communists have lost confidence in most foreign Communist Parties. They have always had very mixed feelings about the Poles and the East Germans although they still trust the hard-core Communist leadership in East Germany. The Czechs and Hungarians do not matter to them very much. As for German unification, it suits the Kremlin that it is hardly ever mentioned, in all discussions about the two Germanies, that there is a Soviet Army of 320,000 men in East Germany and 40,000 men in Poland to guard communications. They are likely to remain there.

Events in the Soviet Union and the timetable for action set out by Gorbachov does therefore suggest that international developments, beyond talks and paper work, will be paralysed until the 18th Soviet Communist Party Congress next October. Then we may see what real changes are likely to be made and who will introduce them. Even that is not certain, especially if those in the Republics who want a loose confederation approaching real independence are prepared to take risks after a bad winter. Summits, unfortunately, will help little.

[Leo Muray was East European Correspondent of the then *Manchester Guardian*, 1947-1951. He later became Diplomatic Correspondent of the *Liverpool Daily Post* (1964-1985) and now contributes a weekly diplomatic column.]

WHAT PRICE CARITAS?

by James D. E. Knox

THE practice of medicine today is science-based. It is not a science, rather it is a blend, as the British Medical Association motto has it, 'with head and heart and hand', and the Royal College of General Practitioners, 'cum scientia caritas'. Over the years the balance of scientia (knowledge) and caritas (caring concern) has not remained constant. In medieval times, for example, when institutional care was very much the concern of religious orders, and when the knowledge base for diagnostic and therapeutic action was narrower than it is today, 'caritas' might more clearly be discerned. It mattered little that 'vis medicatrix naturae' was likely to be the key factor; as long as the caring process was seen to be at work, so long would society continue to respect its practitioners ('honour a physician') and entertain high expectations of them. Even the lampooning of the profession, more frequent and ferocious in the intervening centuries, could be interpreted as the obverse of the same coin. Respect for medical knowledge was always there; indeed, in the Middle Ages some knowledge of medical matters was considered the hallmark of every gentleman. With the beginnings of specialisation in the 16th century, it was the Physicians who laid claim to the cachet 'learned'. The Barber Surgeons were seen to be concerned with more practical matters, while the Apothecaries — forerunners of today's general practitioners — were cast in a humbler role of dispensing drugs. Yet all concerned in the practice of 'physic' were committed to a caring role. During the Plague of 1665 it was the London apothecaries who demonstrated this most clearly by remaining with their patients while others fled the city.

The intellectual basis of medical practice was reinforced in Great Britain by the Medical Act of 1857 which, among other things, placed medical education more firmly in the hands of Universities and Royal Colleges. In the United States of America, Flexner, impressed by the achievements of the application of scientific thinking to medicine (especially in 19th century Germany) reinforced this message and laid the foundations of today's science-based undergraduate medical teaching throughout the world.

The caring component of medicine, too, has a long history, finding expression in the aphorisms of Hippocrates in the 5th century BC. Perhaps it would be going beyond the evidence to equate Hippocratic concern for the patients' diseases with 'caritas': after all, Hippocrates practised in a pre-Christian age, when the interests of the state would normally be given higher priority than personal care of the individual. Nevertheless, some medical schools, even to this day, require graduates in medicine (and dentistry) as part of the graduation ceremony to subscribe to a modern interpretation of the Hippocratic Oath.

Student selection

All these considerations have exerted considerable influence on those choosing medicine as a profession. Much has been written about entry requirements and selection procedures, but no medical school, certainly in the UK, would profess itself wholly satisfied with the process. The accent is on academic achievement as measured by success in examinations (and it should be remembered that much of basic medical education is indeed concerned with passing examinations). However, few schools attempt formally to assess 'caritas', and selectors have to rely, second hand, on reports from the applicant's school principal.

Perhaps, in the past, this deficit has not mattered too much: those attracted to medicine and having the staying power to survive the undergraduate course have usually been motivated by a strong sense of vocation. They could be relied upon to possess the necessary combination of abilities to think and to care, so that selection based largely on 'scientia' may have sufficed.

Undergraduate medical education

As important as selection is the process of medical education itself. There is evidence that progression through a traditional Flexner-type curriculum has tended to distort the scientia-caritas mix. This is hardly surprising for, under such a regime, even the most idealistic noviciate medical student might be brought sharply to earth, with his introduction to a corpse, a diet of basic science usually of perceived marginal relevance to *care* of people, and a prolonged sheltered existence with minimal personal responsibilities for the welfare of patients. An examination system with a premium on abilities to recall factual information and having disease as its focus sets its seal on such an education, which might almost have been designed to dehumanise students. There are of course some mitigating factors, among which are influences of the teachers themselves — clinical and pre-clinical, who in the past could draw on a wide range of medical experience. Role-modelling has played an important part in helping to preserve, and sometimes enhance, the 'caritas' present in most students.

Among other relevant influences, an increasing proportion of women students entering medicine might be thought to exert a humanising effect as they may bring with them a greater component of 'caritas'. Furthermore, medical schools are now reacting more positively to pressures for change exerted by society, by modifying the curriculum to include, for example, teaching on communicating with patients.

General practice, which would not lay claim to a monopoly on 'caritas', orientates clinical thinking around the patient as a person and in the setting of a family. The more recent incorporation of educational contributions from this discipline by medical schools might be seen to be enhancing 'caritas'.

Cynicism and professional maturation

So far the argument has been based on an assumption that 'caritas' is an absolute: a fixed entity often latent and merely waiting to be brought

out. Perhaps the process of becoming a doctor is not that simple: it is possible that professional development *requires* the student to progress through a cynical phase (sometimes seen to a marked degree during the clinical years of a traditional undergraduate curriculum) thereby developing a protective shell. If this is so, should not the system carefully monitor this aspect of professional development and be ready to take such remedial action as may be necessary? What formal mechanisms exist for this purpose?

Society's perceptions — some trends

There is evidence that the high respect society accorded the medical profession in the past has diminished. One index is a rising tide of litigation, as a result of which medical defence subscriptions have increased in almost geometric progression in the last decade. An increasing availability to lay audiences of medical information, some of it at a highly sophisticated level, plays its part in demystifying medicine: scientific medicine itself has not been slow to foster an image of achievement, which in turn has raised society's expectations sometimes to unrealistic levels. When these expectations are not met (and we do well to remind ourselves that, despite all the advances, we still cannot cure the common cold) disillusionment may follow.

There is an increasing demand by society for so-called 'alternative medicine'. In terms of 'scientia', scientific orthodox medicine *may* have something to learn from this, but the striking feature which characterises homeopathy, acupuncture, osteopathy and many other 'alternatives' is the emphasis of each on 'caritas' in stressing the uniqueness and individuality of the sufferer.

Health economics

A further dimension is added by considerations of costs. What has been gained by technology has been achieved at fiscal costs disproportionately high in comparison to the rate of inflation. Unless these costs are contained in the foreseeable future, all of the gross national product is likely to be consumed by medical care by the year 2000 AD. All western countries are having to come to grips with this unpleasant fact, and for the UK, cushioned by the Welfare State for the past 40 years, the lessons are particularly unpalatable. In the past, the medical profession has, to some extent, been able to stand back and allow Government, health planners and administrators to shoulder financial responsibilities: under the proposals contained in the Government's White Paper, 'Working for Patients', there is the likelihood that doctors assuming responsibilities for budgets will be more directly in the firing line.

A changing academic climate

The economy of retrenchment which characterised the early 1980s was accompanied by subtle changes in UK universities. Teaching and scholarship ceased to be *the* academic currency, to be replaced by research as the top priority, research of a particular brand in which 'hard science' is at a premium. Appointment to senior academic posts now appears to

be largely conditioned by how much research funding the applicant is likely to attract. For medical schools this has resulted in even greater emphasis on biomedical research: there has been a further perceptible shift of balance towards 'scientia'.

The kind of academic staff the noviciate to medicine meets in the earliest formative years has changed. Principle teachers of the 'basic sciences' have long since ceased to be clinicians or to have a medical qualification. The orientation of the pre-clinical course is firmly 'scientia'.

Recruitment to medicine

Within the last five years the number of applicants for medicine has declined, and there is a likelihood that the type of person applying is changing as well. Would it be surprising if the enhanced scientific image of modern medicine were to attract in even greater numbers those who might otherwise have sought a career in science and for whom 'caritas' is not a major consideration? Is there not also a possibility that applications might more fully reflect the pluralistic society characteristic of Britain in the 1980s? Quite apart from considerations of race, is it realistic for medical schools to continue to base education on the assumption that all students subscribe to a common ethos, including attitudes to women (whether colleagues or patients) and a *personal* commitment to medicine?

The 9-to-5 mentality

In the past, it appears likely that the 'caritas' component encouraged a system of training which ruthlessly exploited the young doctor. Commitment to a 24 hour, seven-days-a-week working schedule was accepted as the norm in most teaching hospitals at the inception of the NHS. It was many years before junior hospital doctors were given a fairer deal, first with the introduction of a system of payment for being on-call, and, latterly, with more evenly-balanced spells of duty. General practice, too, has responded with changes especially in the provision of out-of-hours care: there has been a ready recourse to deputising services, now used by over 40% of practices in the UK. Such developments have contributed to creating a climate more conducive to regarding medicine as a job than a vocation.

A pill for every ill

Sir William Osler observed that 'a desire to swallow medicines is perhaps the greatest feature which distinguishes man from animals'. The development of therapeutic thunderbolts in the last two decades, and commercial advertising, have done nothing to lessen this desire, which has increased, sometimes at the expense of the patient's faith in the doctor. Doctors, for their part, have also tended to set greater store by medication to the extent of coming to believe that it is the drug which cures: it seems that Pare's 16th century view *'Je le pansay, Dieu le guarist'* (I dress him, God heals him) is no longer relevant to the 20th century. Technological developments like hip replacements, pace-makers and organ transplantation have all combined to reinforce for public and pro-

fession a vision of the body as a machine, in the maintenance of which 'caritas' might almost appear to be irrelevant.

Yet, many health problems of the foreseeable future are not those which, like many in the past, can be 'cured'. Old age, diseases of degeneration, health problems arising from faulty ways of living, anxiety and stress — these are the issues likely to face tomorrow's doctors: whatever future pharmacological solutions there may be (if any), the accent in management will require to be less on 'cure' and more on 'care'.

Whither caritas?

It would be wrong to minimise the very considerable benefits accruing from developments in technology and the application of science to the care of people. Yet a review of the evidence suggests that the growth of 'scientia' has not been matched by a similar development of 'caritas': the one has increased at the expense of the other, to a point at which society is beginning to rebel, as may be seen most clearly in some lay perceptions of modern obstetric practice.

How might the imbalance be re-dressed?

There is room for closer scrutiny of applicants for medicine and for devising selection procedures which give 'caritas' a higher profile. A further reform of undergraduate medical education, in which caring is a core theme, needs to be combined with a firmer determination to implement the changes and the provision of resources. Were medical schools to continue to exhibit a lack of political will in this respect, would the General Medical Council invoke the powers it already possesses to encourage medical schools to redress the imbalance between 'scientia' and 'caritas'? Intervention in the autonomy of medical schools may become necessary. Such major changes in orientation might well require the backing of yet another Royal Commission on medical education for them to be widely accepted.

Society, too, needs to be helped towards accepting a more realistic view of the functions of medicine, towards exhibiting a greater willingness to take personal responsibility for managing health problems and towards developing a greater tolerance of the minor slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

Both 'scientia' and 'caritas' continue to be in demand and to need each other. 'Caritas' without 'scientia' is blind, but 'scientia' without 'caritas' is sterile.

[Dr. J. D. E. Knox is currently Professor and Head of the Department of General Practice, University of Dundee. He is a Principal in the Medical School Teaching Practice and has been actively involved in general practice for 30 years.]

HOPKINS THE OBSERVER, 1844-1889

by Donald Williams Bruce

LITTLE has been made of the intimacy between Gerard Manley Hopkins and Walter Pater, whose advocacy of 'a life of constant and eager observation' did so much to orientate the work of the writers of the late nineteenth century.[1] 'When I was at Oxford, Pater was one of the men I saw most of', wrote Hopkins in a letter of 1880.[2] Hopkins was an Exhibitioner in Classics at Balliol College from 1863 to 1867. As often happens in the University of Oxford, he was tutored outside his own college: at Brasenose College as it happened, where Pater was a Fellow from 1864. Hopkins's essay, *The Origin of Our Moral Ideas* of 1865, was apparently written under Pater's direction. At least he marked it, with characteristic reticence merely underlining some expressions in pencil.[3] During the Trinity Term of the following year, Hopkins received special tuition from Pater, whom he accompanied on at least one of Pater's rambles around Oxford (Gerard Manley Hopkins. *Journals and Papers,* ed. House and Storey, OUP, p.133). In the course of the same term, despite his resolve to join the Catholic Church, Hopkins affably listened to Pater 'decrying Christianity' for two hours, presumably at a literary society within the University (J.&P. 138). Hopkins's friendship with Pater continued after he had graduated, with first-class Honours in Classics, in 1867. He lunched with Pater in London in June, 1868, then visited the studio of the disreputable painter Simeon Solomon, a special friend of Pater (J.&P. 167). He would have learned little about the origin of our moral ideas from Simeon Solomon. In September of the same year Hopkins was admitted as a novice into the Society of Jesus.

Pater's *The Renaissance* was not published until 1873, although he had anticipated its main conclusion in two essays, one read to an Oxford gathering in 1864 and the other contributed to *The Westminster Review* in 1867: that a successful life is one of detached appreciation, sustained intensity and perpetual discrimination.[4] To Pater the outstanding question is how we shall pass 'most swiftly from point to point, and be present always at the focus where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy'.[5]

A Pateresque discrimination sharpens such early writings by Hopkins as his journals. Discrimination dictated the two characteristics he sought, and the two words he invented, in his determination to define accurately the unique divergence of any natural object from its kind. *Inscape* is the particularity of the object; *instress* the force which causes that particularity: 'the force', as Dylan Thomas calls it, 'that through the green fuse drives the flower'.[6] Often in his journals Hopkins reaches the limits of conventional language and draws a diagram of the object he seeks to define. The diagrams, like the drawings in his sketch-book, have an eager veracity. In December, 1883, Hopkins wrote a letter to the

scientific periodical, *Nature,* describing the exact progress from 4.10pm to 5.30pm of an unusual sunset over Ribblesdale. His scientific truthfulness was heightened by the imagination of his phrasing. Already on the first page of his journals, written in May, 1866, he notes, 'Almost think you can hear the lisp of the swallows' wings.'

He studies the sunset 'in a grey bank with moist gold dabs and racks' (J.&P. 142). There are over 200 descriptions of clouds in the journals. He watches the frolics of the lambs in April, who 'toss and toss':

> It is as if it were the earth that flung them, not themselves.... Sometimes they rest a little space on the hind legs, and the fore-feet drop curling in on the breast, not so liquidly as we see it in the limbs of foals, though (J.&P. 206).

His zealous observation of the lambs here, as they dart on the trampolin soil, would emerge more tersely in his poem, *Spring,* where 'the racing lambs too have fair their fling'.[7] He contemplates icicles on garden mould: 'the smaller crumbs and clods were lifted fairly up from the ground, whether they had dropped these from themselves or drawn them from the soil: it was like a little Stonehenge' (J.&P. 201). He even notes that during the severe winter of 1870 the slate slabs of the urinals at his seminary in Roehampton 'are frosted in graceful sprays' (J.&P. 196). He maps out the eyes of a Frenchman he met in Switzerland: 'big, shallow-set, close to the eyebrows, and near, the upper lid straight and long, the lower brought down to a marked corner, in the middle the pupils large and clear' (J.&P. 179).

Hopkins's scrutiny of the interior of a bluebell is almost Dürer-like in its impassioned detail: 'One bell, the lowest, some way detached and carried on a longer footstalk, touched out with the tips of an oval, not like the rest, in a plane perpendicular to the axis of the bell but a little atilt' (J.&P. 199). He peers at a withered horned violet: at 'the screwing up of the petals into straight little barrels or tubes' (J.&P. 210). He finds 'the law' or *instress* of oak leaves: 'It is of platter-shaped stars altogether; the leaves lie close like pages, packed in and as if tightly drawn to' (J.&P. 146).

Hopkins's own passion, before the pathetic sonnets of 1885, for verifiable accuracy (a portrayal of the object rather than a portrayal of the writer's response to the object) tricked him into unfairness to Keats. In a letter to Coventry Patmore, a poet more esteemed then than now, Hopkins misquotes Keats as longing for 'a life of impressions instead of thoughts' (6.5.1888). Hopkins decries Keats's 'impressions' as subjective: 'The impressions are not likely to have been all innocent and they soon ceased in death'. Yet Keats was closer to the earlier Hopkins than Hopkins acknowledged. There was no egocentricity, no greed to perpetuate personal sensation, as Keats, sightless in the wood, listened to the nightingale:

> But here there is no light,
> Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
> Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.
> I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
> Nor what incense hangs upon the boughs.

Where is inscape to be found, if not in Keats's line in the *Ode to Psyche:*

'Mid hush'd, cool-rooted flowers, fragrant-eyed'? Hopkins's literary preferences are generally unexpected. Understandably he admired and imitated George Herbert, but he steadily deplored Browning (from whom one would suppose he learned much) and Tennyson. Some readers would share his suspicions of the 'overdone reputation.... half imposition' of George Eliot, but few would concede the high place he gives to Richard Blackmore and the sub-Dickensian Elizabeth Gaskell, yarn-spinners wholly lacking in the subtle definition he practised himself. In spite of Hardy's scepticism and anti-clericism, he was fond of Hardy (Letters to Robert Bridges, 28.10.1886 & 17.2.1887).

During Pater's years as a tutor at Oxford two further imaginative writers came there to read Classics: Oscar Wilde and A. E. Housman. Wilde effusively cultivated Pater's acquaintance and, to Pater's alarm, aped his style and philosophy. That Wilde and Hopkins interpreted Pater's aesthetic discipline in disparate ways may be seen from *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. Housman, withdrawn and probably scornful of Pater's haphazard treatment of classical texts, never alluded to him except to give the source of one of his Greek quotations, but, repelled by the intolerance shown to Wilde, sent Wilde a copy of *A Shropshire Lad* on his release from Reading Gaol. Of Pater's other pupil Housman thoroughly disapproved. Robert Bridges, Hopkins's unfailing friend, brought out the first edition of Hopkins's poems in 1918, twenty-nine years after Hopkins's death. He sent a copy to Housman. In the letter which he wrote to thank Bridges, with many reservations, for the book, he compares Hopkins's use of 'sprung rhythm' unfavourably with that of 'many a humble scribbler of words for music-hall songs.' Always terrier-like, with a terrier's mistrust of change, Housman adds, 'His manner strikes me as deliberately adopted to compensate by strangeness for the lack of pure merit'.[8]

Hopkins's poetry is no longer regarded as strange, although it is not always easy to understand. Even Bridges stalled at the sight of *The Wreck of the Deutschland*, undoubtedly one of Hopkins's most difficult poems. He would not read it again for any money, he ruefully declared. Hopkins asked him to read it again for love. As Dylan Thomas once asserted:

> Every device there is in language is there to be used if you will. Poets have got to enjoy themselves sometimes, and the twisting and convolutions of words, the inventions and contrivances, are all part of the joy that is part of the painful, voluntary work.[9]

The devices which pressed themselves on Hopkins were largely those of classical rhetoric, with which he was immediately conversant. Most of them are listed in the works on oratory written by Cicero and Quintilian. Although if a poem could be rendered exactly into prose there would be no reason to write it, it may be serviceable to describe, with special reference to *The Wreck of the Deutschland*, some of Hopkins's linguistic preferences. Once Hopkins's rhetoric has been understood, his poetry becomes only marginally abstruse.[10]

He delights in compound adjectives, not always hyphenated. Greek in

origin, these adjectives were often used by such classical scholars as Shelley, Hopkins and Housman and, in direct imitation of Hopkins, Dylan Thomas. In the first stanza of *The Wreck of the Deutschland, Thou mastering me God* means, 'Thou, God, mastering me'. In the fifth stanza, *the dappled-with-damson west* is the sunset mottled with the purple of the damson plum. In the twenty-fourth stanza *the black-about air* is the impenetrably dark ambience. In the twenty-ninth stanza *the unshapeable shock night* is the indiscernible darkness causing the shock, or collision, of the ship; possibly also the seemingly meaningless disaster in the dark. Stanza 34 brings us up against:

> The heaven-flung, heart-fleshed, maiden-furled
> Miracle-in-Mary-of-flame
> Midnumbered he in three of the thunder-throne!

The subject is Jesus, the second aspect of the Trinity (its power symbolised by the thunderbolts of the pagan god, Jove) brought down from heaven and made human, miraculously contained in the virgin womb of Mary aflame with religious devotion. Hopkins uses the same contrivance, again with well-plotted alliteration and assonance, in *The Windhover: dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon, in his riding/ Of the rolling level underneath him steady air.* The falcon, enticed from its roost at dapple-coloured dawn, steadies itself by the motion of its wings on the wind, seemingly level and firm beneath him. The falcon may be a symbol of the Church's hunting, poised upon the turbulence of human emotion. Hopkins uses similar effects to describe, in *Duns Scotus's Oxford,* Oxford in the time of a theologian who in part suggested to Hopkins the notion of inscape, or *haecceitas:*

> *Cuckoo-echoing, bell-swarmed, lark-charmed, rook-racked, river-rounded* (1. 2).

Oxford in the thirteenth century was rural enough to echo the cuckoo's call; abounded in bells from the churches and chapels; was enchanted by the song of the larks, clamorous with the cries of the rooks and ringed by the confluence of the Thames and the Cherwell.

A more perplexing expedient is Hopkins's omission of auxiliary verbs and relative pronouns for the sake of poetic terseness, although one only has to insert the word that suggests itself:

> *Thou heard me truer than tongue* [can] *confess*
> *Thy terror, O Christ, O God* (*Deutschland,* stanza 2).
> *O well wept, mother* [who] *have lost son;*
> *Wept, wife; wept, sweetheart* [who] *would be one*
> (*Loss of the Eurydice,* 11. 105-6)
> *Thou hast a base and brickish skirt there,* [that] *sours*
> *That neighbour-nature thy grey beauty is grounded*
> *Best in* (*Dun Scotus's Oxford,* 11. 5-6).

Hopkins's use of interjections, often in mid-statement, is a well-known characteristic of his imitation of George Herbert. The exclamation in the second stanza of *The Wreck of the Deutschland* implies overcome misgiving: *I did say yes/ O at lightning and lashed rod.* In the sonnet generally known as *Carrion Comfort* it conveys Hopkins's devastating surprise: *I wretch lay wrestling with (my God!) my God.* It is a cry of childlike wonder in *God's Grandeur: the Holy Ghost over the bent/ World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.*

Less straightforward is Hopkins's use of a single preposition to govern successive phrases, as in the seventh stanza of *The Wreck of the Deutschland.* One must repeat the preposition for oneself:

> *It dates from day*
> *Of his going in Galilee;*
> [From] *Warm-laid grave of a womb-life grey;*
> [From] *Manger, maiden's knee.*

The maiden's knee is, of course, that of the Virgin Mary: Hopkins calls Jesus 'maid's child' in *Spring.* The womb is a warm grave since the incarnation entailed mortality.

Enchanted by words, Hopkins delighted in their chimes, as in paragram, a system of consecutive words differing in only one sound, such as *a lush-kept plush-capped sloe* (*Deutschland,* stanza 8) and *And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil* (*God's Grandeur,* 1.6). He is also fond of word-play, or paronomasia, although his wordplay is rarely playful. Generally he built his paronomasia on consecutive combinations of the same consonants, as in his poem on the felling of the poplars at Binsey:

> That dandled a sandalled
> Shadow that swam or sank
> On meadow and river and wind-wandering
> Weed-winding bank (*Binsey Poplars,* 11. 6-9).

Hopkins taught himself Welsh and wrote two poems in that language. He comes near, in *Binsey Poplars,* to the intricate Welsh poetic form of *cynghanedd,* in which the consonants of the first half-line are repeated in the second half-line, as in William Barnes's famous line, *Do lean down low in Linden Lea.* Dylan Thomas read Hopkins and knew his poetry well whilst he was still a pupil at Swansea Grammar School, and always top in English. He adopted not only Hopkins's compound adjectives but also his use of paragram and paronomasia, notably at the beginning of *Under Milk Wood,* with its 'sloe-black, slow, black, fishing-boat-bobbing sea.' Where the wayward James Joyce picked up the form of paragram one cannot tell. He may have borrowed it from Hopkins, although he had a smattering of classical rhetoric himself. In Joyce's *Ulysses,* Stephen Daedalus sings 'the lovesoft, oftloved word'. Less decorously Joyce writes of Molly Bloom: 'the plump mellow yellow melons of her rump.'

Hopkins is fond of repeated phrases which extend the meaning, such as *but be adored, but be adored King* and *I caught this morning morning's minion (Deutschland,* stanza 10 & *Windhover,* 1. 1). More tragically he writes in *I wake and feel the fell:*

> O what black hours we have spent
> This night! . . . But where I say
> Hours I mean years, mean life.

Another aspect of Hopkins's poetry, often imitated by Dylan Thomas, is the use of unexpected synonyms, as in the eleventh stanza of *The Wreck of the Deutschland:*

> 'Some find me a sword; some
> The flange and the rail; flame,
> Fang, or flood' goes Death on drum (*Deutschland,* stanza 11).

This may be glossed as: 'Some find me in battle, some in railway accidents (the grip of the wheel upon the rail), some in fires, savage animals or floods,' proclaims Death as he beats his drum as if to muster his troops. Earlier, in stanza 7, *going* means 'presence': *It dates from day/ Of his going in Galilee. Unteachably after evil,* in stanza 18, has the sense of 'unteachably seeking evil'.

The use of synonyms in the last lines of *The Windhover* has perplexed many readers who have made fair sense of the rest:

> No wonder of it: sheer plod makes plough down sillion
> Shine, and blue-bleak embers, ah my dear,
> Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermilion (11. 12-14).

(*Sheer:* unmingled but also shining, perhaps with a pun on 'shearing' or cutting. *Plod:* a heavy walk or dull labour. *Sillion* (archaic): furrow. The ploughshare shines in the earth, although forced through it by 'sheer plod'. *Blue-bleak embers:* the seemingly cold and cheerless embers of a coal fire. *Fall:* collapse in the grate. *Gall:* chafe or become hot. *Gash:* are torn into *gold-vermilion,* the colour of flame.) What looks like a dead fire will blaze again once stirred. Hopkins asserts that the glory of the falcon in the sky is at least matched by the nuance of humble effort, unglamorous though it may seem. 'Ah my dear' is quoted from Herbert's third poem called *Love,* and the sentiment is that of Herbert's *The Elixir:*

> A servant with this clause
> Makes drudgerie divine:
> Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
> Makes that and th' action fine.

Hopkins develops Herbert's thought in one of his devotional papers:

> It is not only prayer that gives God glory but work. Smiting on an anvil, sawing a beam, whitewashing a wall, driving horses, sweeping, scouring, everything gives God some glory if being in his grace you do it as your duty.[11]

Hopkins, utterly honest, assuredly did not use strangeness of diction as a charlatan, though A. E. Housman, for all his sensitivity, thought so. As has been seen, even in his journals Hopkins's superfine perceptions grope at the verges of common speech. He admired Elizabethan English, which he calls 'the living masculine native rhetoric of that age' (7. 9. 1888 to Bridges). When he started to write poetry again in 1876, with the short-lived encouragement of his religious superiors, he ventured beyond that. He was obliged to create his own eloquence. In the words of his seventeenth-century predecessor, Richard Crashaw, *The Phoenix builds the Phoenix' nest.* [12]

NOTES

1. Walter Pater. *The Renaissance,* London, 1928, p.249.
2. 22 May 1880 to Alexander Baillie. There are three collections of Hopkins's correspondence, all edited by C. C. Abbott and published in London by the Oxford University Press: *Letters of G. M. Hopkins to Robert Bridges,* 1955; *Correspondence of G. M. Hopkins and R. W. Dixon,* 1956 and *Further Letters of G. M. Hopkins,* 1956. In the present article, references are given by date and correspondent.
3. Gerard Manley Hopkins. *Journals and Papers,* ed. H. House & G. Storey, Oxford University Press, London, 1959, pp.80-83. Further references in the text

are given under the abbreviation J.&P. and page numbers.

4. *Diaphaneitè*, printed in *Miscellaneous Studies*, London, 1928, pp.215 ff, and *Winckelmann*, reprinted in *The Renaissance*, London, 1928, pp.186 ff.
5. *The Renaissance*, pp.249-250.
6. Dylan Thomas. *Collected Poems*, London, *1934-1952*, p.8.
7. Gerard Manley Hopkins. *Poems*, ed. W. H. Gardner & N. H. MacKenzie, Oxford University Press, Oxford, 1970, p.67. Further references in the text are given by the lines and title of the poem.
8. A. E. Housman. *Letters*, ed. H. Maas, London, 30.12.1918.
9. James Sculley (ed.). *Modern Poets on Modern Poetry*, London, 1966, p.200.
10. See the valuable notes in Walford Davies (ed.). *The Major Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins*, London, 1979.
11. Gerard Manley Hopkins. *Sermons and Devotional Writings*, ed. Christopher Devlin, Oxford University Press, London, 1959, p.240.
12. Richard Crashaw. *Poems*, ed. L. C. Martin, Oxford, 1927, p.249 (*In the Holy Nativity*, 1.47).

[Donald Williams Bruce lectures in English at Westfield College, University of London.]

Walter Pater contributed four articles to the *Contemporary Review* between 1892 and 1894. His seventeen contributions to *The Fortnightly Review* from 1869 to 1892 included the famous studies of Leonardo, Botticelli and Giogione, later reprinted in *The Renaissance.* Editor

The December number of the *Contemporary Review* includes *A Decade of Conservative Anti-Inflation Policy* by Nigel M. Healey, *The Cost and Benefits of GP Advertising* by Richard Welford and *Majorcan Country Houses* by Robert Rubens. *Scottish Nationalism: Thus Far and No Further?* by R. D. Kernohan has been held over from November.

POLITICS AS A CAREER? HOW TO SQUEAM

by S. Gorley Putt

LIVING now as an elderly don in a Cambridge college, I have urged many bright undergraduates to spare some time from political theorising and jump in at the deep end by offering themselves for public office of some sort. And although I am, to the best of my knowledge, the only one among 60-odd academic colleagues who has ever stood for Parliament, it is still sometimes difficult to answer a student who asks: 'Well, then, why did you not persevere with a political career?' We have all read the early chapters of dozens of autobiographies which explain why our hero or heroine decided to 'serve the public' in this manner. I have yet to come across any shamefaced explanation of why a genuine political animal failed to do so. A word of excuse from within a political consciousness plus a non-political temperament may therefore justify a revival of the obsolete verb 'to squeam'.

I was a young naval officer on duty with Naval Intelligence at Bletchley Park when after VE Day (and before VJ Day) the National Government conceded that the country should go to the polls as soon as our immediate island plight had eased. There had been no General Election for ten years. The voters would, of course, include all our widely scattered servicemen. Servicemen, too, were permitted to offer themselves as prospective candidates.

As early as the spring of 1944 the first seed had been planted by Lucy Masterman, widow of the Liberal statesman, C. F. G. Masterman, and mother of my undergraduate friend Neville. She it was who had trotted me off to meet Sir Percy Harris at the House of Commons. Sir Percy was Liberal Whip, but he had all too few Liberal bottoms to belabour. From him I learned two things: first, that the Liberals would be struggling to assemble a stage army of new candidates whose presence in the admittedly 'hopeless' constituencies would nevertheless encourage the party's lonely pioneers at other more favoured places in the battle line; and secondly that a vacancy in the ranks was available in the Torquay constituency. Whenever the date of the election would be announced, a large proportion of the electorate would never have had a chance to vote before. The great need of the hour would be a sufficient body of candidates in unwinnable constituencies, whose sacrificial presence was deemed to offer a specious affirmative to the one question the front-line candidates in 'likely' constituencies would otherwise be unable to answer. That question was simply: 'Yes, oh yes — but can you people form a Government?' We Liberals could only remind ourselves that, although our party could at that time muster only a pitiful handful of well-known names, many other well-known politicians of the larger parties had become well-known for their bad politics. We could also reflect that nobody had heard of Montgomery or Cunningham or Eisenhower before the war.

By the end of the year I had re-visited various Torbay Liberal worthies — they could hardly be called 'the Liberal organisation' because all party activity had dwindled away during the war years; and a very warm-hearted meeting had somehow been convened to adopt me as prospective candidate. It was in that new role that, on a day's leave from HMS Bletchley Park, I had been presented at Oxford to Sir William Beveridge, who had appeared in the front rank of the party with his Report on Full Employment as our main recruiting banner. He had been greatly encouraged by the result of some mock election effort held (possibly as an exercise by the Educational Corps) among the troops in North Africa, with results showing 40% Labour, 30% Conservative and 30% Liberal. 'And that,' he gravely added, 'was *before* I joined the Liberal Party.' When my sponsor and I were presented to Lady Beveridge, the formidable Janet Mair, we felt we were already inside No. 10.

Thereafter, any scraps of leave due to me were spent among the surviving identifiable Liberals on the shores of Torbay. On the fish-market quay at Brixham I was assured of support from the fisherman publicist Walter Barnes and other old stagers who remembered my own maritime forebears. Prudent little groups in Paignton Sunday-school rooms would be rewarded by the views of an RNVR Officer on the post-war foreign policy of their country; and at Dartmouth I mounted a park bench to announce Liberal solutions to one dog and one top-spinning child, on which unpromising basis a new ward association was somehow assembled. At the Liberal Assembly I was permitted, because of the high proportion of salt water in my veins, to float my idea that our island nation deserved one Ministry of Marine which would co-ordinate seafaring matters now awkwardly chopped up amongst the ministries of Food (fish), Transport (ships), Trade (cargoes), Labour (seamen), Education or Home Office (oceanographical research and coastline problems), and Admiralty (defence). This fish course on the new Liberal menu was raptuously received — and never, to my knowledge, mentioned again.

When the General Election was formally announced and service candidates were turned loose upon their constituencies, those June weeks saw me spinning around the widely dispersed constituency in a pale blue closed two-seater motor car with old-fashioned dickey seat and fixed to its roof a large loud-speaker horn reminiscent of the trumpet which had captured the attention of a dog in advertisements for His Master's Voice gramophones. This car was owned by Mary Downs, a Bletchley colleague who, in partnership with another she-intelligencer, Caroline Linehan, had very sportingly contributed part of their annual leave to help me in my canvassing efforts. Every morning at the Torquay Liberal Club I had to cope with streams of questionnaires spewed out by local and national organisations during the very days when candidates are fraught and hoarse; questionnaires demonstrating that, whatever qualities their various societies enshrine, a sense of tact and timing is not among them. In the afternoon, the three candidates played hide-and-seek around the coasts of Torbay. In the evenings we were out in the open air with loud-

speakers or confronting groups of identical supporters sitting in yet another schoolroom to hear yet another version of what they had already heard. 'Why on earth aren't they all out canvassing?', grumbled the Agent, who was more concerned that someone should be found to remind the nuns in a local convent that Gladstone had been a Catholic Emancipation man. Worst of all were the 'informal socials', designed to give the candidate a restful hour among the faithful, during which the poor man must hand endless cups of tea to complete strangers and endure a vehement kindness so exhausting that he feels a complete mountebank and wonders, watching a lady transferring a pink iced cake from right hand to left, whether in grasping his hand she will say with shy charming impersonality 'There have been some very nice eulogies', or ask him to denounce in his next speech the abominations of vivisection or field sports.

For a young academic who so far had spent his war years either 'Aye, aye Sir'-ing at sea or professionally silent on land, to resume the habit of speaking in public was itself a pleasure, right up to the time, on eve-of-poll day, when I managed to grow hoarse but still cheerful after nine public appearances. But there were causes for disquiet on the part of a reasonably political animal who was coming for the first time to close quarters with the motivations of voters who were either using that great privilege for the first time, or had almost forgotten the last time they had been called upon to do so.

One characteristic aspect of electoral behaviour was the tendency to look on elections as guessing competitions. The main object seemed to be, not so much to cast one vote for a congenial set of proposals, as simply to avoid voting for the side least likely to win. Towards the end of the campaign I was so weary of hearing people say 'Yes, of course I'm a Liberal at heart, but I shall vote Socialist to keep out the Tories' — or vice-versa. My own eve-of-poll appeal was simply that electors should vote *for* something — I didn't care what — rather than for one candidate simply on the grounds that he wasn't one of the others. In 1945 there was still something shocking in this negative impulse in British politics which has since become so prominent that we shall soon have to express our points of view by algebraical symbols, where minus signs can achieve a positive value.

Worse still, and most grievous to a standard-bearing cannon-fodder candidate, was the aggressive heroic defeatism of his own supporters. They had looked at the shambles of local organisation and glowed with pride at having the courage to enter the fray armed only with pitchforks. Most people on their doorsteps were individually quite well-disposed to the Liberal canvassers; but when the party put up a poster saying 'Give Sinclair the helm!', the absurdity of the appeal was underlined at local level by the jovial hopelessness of it all. I had to sit hunched up on Torbay platforms while speaker after speaker from the chairs on either side of me praised themselves for 'sticking to the party through the lean days of defeat', with never an inkling that they themselves had been responsible for that defeat. Skirmishing on two fronts, far too many of

the old Liberals had been more concerned to flatter themselves as a happy band of brothers than to win over supporters from the big battalions. They combined pride in the Liberal big battalions of 1906 with a sense of moral outrage at anything but very small hand-picked battalions today. Their pitiful appeal was that the Liberals might somehow 'hold the balance'. What nonsense! They spoke of 'the middle of the road' in a negative fashion while my own slogan was 'Not Right, not Left, but Forward.'

The other two British parties, in 1945, looked much alike. Labour speakers who incensed their supporters by stories of the evils of capitalist monopoly proceeded to clamour for that most monstrous monopoly of all, State control. I tried to remind Labour hecklers that the difference between Socialism and National Socialism was simply a change in the government in power. Nobody, I willingly admitted, was afraid of nice kind Mr. Attlee; but ruling parties come and go, and what would happen when nice kind Mr. Attlee's well-oiled State machinery had been taken over by the Fascist Right? In those far-off Nazi-blasted days very few of us had foreseen the appearance, in Britain, of a Fascist Left.

The result of the 1945 election astonished the world. Men and women (including those in the armed forces) who gave Churchill an affectionate triumphal reception everywhere had then gone off merrily to cast their votes for their Labour candidate. It seemed, when the news first broke, a stupefying inconsistency. Then came the thought that our electorate was showing a power of mature discrimination which will not be overlooked by historians of British democracy. They were registering an emphatic protest against 'conditional sale', a practice as unattractive in politics as it is in retail trade. From being undisputed national leader, Churchill had unwisely stepped down to accept leadership of the Conservative party. Long-memoried voters were not prepared to buy back their admired war leader if they had to buy back with him the kind of men who had kept him muzzled in those critical pre-war years. Younger voters doubtless believed that Labour could be trusted to act as midwife to the childbirth of the post-war Welfare State, poor Liberal Sir William's Beveridge Plan and all.

My first reaction to our own Torquay result (for which we had to wait three weeks while the absentee services' votes were gathered in) was a vivid memory of my sixteen-year-old excitement during the election of 1929 and my early exposure to the ticklish concept of 'tactical voting'. Then, there had still been enough of the old Southwestern Radical spirit to fan the hopes of a Liberal victory even in that not notably radical seaside spa, which still thought of itself as a winter resort for the gentry rather than a series of beaches for summer trippers. The sitting Conservative member, Commander Charles Williams, was deservedly popular; but so was his Liberal challenger, Richard Acland. Then — horrors! A Labour candidate had appeared! *Labour?* For *Torquay?* Sturdily wearing my yellow Liberal rosette while walking out with mother or grandmother equally sturdily sporting their blue Conservative ones, I had already

grasped the notion that 'my' party's vote would be 'split'. And so it proved to be. Williams had romped home with a majority of 5,353 votes over Acland, but the indignation of Liberals was directed not at our worthy Member but at the Labour candidate with his spoiling third-place total of 5,576 votes. On the reasonable assumption that Labourites would have preferred a Liberal to a Tory, we felt that our honourable and gallant Commander had scraped home on a minority vote.

Sixteen years later, the same thing happened again! The well liked Commander, who by this time had become Deputy Speaker of the House of Commons, was still defending his seat. But the whole political spectrum had changed so much that nobody was now surprised to find a Labour challenger. At the last pre-war contest the Liberal had come in a very poor third. While, inside Torquay Town Hall, we now awaited the results from our own enlarged constituency, wireless reports from earlier declarations were already being punctuated by the repeated refrain: 'The Liberal candidate forfeited his deposit.' Would *we*, this time, be accused of 'splitting the vote'?

The actual result removed our fear of having been 'spoilers': Williams, 25,479; Cornes (Labour), 13,590; Putt, 13,003. The Deputy Speaker, as we all expected, was home and dry. But neither Cornes nor Putt, whose combined vote had still exceeded his, could accuse the other of frivolous interference. Labour had swept the country and done remarkably well even on the shores of true-blue Torbay. We Liberals had come within a hair's-breadth of twinning Labour, having just about doubled last time's vote in two weeks' campaign. In Torbay, at least, we were back on the map. Somebody later claimed to have discovered that ours had been the fifth largest Liberal vote in the country — but if that was indeed true, it only served to indicate the scale of the nation-wide Liberal collapse. The by now greatly revived local Liberal association showed no sign of blaming their candidate or wishing to change him. They were already working to build on what, from their recent past, they considered a heartening increase in activities and membership. All this being so, I need the verb 'to squeam' to explain why, when the party HQ later offered me a genuinely winnable constituency, my answer had to be 'Thank you, no.' Squeamish? Yes. Regrettable? Yes — now. For age is less squeamish than youth, just as (Shakespeare notwithstanding) it is less crabbed.

In a working lifetime which has included various kinds of teaching of English literature, from College supervisions within months of my graduation until appearances as a visiting professor, in foreign countries, well beyond normal retiring age, it has never once embarrassed me whenever my enthusiasm for the particular subject in hand seemed to communicate itself to members of my audience. On the contrary, whenever the implied enquiry 'This is wonderful stuff, isn't it?' had been answered by a 'Yes, indeed!' response, I could glow with wholly unashamed pleasure. The shared enthusiasm was for Shakespeare, or Marlowe, or Donne,— for someone independent of lecturer or audience alike. The miraculous beauty of George Herbert's little poem, 'Love bade me

welcome,' would always be true, decades after I had first read it and centuries after he wrote it. Would the same be true of electoral programmes of my own, or any other, political party? No. What Liberals, or any other political groups, were putting forward as immediate programmes in 1945 has all long since been swallowed up in more recent versions of political truth. As background to my disquiet, there was the nagging contrast between the permanent value of creative art and the transitory caprice of political fashions.

Also disturbing was a purely personal discovery. If he has any talent for public speaking, the speaker can hold an audience as readily for transitory as for permanent goods. He may be sincere, but nevertheless begin to enjoy the arts and tricks of platform speaking for their own sake. It is then that he begins to wonder how far a mastery of that technique is likely to damage him in his own estimation. To take an example: any candidate worth his salt welcomes the interruption of hecklers, at first because he is anxious to explain to them the details of his policy, but later because he knows that all the cards are in the hands of the man on the platform. The audience has come to hear him, not the interloper. His neighbours in the hall are irritated by the questioner, who bursts in just when they are privately phrasing their own quite different questions. They are annoyed with him for producing the wrong question, and they are annoyed still more because he has had the courage to stand up and speak when they have not. Your good candidate, therefore, will soon learn to mortify a questioner (thus confirming the loss of one already lost vote) in order to entertain the hall (thus hoping to gain many more).

Even this sort of thing might be rendered innocuous if it could be passed off, to the speaker's own conscience, as one way of making his political news palatable. It is quite another matter when that flattering loyalty of the audience can be detected as attached not to his views but to himself. The real testing-time comes when you become aware of the eyes of an audience fixed on a tumbler of water from which you are snatching a necessary relief for the throat. This dreadful insight came during the course of my marathon speech before a very large gathering which had assembled near the end of the campaign. We were expecting an appearance by Sir Archibald Sinclair, leader of the Liberal Party and universally respected as Secretary of State for Air. News kept coming through to the Town Hall platform that the great man was running more than an hour late during a West Country tour so exacting that when he finally turned up, half asleep with fatigue, he began by praising his local henchman as 'the fine young candidate for Newquay'. Until The Leader appeared, various dodges were employed — panel questions, even sing-songs — to keep the audience in their seats; but it fell to the candidate himself to fill up one whole hour with beguiling words.

Pausing to take a gulp from the usual tumbler of water, I suddenly saw, in the middle of a complicated truism, that the eyes of my front-row listeners were fixed, as in awe, on my tilted water glass. And if you

discover that you can hold the attention of a crowd when you are drinking water in the middle of a sentence, then you should at once give up practical politics for good, if you wish to keep your own self-respect. You are in danger of becoming a fraud. If you can still blush at the tendency of audiences to confuse ideas with personalities, then it is reasonably safe for you to bow out gracefully. If you do not so blush, then you have already become a nasty little demagogue, even if every word you say is true.

I had, in fact, enjoyed the whole campaign enormously. For all of us, simply thinking for two weeks about something other than the war was itself a relief rather than a burden. Taking a hand in the strengthening of our local organisation had been a worthwhile job, and many return visits to the constituency showed that the revival of interest had not been a mere flash in the pan. We had doubled our vote, and the next candidate would have a better datum-line on which to build. I am no longer ashamed that the 'very gallant fight' inscribed in my silver cigarette-case refers to a Torbay land engagement rather than my involvement in Atlantic convoys. Nevertheless, when nowadays advising undergraduates that 'every young man who is interested in politics should stand for public office at least once in his life', I am careful to add: 'But once may be enough. If you do it twice, you might get in!' I feel less guilty about my long love-hate feelings about politics after re-reading *The Prime Minister* by Trollope:

> 'Is it pride?' asked Sir Orlando.
> 'It may be shyness', said the wise Boffin.
> 'The two are so alike you can never tell the difference. But the man who is cursed by either should hardly be a Prime Minister.'

I can hardly share the majestic smugness of Lord Shelburne's belief that 'Providence has so ordered the world that very little government is necessary.' But I greatly prefer it to the political equivalent of Cardinal Heenan's utterance that 'I wouldn't find it difficult to share any view provided I knew it to be the teaching of the Church.' The latter statement echoes the views of Marxists that the ends justify the means. Ends never justify means. Means happen. Ends usually do not happen at all. They never happen in the way expected by the means. We are affected by means now, as soon as they are invented to serve their ends. We are most unlikely to live to see the ends. Planners for the future are apt to miss what lies under their noses — which is just where the hand feeds the mouth. This is why I consider behaviour to be more important than motive. People who believe that ends justify means are the sort of people (like the Spanish Inquisition) who are apt to kill you for your own good. I prefer to remain alive with people who behave well, even for hypocritical motives. Come back, hypocrisy: all is forgiven!

Only one of my political ideals nurtured during those helter-skelter Torbay Liberal weeks has kept, for me, its original validity. It is an ideal which seemed full of promise in those immediate post-war years and is now for all practical purposes as dead as the dodo. The visionaries like Spaak and Monnet hoped for an erosion of the now obviously out-

moded nineteenth-century sanctification of national sovereignty. They encouraged us to work for a United States of Europe. Unhappily, they had invented no immediately practical means to gain their ends. Beelzebub is not cast out by Beelzebub, and our would-be European saviours went on performing as Foreign Secretaries, or whatever, for their own countries. Their means were wrong because they tried to change our visions without changing our political behaviour.

Even the most cynical pessimist, in those days, could not have expected that by now the number of sovereign states, instead of decreasing steadily, would have multiplied so absurdly that every tiny island or arbitrary triangle of desert or jungle now flutters its flag outside UNO headquarters, paints its kindergarten logo on otherwise interchangeable airplanes, casts its equal delegated vote. It is the one crushing and wholly unexpected disillusionment of my own political lifetime.

Yet a political animal, however squeamish, cannot change his spots. In a long lifetime of elections I have never yet had the experience of voting my own party into power. True, each Liberal MP has usually represented in Parliament ten times as many voters in the nation as a whole as do his Tory and Socialist colleagues: intelligence, after all, is spread thin but wide throughout the kingdom. The electoral pact of Liberals and SDP once called itself an Alliance — but we all know that the *real* Alliance in British politics is that between the Conservative and Labour parties, determined at all costs to maintain a ludicrously unfair system of voting. By all the rules, this state of affairs should have caused indifference if not sheer bloody-mindedness. But it has not.

Those few Torbay weeks introduced a virus into my blood. I can never let pass a by-election, let alone a general election, without sitting up half the night if necessary to hear the actual result. Opinion polls have long since turned an immense personal privilege ('How would *you* like the country to be run?') into a stale guessing competition ('Most people say they'll back *this* horse, so you must too, if you want to be on the winning side'). Never mind. I cannot settle down to sleep until I know the exact number of real, not merely predicted, votes cast. Hopes and predictions have varied according to each newspaper, each TV or radio commentator. I must still await in the sleepy small hours the Returning Officer's alphabetical list of runners, after dozing over the hilarious backstage TV comedy of purple-faced party hacks extrapolating moral victories from electoral defeats. The *actual figures*, please — each one, including those for loony exhibitionists ('why did this clown get 207 people to vote for him or her, and that one only 32?'), a glorious example of freedom of choice in a country of politically free people. It is maddening, cock-eyed — and irresistible.

[S. Gorley Putt is a Fellow and former Senior Tutor and Praelector of Christ's College, Cambridge. His book of memoirs, *The Wings of Man's Life*, is to be published in February, 1990, by Claridge Press.]

MALTA AFTER 25 YEARS OF INDEPENDENCE

by Christopher B. Jones

THIS year, on the 21st of September, Malta celebrates the 25th anniversary of its accession to Independence from under 180 years of British rule. To mark this auspicious event the Nationalist Party, now in Government and incidentally in power on that historic date, have organised massive celebration festivities which run through the entire 1989 Independence year. Prince Philip, who had originally handed over the instruments of transfer of power to Dr. Giorgio Borg Olivier, will again be present in Malta on the 21st as guest of the Malta Government. It is well to note that during this 25-year span the Nationalists reigned right up to year 1971, when they were succeeded by the Malta Labour Party who were elected in three polls in 1971, 1976 and 1981, the position being reversed in 1987 when the Nationalists were returned to power.

Briefly, the 25 years cover two distinct forms of government, the Nationalists professing Christian Democratic ideals, the Labourites embracing Socialism. Of these two parties, that of the Nationalists had the more difficult task, in that it had to steer the country from Colonialism to independent government. Not so the Labourites who, after taking over Parliament in 1971, were quick to implement their political policies by proclaiming Malta a Republic State, just ten years following Independence; that is, on the 31st December, 1974.

Undoubtedly, the most crucial period of independent government was that during 1964-1971. It was then that the country had to decide matters, not only of self-government locally, but also to forge a new foreign policy towards the United Nations. Most important of all, its foreign policy had to fit in either with the West or with Eastern bloc ideals.

Fortunately, thanks to wise handling by the astute Nationalist Party leader Dr. Giorgio Borg Olivier, the country was steered well in its emerging years (basically through the existence of an efficient Maltese civil service run strictly on British lines) and to his courageous policy of changing the island's focus from a mere fortress and naval yard to a country famous for its rich historical past and its ideal advantages, such as its Mediterranean climate and crystal clear waters, to attract tourists. Concurrently, the island sought to develop by converting its naval yard to an oil repair ship centre, at the same time forging the imprints of new manufacturing industries. Malta was backed initially by the conclusion of a Defence and Financial Pact with Britain over a 10 year period, financial aid amounting to £50M, along with a Defence Agreement ensuring security.

First, Malta sought to take its place in world politics when it became a member of the United Nations in 1965, followed by entry into the Council of Europe, the Commonwealth of Nations, and membership of world agencies such as WHO, ILO, FAO, GATT, ICAO, etc.

In order to cushion the effect of the void left by unemployment due to the run-down of the British Services, steps were taken to create new jobs for some 15,000 persons over a five-year period from 1966 to 1971. This was tackled through the creation of a Joint Anglo-Maltese Mission, led by Lord Robens, under whose care a special training and placement scheme was introduced. Ex-servicemen were trained in a particular trade before being absorbed into employment, particularly in industries, both employers and employees being granted special incentives in the form of grants and allowances during the training period. This Scheme went along with efforts made by the authorities to build ready-made factories in various industrial zones in the island, attracting both foreign and local capitalists and entrepreneurs by offering tax-free holidays and grants over the years following the setting-up of various new industries.

Special attention was given to making the former naval yard a thriving commercial repair yard, to capture the tanker trade through the construction of new basins capable of taking tankers of up to 94,000 dwt, with the yard under the capable management of the British firm of Swan Hunter Richardson. Other problems tackled were those of installing a distillation plant in order to provide water throughout the year, the negotiation of special customs facilities within the Common Market over a 10-year period and the easing of Malta's growing population problem, by offering emigrants special facilities to make their home in Australia, through financial assistance offered by the Australian Migration authorities in Malta.

Evidently the nation looked upon the first term of Nationalist rule with satisfaction, as in 1966 the Nationalists were returned to a further term of five years. The good work of the first post Independence government was continued, it being naturally felt that all the various schemes so far introduced required some time before they were implemented in full. However, the nine-year rule of the Nationalists came to an abrupt end when, at the 1971 General Elections, the Nationalists were bowled out of power by the Malta Labour Party, led by Dom Mintoff, the NP losing the elections by the mere majority of one seat.

That the country was due for early changes was made manifest when right away the British Governor-General was made to retire, and in his stead a Maltese, Sir Anthony Mamo, then Chief Justice, was appointed instead. Ever critical of the NATO presence in Malta and the country's adherence to the West, Mr. Mintoff, who had other views about the terms of Independence from Britain, especially as regards defence and finance, which he considered were inadequate, on being returned to power, opened up at once negotiations with Britain and NATO for the revision of previous agreements. After a long crisis, the 1964 agreement was negotiated anew.

Meanwhile, the entire foreign policy of the MLP was beamed to cultivate very special relations with Libya. At the same time Malta moved more closely to the Eastern bloc, seeking admission also with the non-aligned group. Financial aid was acquired from Far Eastern

countries, especially China and N. Korea, but otherwise the position of the NP regarding UNO, Specialist Agencies, C of E, the Commonwealth and the EEC was left unaltered. However, an important issue which was to recur over the years was the insistence on Malta's part at the Helsinki European Security Conference that Mediterranean countries should have a say in this theatre of operations by demanding that the presence of naval super powers constituted a danger to peace in these waters.

The MLP then turned its attention to the local scene, where the Socialist touch was administered by reforms and changes applied to the Dockyard, Civil Service, Labour, the Press, the Judiciary, National Festivities, the University, Education, Trade, Commerce, Industry, Shipping, Telecommunication and Religion.

The MLP next moved to amend the Constitution, which it could do only through a two-thirds majority vote in Parliament. Some form of agreement had to be negotiated with the Opposition. This amendment was required by the MLP in order to proclaim Malta a Republic within the Commonwealth, bringing along its revisions affecting the Church, Pensions, Civil Service, Disciplinary Procedures and the Constitutional Court. Eventually the matter was raised in Parliament, the Opposition being allowed a free vote. On the 13th December, 1974, ten years after Malta became independent, it was declared a Republic within the Commonwealth.

Again in local matters, a Labour ruling was sought to change the entire concept of ownership, the State substituting private owners in various walks of life. All public services came under the direct control of the State through the nationalisation of shipping, aviation, telecommunication, radio, television and transport. The Drydocks, always a problem, had to be taken over by the English firm of Swan Hunter Richardson, responsible to a Maltese Council of Administration following repeated requests for an increase in wages by workers. Conditions worsened with the closure of the Suez Canal, and matters sank further through GWU-inspired strikes, fostered to embarrass the Government. Thus, when the MLP took over, the Dockyard was in a very poor state financially and it was necessary to inject some life into it to make it run more economically. As an incentive, it was decided to hand over the Malta Dockyard to the workers, under the chairmanship of the GWU, responsible to the Prime Minister and to Government auditing. This move was accompanied by a writing-off of some LM10 debts. Meanwhile a five-year development plan was introduced to include a new dock, capable of taking ships up to 300,000 tons dwt.

Unemployment was also tackled differently when, whilst continuing the building of factories, the MLP introduced various semi-military corps to deploy labour on major government works, such as the airport and public roads.

Measures were also taken to widen the scope of industrial development by tapping Eastern bloc countries, implementing new measures in projects suitable for promotion, such as foundries, agricultural machinery,

aluminium and apparatus for oil industries.

In 1976 the MLP repeated their success at the General Election. This strengthened their hand in adopting widespread measures devised to transfer the country into a complete Socialist state by levelling all classes and freezing all forms of privileges. This tendency was evident at the 'Intelligentsia' level. Thus schools were devised to give trade and not white collar workers the end product. The University — one of the oldest in Europe — was stripped of its importance and first preference was given to the Technical College, styled the 'New University'; the Civil Service was hit in regular intake at examination level by the absorption of surplus labour from defunct para-military corps and by stifling promotion; the Church's position was undermined by the introduction of controversial measures, such as civil marriage, curtailment of feasts, homosexual legislation and civilian family planning centres. The powerful medical union had its members locked-out of the General Hospital over an issue on 'new entrants' training', a move which brought about the exodus from Malta of the bulk of the leading medical profession, the authorities being forced to recruit substitutes from Iron Curtain countries and the Islamic world to provide a service at huge cost. Finally, freedom of expression was stultified by the enactment of sedition and libel laws and the monopolizing by the government of both radio and television. To appease the nation, in view of forthcoming elections, the government adopted several advantageous social services, eg. grants to the aged, the handicapped and the enforcement of 2/3 pensions both private and governmental.

Matters then came to a head when the MLP were returned to Parliament, for the third term in succession, in 1981. These elections were to herald one of the most controversial periods of Government rule because, whilst the NP obtained the greatest number of votes, that is 51% as against the 49% of the MLP, the latter secured three more seats in Parliament than the NP. The results caused a crisis. The Nationalists refused to attend Parliament, boycotting attendance unless the matter was remedied, accusing the Government of having jerrymandered the elections by unfair redistribution of election boundaries which favoured solely the MLP. Meanwhile, the Labour leader Dom Mintoff resigned, his place being taken by Dr. C. Mifsud Bonnici, after his co-option as leader.

During 1981-87 several issues came to the fore, particularly the bitter Church-State division over the decision to introduce free education in Church-run schools; the enactment of the Foreign Interference Bill; the introduction of the Education Amendment Act, 1984; the meridian line issue over oil drilling operations with Libya; strained relations with the EEC, and the passing of the Church Property Devolution Act. Besides, there was the continual boycott of Parliament by the Nationalists, which made a mockery of the democratic form of government. In the field of European politics, Malta's constant obstruction and pique at meetings of the CSE did much harm to Malta's image in world affairs.

In the face of this stagnant period of government and constant bickering with the NP, an agreement was finally reached whereby on the proposal put forward by Opposition leader Dr. E. Fenech Adami, Government finally acceded to the NP request to revise the electoral laws and certain sections of the Malta Constitution, provided the Nationalists decided to attend Parliament once more. A Parliamentary Select Committee was appointed to put this new development into effect, but despite meetings between both parties, little progress was made.

Eventually, a series of incidents brought things to a head just before the 1987 elections. Following the outrageous murder of a Nationalist Party official in his own party club at Gudja, and the subsequent disruption of a NP mass meeting by MLP supporters due to be held in Zejtun — a Labour Party stronghold — a compromise was finally reached when the MLP agreed that, in future elections, the party obtaining the largest (majority) number of votes would be automatically elected.

At the 1987 elections the stand taken by the NP in 1981 was vindicated when this party recorded a majority and was returned to Parliament after an absence of 16 years, the Nationalists taking office on 11 July. The 1987 General Election represented a significant change in the country's history, as it brought about a return of a democratic form of Government under the Nationalist Party. In effect, it meant that the NP were to continue the good work which they had began as far back as 1964 and 1966.

It is worth noting that the reversal which the NP sustained in the three elections of '71, '76 and '81 were a blessing in disguise. In those 16 years of Malta Labour Party rule, the entire party machine was completely overhauled and revitalised, its leadership changed and it was able to present a new public image.

The NP, abiding strictly to its Party Manifesto, has lost no time in restoring better relations both at home and abroad. Its task has been a formidable one as it had to work very hard to restore the country's confidence. New projects are to restore the capital Valletta to its former glory, the introduction of offshore banking and diversification of the tourist trade by tapping other sources and markets in various European countries.

Among the new projects being put into effect has been one to construct an entirely new Power House to meet the demands of industry and supply power to the various Reverse Osmosis plants necessary to supply much needed water to the country. Efforts are being made to instal a new Free Port at Marsaxlokk to attract the container trade and create entreport trade whilst plans are being studied for transferring Manoel Island in the Sliema Creek into a major yachting and tourist centre, a project which will necessitate the construction of a breakwater at the entrance of Sliema Harbour to ensure safe anchorage for the yachts.

Fortunately, sober handling by the charismatic leader, Dr. Edward Fenech Adami, is bearing fruit. Malta today is looked upon with more respect abroad than before.

HONG KONG — GWEILO WU WEI

by Molly Mortimer

TAI Po Primary School celebrates Hallowe'en in a riot of multi-cultural incomprehension. Small Chinese stare bewildered as their British co-pupils prance about as black witches, red devils and white spooks, led by silver curled teachers. Three gray witchlets, missing a dark Scottish moor, crouch round a Wok in tropical sunshine, with unconvincing incantation to toad and newt. Only a blind foolosopher could believe in mixed cultural magic. Pope Gregory, with the simpler task of transforming the Witches Samain into All Saints, was not conspicuously successful. The Hong Kong Dragon boat race is not Oxford, nor the Cheung Chau Bun Festival for Hungry Ghosts, Pancake Day. Cheung Ming is the reply to European *(Gweilo)* antics. This word has a pejorative whiff of barbarian, for the Chinese are a racial society with an inbuilt sense of superiority.

At Cheung Ming, families head for the hills, with picnic and broom to sweep their ancestors' graves. European housewives may wake to find old Chinese muttering in a corner of the garden, claimed as a grave. Paper money and clothes are burnt to keep ancestors warm for it is wise to be buried on a mountain. Graves are profitable in this land of *Fung Shui* (wind-water) which could be called the acupuncture of place. Like acupuncture, it is based on concepts alien to western thought. Symbolic nomenclature about Dragons does not help. Regent Hotel in Kowloon is sited exactly where nine Dragons drink and bathe. Only architectural changes now ensure that the staff avoid the bad *Fung Shui* of nine stranded and dirty dragons. Whatever they think, few European architects ignore *Fung Shui* and its avowed aim to harmonise environment with invisible cosmic forces.

In the New Territories, Government spends thousands of dollars compensating villagers for grave removal to unfavourable *Fung Shui* and on consulting practitioners on the siting of roads and football pitches.

The only real mono-culture (apart from money culture) is teleculture. Swizzle Street is a local variant on Blue Peter and variegated children listen to Thomas the Tank Engine, recorded in Ringo Starr's pleasant northern tones. On Sunday, Gurkha bagpipes skirl incongruously on the Chinese Border and the beautiful Christian Church built on their parade ground at Sek Kong is crammed on Armistice Day. For the Europeans there is little left of Land of Hope and Glory — more Rue Britannia. And yet — so near are Shing Mun Redoubt and Pineapple Dam, where Scots and Rajput Indians fought bravely and hopelessly against the Japanese till Christmas, 1941. The Redoubt, planned as a kind of Maginot Line, stretching as far as Kai Tak airway, was indefensible and under-manned. Few tourists now venture into its dark tunnels, shared by snakes and foreign ghosts. Yet it remains a true monument to the army engineers who built it and the unfailing black humour of the soldiers who labelled

the entrances: Oxford Street, Regent Street, with Strand Palace as an outpost.

Now, across the border the Chinese New Economic Zones glitter in the sun, and sometimes there is a glimpse of the Border patrol mopping up illegal immigrants. These make for the shanty towns along the railway sidings. Later, they surface in the huge skyscrapers which seem to erupt daily from Sha Tin to Tai Po and beyond. But these are nothing to the problem of over 50,000 boat people crammed into the tiny Colony. Boat people are bitterly resented by Hong Kong Chinese, who see their own relatives and friends firmly returned to China. China does not naturalise non-ethnic Chinese and any boat people left in 1997 are likely to be liquidated, not loved.

Indians too, left over from British days, are likely to get a raw deal unless they are accepted by either Britain or India. The Kai Tak pensioners are another sad little scar left over from the war. In the 1930s when the airport was being developed, the British came up against an insurmountable obstacle for, in the middle of the proposed runway, stood a sacred mount. The Chinese were adamant about its non-removal. Only the war and the Japanese solved this problem. The Japanese, never upholders of other people's sensitivities, simply used slave labour, British and Chinese, to flatten the bump and enlarge the air strip. As on the Burmese railway, few of the workers survived. Those who did received some pension rights, which by bureaucratic quirk have not been properly honoured. The question comes up at Legislative Council regularly. But the old men sit sadly watching the huge prosperity of the airport, and die off. A gentleman's agreement with those you suspect of only being every other inch a gentleman, is never satisfactory, and swells the *Gweilo* reputation for *wu-wei,* inaction and inertness. It is, alas, a long way since the days of Colonel Lindsay's book, *The Lasting Honour,* which calmly recounts the heroism of Hong Kong in December 1941. Now, beyond Lion Rock, only the descendants of the Dragon wait.

[Molly Mortimer has written as Commonwealth correspondent for the *Spectator* and several Commonwealth journals. She has contributed to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica.*]

PAINTING THE PEASANTRY. THE SCHOOL OF PONT-AVEN

by Muriel Julius

I first as a schoolgirl saw the paintings of Paul Gaugin one wet and windy Saturday afternoon in the Arts Council Galleries in Burlington Gardens. The walls were hung with portaits of dark-skinned Tahitian beauties with serene, immobile expressions. Except for one other couple, we were alone. Times have certainly changed. Thanks to writers from Octave Mirbeau to Somerset Maugham and Hollywood films few people are unacquainted with Gauguin's story today. He was the one that got away and lived the escapist daydream of western man. Common enough today; almost unheard of in the late nineteenth century.

This year Gauguin has had world attention, an exposure none would have relished more than the painter himself. His great retrospective exhibition, shown first in Washington and Chicago, had crowds queuing daily for two hours or more outside the Grand Palais in Paris this Spring. London was not included in its itinerary, but among the ancillary exhibitions one from the *Bibliothèque Nationale* can be seen at the Royal Academy in Piccadilly until 19 November, and at the National Gallery of Scotland in Edinburgh from 4th December to 4th February, 1990.

'Gauguin and the School of Pont-Aven' concentrates mainly on graphic art, on the woodcuts, lithographs and engravings produced by the Pont-Aven artists. It is a low-key, intimate exhibition. Gauguin, of course, gets star billing, but the fascination of this show is that it introduces us to artists overshadowed in the annals of art history by his fame.

Pont-Aven is a fairly ordinary village a short distance inland from the south coast of Brittany. By the 1880s it had become a favourite summer destination for a cosmopolitan group of artists and students from the teaching studios in Paris. Its primary attraction was that it was cheap, and it was that that made Paul Gauguin decide to live there in 1886. That was the year of the eighth and last Impressionist Exhibition and the sensation of the show was Seurat's divisionist painting, 'Un Dimanche d'Eté à la Grande Jatte'. It was because Gauguin wished to disassociate himself from the whole philosophy of impressionism, 'an art without freedom' that Brittany seemed to offer what he sought. It was an escape from the sophistication of Paris which he had come to hate. In 1888 he wrote: 'I love Brittany; I find there the savage, the primitive. When my clogs resound on that granite soil, I hear the muffled, dull, powerful tone that I seek in my painting.'

He fooled himself, of course, because industrialisation and the wealth that it generated was already encroaching on the simple life. But there existed still the harsh, rugged landscape, the peasants steeped in folklore, antiquated customs and strong religious fervour. The quaint costumes of the Bretons and particularly their ancient ceremonies had been popular subjects for paintings for years, so much so that the village women

expected to earn extra money from posing. On ceremonial occasions the women wore starched, rounded coiffes that harked back to the middle ages. After the age of twelve, no respectable Breton woman, even when toiling in the fields, would be seen with her head uncovered until her wedding night, and then only by her husband in the privacy of her home.

When Gauguin painted his shepherdesses they are seen as young, indolent and charming, his two young boys wrestling could be fledgling Greek athletes, while his most beautiful painting in this exhibition, 'Christmas Night: The Blessing of the Oxen', conceived in ravishing tones of blues and greys might be medieval.

Very different are the no-nonsense, hard-working women to be seen in the work of Emile Bernard, (1868-1941), after Gauguin the best remembered of the Pont-Aven artists. He was a precocious young man really too gifted for his own good. By the age of sixteen he was known to Toulouse-Lautrec, was a close friend of Vincent Van Gogh and had been expelled from the Studio Carmon for insubordination. That summer he walked through Normandy and Brittany and arrived in Pont-Aven. It was 1886. Two years later he became closely associated with Gauguin. Although twenty years his junior he was not slow to advance his theory of Cloisonnism, a style that featured bold, flat surfaces in strong colours with black or blue contours separating the forms. It is perfectly illustrated in his oil painting 'Bretonnerie (Breton Peasants in a Meadow)' in the Academy show. Gauguin's Synthetist theory was somewhat similar. Breton subjects and landscapes were to be depicted with flat areas of bright colour and rhythmic patterns. Rules of perspective were disregarded and there was to be a flattening and lack of modelling. Above all, the artist must portray the intangible world of ideas. The style derived from folk art, early Italian art, above all the Japanese print. It was the beginning of abstraction and modern art.

Several years later there was a bitter rift between these two artists when Bernard accused Gauguin of having claimed his theories as his own. By 1888 a sizeable group of artists had gathered round the powerful figure of Gauguin to explore theories and discuss their ideas. Tempers would rise and Gauguin is supposed to have threatened Seguin with a revolver if he dared use complementary colours.

Armand Seguin (1869-1903) is one of the revelations of this exhibition. A Breton by birth who is thought to have studied in Paris, he was taken up and influenced by several excellent artists so that he never settled on a definite style for himself. Unsuccessful as a painter — only twelve by him are known — he made over ninety different prints. From the delicate little etching of four small Breton girls, 'The Dance of Pont Aven' of 1891, he switches to sensitive nudes like 'Nude in the Shadow of a Bat'; a rugged 'Breton Fisherman', crude café scenes reminiscent of Toulouse-Lautrec; harbour scenes and many elaborately etched landscapes that advance from synthesism to the pure abstraction of his remarkable little 'Paysage Rayé' of 1893 which captures the feel of a Breton landscape in a bold series of lines.

For some time Seguin shared his studio with the Irish artist Roderic O'Conor (1860-1940). Gauguin invited them both to join him in the South Seas. Both declined: O'Conor is supposed to have commented, 'But really, can you see me setting out for the South Seas with that maniac?' Still, he lent his Paris studio to Gauguin in 1894-95. O'Conor had studied in Dublin, Antwerp and Paris before coming to Brittany. It was Seguin who encouraged him to try his hand at etching and in 1893 he made twenty-five prints. None of the other artists captured the turbulence of wind-swept trees so dramatically as he did. One of the etchings 'Full Moon on the Coast' with myriad cross hatched lines, has the intensity of a Van Gogh and the mystery of a Redon. The Tate Gallery has lent his powerful 'Yellow Landscape, Pont-Aven' to the exhibition, an oil painting executed entirely in series of stripes.

Seguin had first seen the work of Gauguin at the *Exposition Universelle* in Paris in 1889. This was organised to celebrate the centenary of the French Revolution in an orgy of commercialism, not unlike the bi-centenary celebrations of 1989. Gauguin, who had not exhibited in Paris for three years and was in desperate need of money, felt that this was the perfect opportunity. With Emile Bernard, he decided to make an album of prints on which orders could be taken. Recently there had been a renewal of interest in printmaking and the new techniques which were being explored. The critic, Roger Marx had been veritably prolix in his preface to a new book *L'Estampe Originale:*

> It seems impossible to come across anything that attests so victoriously to the animating power of the human spirit: here is a fragment of stone, of wood or of copper; an artist comes along who in an instant makes this inert and lifeless matter palpitate, who gives it life and thought; useless yesterday, it now and forever reveals a character, reflects a temperament, disclose the very spirit of the printmaker.

Gauguin's album — his first efforts at printmaking — consisted of eleven prints on canary yellow paper. They can be seen at the Academy exhibition. They were of a few Breton subjects, some scenes of life in Martinique and a few made from sketches done in Arles during his brief, ill-fated stay with Van Gogh in 1888. Emile Bernard's album of seven zincographs — that is prints made on the same principles as lithography, but applied to a zinc plate which was both lighter and cheaper, instead of on a thick slab of stone — were all of Breton subjects which he coloured with gouache or watercolour so that each print is unique. A group of one hundred works was eventually mustered, by Gauguin, Bernard, Schuffenecker, Laval, Anquetin, and some lesser-known young artists. It was held in the Café Volponi on the perimeter of the *Exposition.* The dealer, Theo Van Gogh, saw it as a vulgar back-stage manoeuvre and advised Vincent to have nothing to do with it.

Gauguin returned to Paris to supervise the arrangements, to seek out sympathetic critics, to distribute posters and have a catalogue printed. All to no avail. Financially it was a fiasco — not a single picture was sold. Only two critics mentioned it remarking on the quirky childlike drawing, the flat colour application. But it did attract a whole section of young art students already rebelling against outworn academic dictates.

Another British artist who went to Brittany several times was Robert Bevan (1865-1925), born in Brighton the son of a banker. He was quick to adopt synthetism, emphasising flat shapes and rhythmic contours. His landscapes were similar to O'Conor's, depicting the windswept coast in long fluid lines, but it was the Breton people and their labours that intrigued him most. He made prints of them beating flax, making sabots, ploughing and threshing. Sometimes he joined in the work himself.

From the point of view of technique, Henri Delavallée was the most dazzling of the Pont-Aven artists. He elaborated his prints with aquatint, drypoint and roulette — a spiked wheeled tool which creates a stippled effect on the plate. His style is closer to the gentle calm of Millet than to the synthetist distortions of some of the group. His etching, 'Seated Breton Woman', is a tour de force.

Paul Sérusier (1864-1927) came early under Gauguin's influence. They met in 1888. He was a reluctant printmaker because his main interest was colour: the three states of his lithograph, 'The End of the Day', are on canary yellow paper. He remained close friends with the Pont-Aven artists, especially with Seguin whom he took to live with him after his attempted suicide. Seguin was with him until his death from tuberculosis in 1903. Sérusier became a founder of the Nabis, a group that included Bonnard, Vuillard and K. X. Roussel.

Of all the prints in the exhibition none captures the emotion of perfect peace and beauty so well as a drypoint by Maxime Maufra (1861-1918), 'Fishing Boat'. It exists in two states, just a simple boat with sails on a vast, calm sea, empty except for a smaller boat far away. In the second print the plate has been wiped, producing a misty effect that recreates the heat of the sun. Like Gauguin, Maufra abandoned a career as a businessman for art at twenty-nine. Unlike Gauguin, he was successful.

So many artists passed briefly through or were part of the Circle of Pont-Aven, and the works they produced were so eclectic one feels sure that new discoveries are still to be made. That search will no doubt be undertaken by the scholar and collector without whom this exhibition could not have been held. With some few exceptions all the prints and the majority of the paintings are the property of Mr. Samuel Josefowitz, a Lithuanian businessman who lives in Switzerland. Over the past thirty-six or so years he has assembled the most comprehensive collection of Pont-Aven art in the world: some 250 paintings, drawings and prints.

Like all great collections it began almost by chance. He went to an exhibition in Paris in 1949, expecting to see some Gauguins. Instead, he became fascinated with works by Sérusier and Emile Bernard that were quite different from anything he'd seen before. Almost nothing had been written about them, so he began speaking to people who might have known them. Bernard only died in 1941. His actual collection started with a Seguin bought from a print dealer along the Seine.

The exhibition, sponsored by Banque Indosuex and W. I. Carr, is accompanied by a scholarly catalogue written by Caroline Boyle-Turner in collaboration with Samuel Josefowitz.

Literary Supplement

WHILE SHEPHEARDS WATCHED

Cairo in the War 1939-45. Artemis Cooper. Hamish Hamilton. £16.95.

Every soldier, sailor or airman who passed through Cairo in war-time — and there were well over a million of them — will have his own memories of it. Almost all of them will find something of interest, even of nostalgia, in this chatty, vivid and anecdotal survey; many might find it at once stimulating and exasperating.

Artemis Cooper, grand-daughter of the Duff-Cooper of war-time fame and of Lady Diana, spent a year teaching in Alexandria, and has thus an awareness of the multi-national character of both cities; and thanks to assiduous reading of many printed diaries, and of some FO papers, the picture of what went on is recreated. Sandwiched between the many sections of the book that read like Sunday gossip columns, are brief summaries of the war being fought sixty miles, and then more, west of the Nile valley. The book is studded with pen-portraits of who was who, and wherever possible of who slept with whom, and in particular of who Farouk slept with, or what he said at the many parties that marked the strain of Cairo's war-time ordeal. The number of decisions taken at such parties, including special operations — it seems — planned there, is beyond count.

A writer is, in large measure, the prisoner of his or her source material. If that material is mainly of gossip diaries that distort by reminiscent re-telling and by autobiographical exaggeration, then this is the result. Discounting, however, the part played in the war — if this account is true — by Cecil Beaton, Noel Coward, Lawrence Durrell and the vastly over-rated (and over-publicised) Olivia Manning, discounting the impression that the war seemed to be fought to preserve the British Council, and discounting this view of the war from the Long Bar of Shepheards Hotel or Groppi's expensive tea rooms, there is some merit in this portrayal of the city's complexity, even if its value as a strategic reserve for the Eastern Mediterranean campaigns is minimised. The tide of fortune in the Second World War turned with: Stalingrad and Alamein. Churchill and the War Cabinet, thanks to the intelligence provided by Bletchley Park, knew that Rommel's line of communication was too stretched, and that he was unlikely to reach Egypt. Had he done so, it would have fallen like the house of cards (and jokers) that it was. Cairo, GHQ and the Embassy did not know that they would survive, and went through more than one Big Flap; if the picture drawn here is remotely a true picture of the city in the years pre-Alamein, it did not deserve to. They did survive, thanks to overwhelming numbers of tanks and guns, thanks to Montgomery — and thanks — as always to Tommy Atkins. He did not go there to preserve this tawdry society; and it did not long survive his departure. But all those Tommy Atkinses will have very different and much more real memories of Abbassia, Almaza and Heliopolis, and of the Berka, than are caught in these pages. Few of them would visit Shepheards or Groppis, the hunting ground in this telling of foot-loose Greeks, Levantines — and British Council lecturers, it seems. This is one view of the place, and a woman's; and she was not there at the time. Her account is near fiction — like Olivia Manning's. But it is as readable as it is irritating.

ESMOND WRIGHT

THE EXOTIC FLOWER

Anglo-Catholicism: A Study in Religious Ambiguity. W. S. F. Pickering. Routledge. £35.00.

One of the most fascinating aspects in the religious life of England, and to some degree, in those countries founded by Englishmen, is Anglo-Catholicism. To the average church-goer in England, let alone to the ninety per cent who do not go, Anglo-Catholics are a mysterious cult, a survival from the past. Most people, perhaps those who have an aunt or a young nephew who 'is one', ask: who and what are they? In this fascinating book the author, himself raised within the cult and, since 1950, an ordained priest in the Church of England, puts these questions. The author is primarily a sociologist and examines the Anglo-Catholics as he would any other social phenomenon.

Of course, a religious group is not altogether like other groups in society: the Women's Institutes, a trades union or a local branch of Alcoholics Anonymous. We are dealing with man's natural desire to worship, to venerate, to seek after truth and, having sought and found it, to convert others. This is why in the case of the Anglo-Catholics it is right to have as Mr. Pickering does, a subtitle. In this case it is 'a study in religious ambiguity'. It is the ambiguous nature of Anglo-Catholicism that fascinates the student of human behaviour, like the sociologist, as well as the bewildered elder uncle or the amused younger nephew who has an Anglo-Catholic in the family.

Tolerated by most, hated by a few, laughed at by some, the Anglo-Catholics have carved a niche for themselves within the broad expanses of the Established Church. It is not a tolerance they have always been willing to give others although failure has taught them charity. When the historian of the twenty-third century surveys the religious struggles of the nineteenth, Anglo-Catholics will play a part, in one sense a large part which is to their credit. Over the past 120 years they have raised up generations of priests who have served the Church of England loyally and hundreds of thousands of laymen who have influenced English life, on the whole, for the good. The historian, however, will concentrate on the clergy for the Anglo-Catholics, a by-product of the Oxford Movement, have always been, essentially, a priests' movement. In the debates over the ordination of women, it has been the strength of the Anglo-Catholics in the House of Clergy which has kept the Church of England from taking such a drastic step.

For the sociologist like Mr. Pickering, however, the question of clerical power in that great clerical talk-shop, the Synod, is a less important question. The real question is the group itself. The first task is to identify it and to trace its history. This the book does in its first section. The second section, 'Ambiguities' tackles the present phenomenon itself. The Anglo-Catholics are in an ambiguous situation and have always been: their dilemma results from their historic confusion of means with ends. For example, is a priest of the Church of England only a priest if he is called 'Father'? Is the Holy Communion only a valid eucharistic sacrament if it is called 'The Mass'? The ambiguity arises out of the Victorian Anglo-Catholics' mistake of confusing the then current Roman Catholic usages with the eternal truths behind them.

There are, of course, even more ambiguities: after Vatican II Anglo-Catholics were faced with a dilemma: to change as if they were Roman Catholics or to remain where they were, a remnant. But if they did not change they would become as isolated from Roman Catholics as from Anglicans. Some changed, some conformed and both added confusion to ambiguity. These topics are largely dealt with in the third and final section,

'Responding to ambiguity'. The author has pointed out the surviving strength of the Anglo-Catholics, despite their loss of power compared to the hey-day of the 1920s. They number some 2,000 clergy, mainly younger men; their adherents constitute about one-fifth of all parish churches. These are more often than not active parishes although some, stranded in city centres, are really cultic centres with a piety that can become 'precious'.

There are still, of course, many questions to be answered: why have the Anglo-Catholics traditionally appealed more to urban than rural life, why traditionally to the south of England and not to other sections of the country? That they failed to make the Church of England 'catholic' is evident and on the whole good because it would have been a false catholicism out of step with the English character. For better or for worse, the Reformation cannot be wished away: this has been a hard lesson for the Anglo-Catholics to learn while their step-brothers, the High Churchmen, have done so.

Despite all the furore over birettas, lace cottas, incense and asperges, they have brought home two great truths: the first is that ritual (by which Anglo-Catholicism is normally identified in society) is not an optional extra but an indispensable and natural part of man's religious nature. Insofar as man is naturally religious he is naturally inclined to express religion in ritual of some sort, whether in church or on the football pitch, whether with incense at the altar or with flowers at the foot of the Cenotaph. The second is that the Christian Church does not stop at Dover, that unless the Church of England wishes to collapse into yet another north European established church, reflecting nothing more than piety and social change, she must remember her obligations to other Christian bodies with whom she claims to be in the Catholic tradition. This means Rome and to this truth Anglo-Catholics have ever been loyal.

Anglo-Catholics remain an exotic flower in the Anglican garden, largely a foreign import but one which has taken root in English soil. They confirm the view that history is made by committed minorities, not luke-warm majorities.

JAMES MUNSON

A NOTABLE ADDITION

Eugene O'Neill: Three Plays: A Selection of Critical Essays. Edited by Normand Berlin. Macmillan (Casebook Series. General Editor A. E. Dyson). Hardback £25.00. Paperback £7.95.

I think I can claim to have been in at the birth of the Casebook Series when A. E. Dyson realised that a little more was needed for an intelligent student of literature than the entirely subjective response required to the question, 'What does this novel, play, poem mean to you?'. This approach can lead to confusion and error based on ignorance. Immediacy of response is important but good literature and significant drama gain from close study and depth of understanding.

The latest addition to this excellent series is one of the best. Scholarship is also entertainment! Congratulations are due to Normand Berlin for his wide choice of contributors to this collection of essays. The critical comment traces the development of O'Neill's art and presents both hostile and laudatory opinions from the beginning to the end of his career. Each play section includes comment by O'Neill himself and the opinions of such eminent critics as Stark Young, Robert Brustein, Raymond Williams and many others worthy of attention, including the Editor, Normand Berlin, whose own study of Eugene O'Neill was published in 1982.

Eugene O'Neill has been misunderstood and sadly under-estimated by many critics and it has taken far too long for him to be recognised as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, American dramatist of the twentieth century. He is often condemned for his many attempts 'to extend the boundaries of his medium but there is no doubt that his plays work in the theatre'.

I was introduced to O'Neill's plays when a drama student, more than fifty years ago. I saw *Mourning Becomes Electra* and became a devotee. It was a never-to-be-forgotten experience, my admiration being reinforced by subsequent productions of *The Iceman Cometh* and *A Long Day's Journey into Night.* The latter play has never failed to attract attention and acclaim whenever it has been performed.

It is impossible, in a short review, to do justice to this selection of essays. Kenneth Tynan perceptively states that *The Iceman Cometh* tells us more about O'Neill himself than about universal despair and escapism. Ibsen's *The Wild Duck* carries wider significance: but we all have our 'pipe dreams'. *A Long Day's Journey Into Night* is more successfully autobiographical and has greater universality. Most modern critics acknowledge its appeal to playgoers Its central theme attracts attention today. 'The past is the present, isn't it? It's the future, too. We all try to lie out of that but life won't let us! '

Eric Bentley's essay, 'Cultural and Psychological Gas' (1952), reveals his own limitations of vision rather than those of the dramatist. Most of the critics have considered that O'Neill lacked the language to achieve his ambitious ends but there is no denying that the plays come alive in performance, particularly the three plays under review.

If Eugene O'Neill interests you as both man and dedicated dramatist, this Casebook is essential reading, suiting both the student and the playgoer. Each essay stimulates, provokes and informs.

NONIE BEERBOHM

SCIENCE AND SCIENTISTS

Is Science Necessary? Max Perutz. Barrie and Jenkins. £14.95.

Dr. Max Perutz, OM, CH, FRS, Nobel Laureate, was the Director and later Chairman of the distinguished Medical Research Council Unit for Molecular Biology at the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, which has produced great benefits for mankind. He writes from the inside about science and scientists mainly for people outside science, though many scientists will be interested in what he has to say. The outlook of scientists like him is admirably made clear in the preface. He quotes with approval Peter Medawar: 'It is high time that laymen abandoned the misleading belief that scientific enquiry is a cold dispassionate exercise, bleached of imaginative qualities, and that a scientist ... turns the handle of discovery, for at every level of endeavour scientific research is a passionate undertaking'. Dr. Perutz believes that 'imagination comes first in both artistic and scientific creation — which makes for one culture rather than two — but while the artist is confined only by the prescriptions imposed by himself and the culture surrounding him, the scientist has Nature and his critical colleagues always looking over his shoulder'. Also, 'true science thrives best in glass houses where everyone can look in'.

The title of the book comes from the first collection of essays in which Dr. Perutz implicitly answers the question in the affirmative by describing some of the benefits of scientific endeavour. 'The priest persuades humble people

to endure their hard lot, the politician urges them to rebel against it and the scientist thinks of a method that does away with the hard lot altogether.' He illustrates this by examples from food production, health, energy production and use, and population growth. These essays contain a great deal of information of interest to the general public presented in such a way as to be understandable by non scientists, and they are accompanied by shrewd comments. 'The development and marketing of vaccines is said to be discouraged by the enormous damages awarded when vaccines accidentally injure people, even though such accidents are very rare ... In consequence the number of vaccine manufacturers has been dropping steadily, a decline that presents a greater damage to public health than the rare accidents. It would be better if there were a system of no-fault compensation for the victims when no negligence can be proved.' 'DDT has probably saved more lives than all the antibiotics combined.'

The next section is a very interesting and, in places, moving account of Dr. Perutz's experience as an enemy alien during the first part of the war. We are most fortunate that he survived, as he might not have done. When released he returned to the Cavendish Laboratory and continued his work on the structure of proteins until summoned to meet that extraordinary man Pyke and give him advice on the properties of ice. The story of the internment and deportation of enemy aliens is a sad one, but it had some happy endings.

The second half of the book is a collection of reviews of books about science and scientists, in which Dr. Perutz takes opportunities of expressing his own thoughts and observations. He had come across Klaus Fuchs, 'The Man Who Stole the Atom Bomb', during internment in Canada and makes illuminating comments about him. He includes an interesting quotation from Fuchs's confession: 'Since coming to Harwell I have met English people of all kinds, and I have come to see in many of them a deep-rooted firmness which enables them to lead a decent way of life. I do not know where this springs from and I don't think they do, but it is there'. The review of a biography of Alexander Fleming includes reflections on the discovery and discoverers of penicillin, and that of David Wilson's biography Dr. Perutz's own views on Rutherford, and Kapitsa's on why England provided the most outstanding physicists. The next review contains illuminating remarks about Max Planck who was 'something of a saint', and a later one about the chemist turned statesman, Chaim Weizmann. Finally, there is a group of seven reviews of books about science, concluding with one containing extended comments on the re-issue of Schrödinger's famous and influential 'What is Life?'. All these reviews are worth reading, not least for the interest and wisdom of Dr. Perutz's own thoughts on the various subjects, based on a lifetime of creative work in science. There is something in this book for everyone.

ARTHUR VICK

FUNDING THE ARTS

The Work of Art by Peter Rogers. *A summary of The Economic Importance of the Arts in Britain,* a research study in four volumes by John Myerscough. Caluste Gulbenkian. Policy Studies Institute.

This is a useful little book to carry in the pocket for defence against Philistines. It provides for quick reference statistical evidence of the economic importance of the arts, broadly defined to include exhibitions and performances, amateur and professional, of all kinds from classical to 'pop'.

According to the survey's computation, the arts are fourth in the league table of top invisible earners. The income from exports is considerable but is far exceeded by expenditure by visitors, a sizeable proportion of whom are attracted to this country mainly by cultural events. Tourists were responsible for 68% of the rise in ticket sales between 1981 and 1985. The attractions are provided by and primarily for the ordinary population, at least two-thirds of which is reached by some sort of artistic activity. It is satisfactory that, although the more affluent naturally contribute most to expensive entertainments, all classes are represented in attendances at events and exhibitions. After the economic recession of the early eighties growth has been resumed, and in 1985 there were more facilities, more performances of all kinds and bigger audiences than there had been two or three years earlier. Attendances had risen despite a considerable increase in facilities for entertainment in the home. The only disturbing feature is a decline in the sale of books and in borrowings from public libraries. The state of the book trade may have some responsibility for this.

What is not so satisfactory is the distribution of opportunities to satisfy artistic interests. There is a heavy concentration in London. Half of the audiences for opera and dance are to be found there. The provision of more facilities in the provinces would not only increase and spread tourism but would be an aid to urban renewal. 'The arts are a more cost-effective way of reducing the unemployment count than special unemployment measures.' Glasgow is cited as an example of how a city may gain self-esteem and attract business enterprises by earning a reputation as an important cultural centre. There is great scope for local effort. 'Initiates must grow out of the region and not be grafted on.' But, now that local government has had its authority and resources severely restricted, national policy must encourage and support local planning. 'The most difficult and the most vital task' of public finance should be to support the experimentation and innovation which is necessary to keep the arts fresh and relevant to changing circumstances. Even in summary the survey not only reveals much about the present situation but points the way ahead and shows the economic benefits which could be gained by further investment in the arts.

BRUCE PATTISON

LEAVE THE SELECTION TILL THEY'RE DEAD

Congenial Spirits. The Selected Letters of Virginia Woolf. Edited by Joanne Trautmann Banks. The Hogarth Press. £18.50.

The revolving sparks of the Catherine-wheels of Virginia Woolf's letters (to adopt Noel Annan's image) are diminished somewhat in selection. It is like the contrast between a Pre-Raphaelite painting in a gallery and its reproduction in a book. The sacrifices are not, of course, the occasional letters of no special weight, but the cumulative passages from good letters that have had to be topped and tailed. Joanne Trautmann Banks, who, with Nigel Nicolson, was co-editor of the substantial six-volume edition of the *Letters,* was clearly uniquely placed to weigh the sometimes arcane, logistical factors in keeping the tension between telling the story in a self-contained volume that 'will not mystify the general reader', and abstracting the material of literary and public interest.

Her Editorial Note is of importance to scholars. The numbering assigned to

the letters in the complete edition has been retained, with an 'a' or 'b' for additional letters. Some have been reclaimed from their 'Letters Found Too Late for Inclusion' appendix to Volume VI. Twelve are 'new' letters — a childhood cache, and discovered, or released, mature ones, such as a careful approach to Katherine Mansfield — 'What I admire in you so much is your transparent quality. My stuff gets muddy . . .' Four public letters to editors of periodicals, previously excluded, have been incorporated. After the publication of Volume VI in 1980, approximately one hundred further letters were discovered, and the finest appeared in *Modern Fiction Studies* for summer 1984; four of these, to Julian Bell and to Duncan Grant are here included. Other new material is restored gossip about friends' love-lives, omitted from the complete edition in order not to hurt certain people then alive. The editor has not signalled these passages — 'curious readers will have to search them out themselves'.

In her elegant and useful Introduction, the editor makes a particular assertion, which one can hold like a prism between one's fingers, and turn against the sky: it is that, in the distillation of selection, the Virginia Woolf that emerges to the intensified chorus of her own laughter is somehow less tragic. And, 'After all, why should a life be judged by its eleventh hour?' Is it that the editor feels the need to console the notional general reader, nervously clasping the selection, that the content is not morbid, but somehow uplifting? It does not seem right to play down the tragedies.

MOLLY TIBBS

BILONG TOK TOK

Bridge Over Troubled Water: An Insight into the English-Speaking Union and its influence in South Asia. Michael Wynne-Parker. Kingston Books. 1989. £14.99.

In these multi-cultural days, when English at home has to strive against immigrant tongues as primus inter pares, the English Speaking Union lights the way to English as the world language. Pidgin and Patois are not the poetry of Shakespeare, and do serve, as Hammond Innes puts it in his preface to *Bridge Over Troubled Water,* as his country's secret weapon. Mr. Wynne-Parker sees English as a powerful force for world brotherhood. He provides an autobiographical picture of the ESU and its founder, Evelyn Wrench (who also started the Overseas League). Never dull, his staccato and *raconteur* style is sometimes confusing to the reader, disentangling whom he is talking about and when. The chapters on Sri Lanka, full of interesting personal recollections, do create a lopsided effect, where just a page or so on ESU work elsewhere might have given a more balanced picture. Mr. Wynne-Parker is not afraid to be controversial and indicates that the replacement in Sri Lanka of English by two local tongues really developed hostility between Tamil and Singhalese. English in South Asia is a key to the door of the future, the one security for a divided world. Mr. Wynne-Parker is a passionate protagonist and would indeed share the views of his compatriot and poet, Samuel Daniel:

> . . . whither we may vent
> The treasure of our tongue, to what strange shores
> This gain of our best glory shall be sent
> T' enrich unknowing nations with our stores.

MOLLY MORTIMER

SHORTER REVIEWS

Great Hostesses (Constable. £7.95). The reprint of a well-known volume on the lives and entertainments of eight famous London hostesses of the first quarter of the present century is well timed because of an upsurge of interest in the fashions and mores of the twenties. 'There is a clear division', says the author, Brian Masters, 'between the grand hostesses of the old school, who entertained as naturally as they breathed, because they were born to it, and the new crop of ambitious women who grasped their way up the social ladder until they became a force which could not be ignored. The division is marked . . . by the First World War'. He calls them 'the linesmen of history' because all the notable personages of the day would either be entertained or talked about, or both, at these gracious tables and must at some time have given away state and private secrets of various kinds and degrees of importance. There are well produced photographs of most of the hostesses and some of their families and their guests. The parties fell into a pattern: politicians and poets would meet at Lady Desborough's, noblemen at Mrs. Corrigan's, musicians and writers at Lady Cunard's, the 'best families' of America at Mrs. Vanderbilt's, royalty at Mrs. Greville's, Mrs. Vanderbilt's and Mrs. Corrigan's. Others such as Lady de Grey, Lady Gladys Herbert and the Marchioness of Ripon entertained the bohemian as well as the fashionable world. The account of the whole scene is most enlightening as well as amusing.

A Concise Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English. (Routledge, £24.95 hardback.) Based on the late Eric Partridge's well known *Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English,* Eighth Edition, the new concise lexicon enables readers unable to afford the full edition to obtain a splendid shorter version at a reasonable price. It is not only instructive and vastly entertaining but it could prove indispensable to anyone who aspires to street cred and wants to be able to save his bacon. Paul Beale, the editor, has also edited the eighth edition of Partridge (1984) and Partridge's *Dictionary of Catch Phrases* (1985). His new volume is comprehensive enough to provide a guide through the constantly changing ways of behaving and communicating. He concentrates on terms used only in the twentieth century, claiming no fewer than 1,500 entries newly recorded in the eighties. A good example of an expression little understood as yet by anyone over 18 is his definition of 'acid rock' as 'modern music which, when accompanied by unusual lighting and extreme amplification, is evocative of LSD hallucinations.' But how to make much of the strange entry, 'carry the knot', is something of a mystery: 'To "hump a bluey" or go on the tramp.' Australian? That no doubt explains it. Let no reviewer of this book be accused of not having read it. He could hardly help doing so once he owns a copy.

Friends and Contemporaries. (Methuen, £14.99.) This is a most enjoyable and at times entertaining volume of recollections by A. L. Rowse of friends whom he has known in his long life. He is now in his eighties, like some of those of whom he writes. He includes in these character sketches Lord David Cecil, Lord Berners, Sir Maurice Bowra, Sir Arthur Bryant, Hensley Henson, Archbishop Cosmo Lang, Sir John Simon and Lord Halifax, Harold Acton, Grahame Green, Daphne du Maurier, Sir John Beazley and the poet Flecker. The author has a happy knack of providing detailed information for the benefit of future biographers.

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GREECE AND THE EUROPEAN COMMUNITY

by Robert Shannan Peckham

ALEXANDER Herzen, the Russian writer and critic, employed the image of the Imperial double-headed eagle to describe the Russian Empire of the mid-nineteenth century. While one head looked Westward towards Europe and the other faced East to Asia, both heads nevertheless shared the same body. Significantly, the double-headed eagle derives from the emblem of the Palaeologus family, and was adopted by the Russian Monarchy when it sought legitimacy for its claims to the heritage of the Orthodox Byzantine Empire.

The above analogy, while it expresses succinctly the tension that pervades much of Russian culture, does more than underline the historical relationship between Greece, Eastern Europe and Russia. The fact remains that Herzen's analogy is still pertinent, not only as a description of the Soviet Union under Gorbachov, but also of Greece in the 1980s. In this context — Greece as a point of convergence between East and West — it is not surprising that Greece became one of the central stages for the Cold War after 1945; an ideological battleground not only between East and West, but between alternative political systems and the contending perceptions of history which they embodied.

The 'doubleness' that characterises Greece is cultural as well as geographical and historical. The subjects, or *rayahs,* of an Islamic Empire for over four hundred years, the Greeks did not experience the Renaissance or the Reformation. It was not until the end of the eighteenth century that she entered European history, not, however, as a European nation, but as part of what became known as the 'Eastern Question'. Apart from the Arab invasions in the South of Spain, Greece is the only Community member which has been dominated by a non-European power. Paradoxically, few countries have given rise to civilisations as potent as Greece in Classical times and later in the Byzantine period; civilisations (which the historian and philhellene George Finlay referred to as 'Homer, Plato & Co') shaped by ideals which in turn helped foster those democratic nations of 'Europe'.

If the term 'Europe' is itself elusive, much could be said about the ambiguity of Greece's historical identity. The fact that many of Greece's distinguished writers and poets from Solomos (the author of Greece's national anthem 'Hymn To Liberty'), to Cavafy, Seferis and Elytis, did

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not originate from Mainland Greece, but from the Ionian islands, Alexandria, Smyrna and Crete, is revealing. If the notion of 'Greekness' *(roméikos)* was not originally defined geographically, or as Jakob Fallmerayer attempted to demonstrate at the beginning of the nineteenth century, racially, 'Greekness' was defined primarily by language and religion; as a cultural entity. And these determining characteristics of Greekness stand out conspicuously in the European Community. Greece is the only Orthodox state in the EC and the only one not to have adopted the Roman alphabet.

The political upheavals in Greece have been much publicised over the last eighteen months, with stories of corruption and embezzlement on a dramatic scale surrounding the Koskotas/Bank of Crete affair and the integrity of the Prime Minister's personal life. The principal task of the New Democracy/Communist coalition government that came to power under Tzannis Tzannetakis in the most recent elections, is to investigate the alleged cases of fraud and to resolve the problematic legacy of Andreas Papandreou's PASOK (Panhellenic Socialist Movement) government. Some commentators have been concerned for Greece's stability, reflecting on her unimpressive record of coups *(praxikópima)* in unsettled times. It should also be stressed, as Professor Legg pointed out some time ago, that the two party system is not itself an indigenous phenomenon in Greece, the period up to 1974 marked by periodical political upheavals. Patronage continues to be an important principle of government and the practice of *rousféti*, untranslatable in English, but roughly equivalent to the French *pistonage*, continues to be prevalent.

It is also paradoxical that the PASOK government of Mr. Papandreou which stood against Greece's admission to the EC under Constantine Karamanlis (Greece officially joined the EC on 1st January 1981 under a PASOK government) has now been converted into a pro-European party. In PASOK's volte face lies an acknowledgement of the enormous benefits that the EC offers to Greece. If Greece's commitment to NATO and the issue of American bases in Greece remain controversial, Greece's membership of the European Community has not been a real issue since the 1974 elections. A political consensus now prevails regarding the expediency of Greece's membership. Last year, from his hospital bed in England where he was undergoing heart surgery, Andreas Papandreou was outspoken in his criticism of Margaret Thatcher's 'unilateral questioning' of the Single European Act.

The EC has had an important impact on Greece. On the political level it has created a sense of stability and greatly reduced the possibilities of a coup, making the success of any junta difficult to conceive. At the same time Greece's economic situation has improved significantly over the period PASOK held power and much of that improvement is related to Greece's membership of the EC, a fact acknowledged by Mr. Papandreou at last year's Thessaloniki International Fair. Although there have been moments of uncertainty, the EC has reaffirmed its determination

to effect a greater economic parity between the poorer and richer members through such channels as the Integrated Mediterranean Programme of which Greece, together with parts of Southern France and Italy, are the beneficiaries. Indeed, it was Greece, fearful of competition from an enlarged EC, who adopted the strategy of vetoing Spain and Portugal's accession, unless the Community granted her more aid. The Integrated Mediterranean Programme which established a substantial series of loans (Ecu 2.5 bn) and grants (Ecu 4.1 bn) to be paid over seven years, was an attempt to adjust the socioeconomic structures of the whole of Greece and the Southern regions of France and Italy to the new conditions of an enlarged EC.

In general terms, the economic discrepancy between Greece and the Community is illustrated by a rough comparison of per capita GDP figures. Greece's GDP is barely 40 per cent of the EC average, while her productivity is less than half of the Community and her educational level remains low. It is in the context of such a 'gap' that the former president of the Federation of Greek Industries, Mr. Palexopoulos, asserted the imperative, not only for sustained growth, but for rapid modernisation.

Apart from offering specific advice on economic remedies and sizeable loans raised through the European Investment Bank, the tangible benefits of the EC have been considerable. The European Social Fund (ESF), founded by the Treaty of Rome to generate better employment opportunities and to increase standards of living, invests almost half of its budget in the less developed zones which include the whole of Greece. Furthermore, the ESF supports training projects and assists a number of schemes, like the establishment of tourist guide training centres, which enable students to pursue the appropriate training to enter Greece's vital Tourist Industry. The European Regional Development Fund (ERDF), set up in 1975, gives grants to programmes such as the project, implemented by the Greek Telecommunications Authority (OTE), to undertake the improvement and modernisation of Greece's telecommunications. Finally, the EC offers specific support in the culture field, such as funds for the restoration of Satavronikita monastery on Mount Athos — a paradigm of successful restoration.

Fourteen years after Greece first tabled its application to join the EC, synergistic benefits are evident. Greece has acquired greater political stability, progress in its relationship with Turkey and economic assistance. Closer cultural and social ties are now promoted by means of the Erasmus scheme. In its turn, Greece is of great strategic importance for the European Community. She gives the EC access to the Middle East. With the Dodecanese islands of Kos and Samos, a few kilometres from the coast of Asia, Crete not far from Egypt and Rhodes within striking distance of Cyprus and further, of Israel and Lebanon, the extension of Europe South-Eastwards is significant. Although the European Defence Community (EDC) failed to materialise after the French National Assembly refused to ratify it in 1954, Greece would be of the greatest importance should such a Community ever be instigated.

Greeks have espoused the 'Megali Idea' of Europe with enthusiasm, as is demonstrated by the high turn-out in the recent European elections. If the PASOK government has promoted cultural studies in setting up the University of the Aegean, for example, recent stamps commemorating thirty years of Europe and another celebrating the French Revolution reveal the popular nature and appeal of the European Community. Finally, it was the Greeks who initiated the concept of the annual cultural capital of Europe.

The image of Greece as the destination for package holidays is changing rapidly, although tourism continues to account for a large part of the country's revenue. Over the last few years the GDP per capita has increased (although it remains the lowest in the European Community after Portugal) as have the numbers of Greeks travelling abroad, especially within the Community. Of course, Greece's relations with Europe were strong, even before Greece's accession to the EC. Many Greeks, especially from the North-East Thracian region, have stayed for some period as remittance workers in Germany (remittances still account for a considerable portion of Greece's revenue). Culturally, Greece's relationship with France has been strong since Adamantios Korais's time, and this cultural affinity has been strengthened, partly due to exiles during the junta period. Greece's cultural relationships with Italy, particularly with Venice, have also been historically close. At the same time Britain has traditionally played an important role in Greece, especially before the Americans became the dominant political force during the Greek Civil War.

Yet many Greeks are also aware of the dangers of absorption into the European Community and the loss of cultural and social identity that might ensue, especially in view of Greece's minority status in terms of population. This is reflected in the numbers of Greek members of the European Parliament; Greece and Portugal both have 24 MEPs compared to 81 representatives from Britain, Italy and West Germany respectively. As the only European Orthodox country, and one which maintains close relationships with Eastern Europe, there is a danger that its distinct historical identity may be steam-rollered by a common cultural policy. Its language and traditions, already shaken by tourism — particularly evident on the Islands and in Attica — are seen by many Greeks as being under threat.

At the same time the recent evidence of corruption on an unprecedented scale and in the highest echelons of Greek political life has given substance to the views of those sceptical of Greece's commitment to the EC, and those critics, among them Margaret Thatcher, who persist in questioning whether the price paid by the richer countries is too high. Comparisons have been made between PASOK and the Spanish government of Gonzales which in recent months has been met with increasing disillusion by a population fed with rumours of corruptions and 'patronage'. On July 13th the Greek Parliament began an examination into the evidence against the former junior finance minister Mr. Nikos

Athanopoulos who is alleged to have been involved in a conspiracy to defraud the EC by selling Yugoslav maize on Greek certificates of origin. It has been estimated that this case alone will cost Greece over 3.5 million dollars in damages which will be awarded to the European court. Evidence of such corruption raises question marks over the existing structure of the EC, and more particularly, over the legitimacy of Greece's participation in the Community.

Yet the benefits of Greece's accession outnumber the problems it has created. While the idiosyncracies of her agricultural system, the predominance of small farms and the high proportion of self-employed persons (over fifty per cent compared to Britain's nine per cent), have complicated Greece's integration with the EC's Common Agricultural Policy (CAP), these obstacles have been relatively insignificant. Greece's economy comprises a small section of the Community's economy as a whole. Furthermore, economic assistance and subsidies such as that for Greece's declining tobacco industry, have not had a dramatic effect on the EC. Greece has no sizeable steel or coal industries in need of restructuring. The risk of the Greek market being saturated by foreign competition has been prevented by heavy domestic consumption of agricultural products like wine and oil, and by Greece's physical distance from the rest of the Community. In turn this has protected member countries from a surplus of Greek agricultural products.

The recent political turbulence did much to undermine Greece's Presidency of the EC. Although foreign minister Karotos Papoulias, when presenting Greece's programme for the EC Presidency, emphasised the need for unification and Greece's commitment to a more integrated Europe, Greek domestic politics provided an ironic parenthesis upon such claims. If the problems of full integration look daunting, Greece, with its two distinct faces looking Eastwards and Westwards, has much to offer the European Community both culturally and politically. After all, Europe, like democracy, is a Greek word.

[Robert Shannan Peckham is at present at the University of Thessaloniki (Department of Philology) on the Erasmus programme sponsored by King's College, London. In 1988 he was the recipient of a Peter Kirk Award to pursue his research on Greek Orthodoxy and Mount Athos. His articles on Greek and Russian literature/history, as well as reviews, essays and poems have appeared regularly in journals including *London Magazine, Poetry Review, Stand, Verse, Encounter, Books* and *The Scotsman.*]

GORBACHOV AT STRASBOURG

by Cosmo Russell

BY far the most important feature of Mikhail Gorbachov's speech on July 6, 1989, to the Parliamentary Assembly of the Twenty-Three Nation Council of Europe was not his reference to scaling down East West military confrontation but his acceptance of the invitation for the USSR to take part in a wide variety of Council activities; possibly to adhere to certain conventions on the environment, culture, education and television broadcasting. He foreshadowed Soviet adherence to the European Cultural Convention. This in recent years has become such an important means of fostering European understanding that one might almost say that it has political significance. Why, then, is Russian adherence so important? Because this would bring Russia into the mainstream of European peaceful co-operation on a scale not realised since the Russian revolution — if, of course, one excludes sport and music where positive links have been apparent for a long time.

Another outstanding feature of Gorbachov's speech was his wish for Russian participation with other European countries in the advance of new technology. In his wish for the Common European Home he said that a new brand of socialism was emerging, quite unlike that which had existed before. He said that the principle to be observed was the acceptance by both sides of the particular political system of the other. Here then is a possible return to the 19th century Concert of Europe in updated form. Before 1900, Europe was composed of parliamentary democracies (France and the United Kingdom) and what, by comparison with the ruthless dictatorships of Fascism and Communism which succeeded them, we may now call liberal monarchies or indeed Empires. Austria, the German Empire and Tsarist Russia which, under Alexander III and Nicholas II, was autocratic in name but not in practice. All three disappeared as a consequence of World War I. Russia, due to the Communist concept of world revolution, withdrew virtually almost entirely from Europe. Russian advance into Europe in 1945, under the rule of Stalin only exacerbated European divisions, leading in due course to the Iron Curtain Alliances, NATO and the Warsaw Pact and armed confrontation. All this Gorbachov said that he wished to see removed and replaced by a revised military system. He thought there should be a dateline for both Alliances to become non-nuclear. However, no doubt with the rest of the world in mind, he added, 'There is merit in figuring out what lies behind the concept of "Minimum" deterrence. The limit is beyond where nuclear retaliation capability is transformed into an attack capability. Here, much remains unclear and ambiguity breeds mistrust. Why should not experts from the USSR, the United States, Great Britain and France, as well as from states who have nuclear weapons on their territories, hold an in-depth discussion of those questions? If they arrive at some common views, the problems would become simpler at the

political level, too.'

Mr. Gorbachov went on to reiterate the Soviet intention to cut defence expenditure by 1.5 to 2%. This would give rise to conversion problems and, since NATO might be faced with similar difficulties, he would willingly share experiences. Perhaps a joint working group on conversion problems could be set up within the UN Economic Commission for Europe.

Mr. Gorbachov listed projects which he thought were of equal interest to East and West: a trans-European high speed railway, a common European programme on new solar-energy technologies and equipment, processing and storing nuclear waste and enhancing the safety of nuclear power stations, additional fibre optics for transmitting information, an all Europe satellite TV system and high definition television — a project already discussed with President Mitterrand for an international thermonuclear experimental reactor which would be an inexhaustible source of experimentally clean energy and serve the future of Europe and the entire world.

Said Gorbachov, 'The common European home will have to be environmentally clean'. He insisted that major ecological problems have long ago transcended national confines. At least regional ecological security systems were essential. The Vienna Group of 35 were meeting in Sofia in the autumn to discuss an all European institute in practical terms. Gorbachov insisted that action be taken on ecology as on the other activities to which his speech referred.

In fact it would be ungracious and indeed foolish to forget all the positive proposals of a remarkable, forward looking speech in order to concentrate purely on its military content.

The presence of Russian observers in Strasbourg from now on, and a Russian Consul General to handle official relations with the Secretariat, will give opportunities for considering the Gorbachov proposals in depth, as they deserve.

[Cosmo Russell was Deputy Head of the Press and Information Directorate in the Council of Europe Secretariat 1949-1957, Deputy Political Director 1957-1963 and United Kingdom Representative of the Information Directorate 1966-1971. He served with the European Commission as a translator with the Regional Policy Directorate General 1971-84. His article 'The Council of Europe — Old Look and New Role' appeared in *Contemporary Review* in September 1989 (No. 1484, Vol. 255).]

THE FAMILY PLANNING PROGRAMME IN PAKISTAN

by Frances C. S. Harrison

TO talk of the developing world conjures up visions of 'debt traps', 'tariff walls' and 'trade gaps', but not of populations developing in size. One might be forgiven for thinking the population explosion had fizzled out completely. In fact, for many countries a rapid population growth presents one of the largest and least discussed impediments to development.

Pakistan is one of these countries, with an unusually high population growth rate (3.3% per annum) even for Asia. Pakistan's population already numbers over one hundred million and will double in size by the year 2005 if nothing is done to alter fertility levels. Even now, if every couple started to have just two children (instead of the present number of seven, on average) there would be another 29 million Pakistanis by 2005. The reason for this is that already children make up such a large proportion of the population that all it needs for a population explosion is for them to produce offspring.

With population growth of this magnitude Pakistan cannot expect to feed, house and educate its people in the next century. As an Indian proverb puts it: if all the fruit on the tree grows to maturity, the tree will fall. Unemployment, for example, was already at seven million in 1984, but will double at the very least by 2007, irrespective of fertility trends. Zulfikar Ali Bhutto's prophecy made back in the seventies looks increasingly probable; he warned that population growth would mean that: 'Very soon we will be eating ourselves at this rate'.

Against this backdrop there is no question of the need for population control. Pakistan's population problem has been known for some time. As early as the year 1960, Pakistan's gross reproduction rate was found to be higher than that of any other Muslim country. Since then every successive government in the country has acknowledged that family planning is necessary if any measure of prosperity is to be gained from development.

Although Pakistan has had a family planning programme for the last thirty years, it has had virtually no effect. Pakistan still has a higher Crude Birth Rate than almost any other developing country. In 1965, it seemed that the family planning programme could reduce the growth rate to a modest 1.5% per annum by 1985: sadly it is more than twice this today.

Strangely, Pakistan's programme was once hailed by the international aid community as a future success story for population control in the developing world. Pakistan's so-called 'administrative model of how to build a family planning programme'[1] became a training ground for foreign experts and was a favourite topic for demographic journals. Nowadays the foreign experts have come to the unanimous conclusion

that the programme is a failure and the international family planning journals maintain an embarrassed silence on Pakistan, now concentrating on countries like Colombia where the population programme has worked.

Why has the programme failed in Pakistan? One reason might be the hostility in a traditional society to birth control. That alone does not account for the failure of the programme because neighbouring India has had more success with population control, as have other Islamic countries. Part of the reason is undoubtedly the chaotic administration of the programme, as this article will show.

The family planning programme in Pakistan got off to an inauspicious start: for the first ten years (1955-65) a deliberately false figure for population growth was used. Said Hussain, the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Institute of Development Economics, is quoted as saying:

> When the . . . plan was being framed I urged, and successfully too, that the rate of growth should not be shown higher than 1.4%. This was to keep despair away. We are however all convinced that population is growing faster than that.[2]

The true population growth rate figure for 1960-5 was probably more like 2.89%, or double the one used. Even though the government initiated a family planning programme it refused to admit the scale of the problem.

Early attempts failed because family planning was administered as part of the overburdened health service. The few doctors trained in it were already too busy with clinical work to give attention to it. Only a tiny proportion of the population was covered by the health services. Probably less than 10% of the population in Pakistan had ever visited a health establishment at this time and most of these were children. Thus, family planning could never hope to reach a significant number of people.

Although the failure of this stage of the programme was blamed on the lack of funding, that seems an unlikely reason. Since the programme only managed to spend Rs. 9.4 million of the Rs. 30.5 million budget in the first four years, it is more probable that the programme was not sufficiently organised even to absorb funds, let alone alter fertility.

A new approach to family planning in Pakistan was introduced between 1965-9, called the 'Target Approach'. This claimed 'to rectify the flaws and draw-backs experienced under the previous scheme'.[3] Despite its name, there was considerable confusion over what the programme's aims were. The plan document says the aim was to bring the birth rate down from 55 per thousand to 45 per thousand by 1970, but Enver Adil, who ran the programme, and many others including the United Nations, assumed the target was to reduce the CBR from 50 to 40 births per thousand by 1970. Both these versions assume the birth rate was higher than the most reliable data of the time, the Population Growth Estimates, which put the Crude Birth Rate at 45 per thousand, or less. Consequently it seems possible that the family planning programme plan deliberately overestimated the Crude Birth Rate so that the programme could not fail to seem successful in reducing it. The seemingly over-ambitious

target of reducing the Crude Birth Rate by 10 points in five years (from 55 to 45 per thousand) could hardly fail. Ignoring the most reliable data, the programme used 1961 census figures for the population size which were unreliable by as much as 7.7 million people and under-enumerated women.

Even at the planning stage this programme was flawed. There was a strong element of regional discrimination against East Pakistan (now Bangladesh), even though the East Wing of the country should have been favoured because its population growth rate was higher than that of the West. By the end of 1970 there were intended to be 1,400 family planning supervisors, of which 1,000 would be placed in West Pakistan and only 400 in East Pakistan. These supervisors were supposed to tour all the villages in the entire country bi-monthly, which would have been impossible, especially for the 400 responsible for all of East Pakistan. The plan's financial allocation for wages of Family Planning Supervisors gave 70% of the funds to the Western Wing, which suggests that the Government was more keen to keep the financial benefits of the location of the programme in the West, than to reduce fertility. Discrimination against the Eastern Wing was a common complaint at the time and the family planning programme was not an exception.

During the 1965-9 phase of the programme the main weakness was the decision to use *dais* (traditional midwives) as the crux of the field team. In retrospect, this has been described as a gamble that didn't pay off.[4] Government planners knew the risks they were taking but did nothing to minimise them, gambling with millions of rupees.

The use of *dais* was largely in order to disarm an opposing pressure group. Many of the *dais* did reach the obvious conclusion that family planning was contrary to their traditional profession. Since they were paid a part time wage only if they met certain targets, the *dais* found the work less lucrative and less pleasant than they had thought. For many *dais*, family planning actually posed a threat to their financial livelihood as midwives. Their salary of Rs. 15 (50 pence) per month was what a woman might earn by keeping a few chickens or a goat; the low wage was justified by assuming that the part time job's wage was just an increment over and above a basic source of livelihood. However, the *dais'* basic salary was most likely to be from attending births and therefore in direct conflict with the message of family planning. Many of the *dais* did not regard their job as part time because probably they had no other employment. Wajihuddin Ahmad, who later ran the programme, had this to say about the Government's choice of a programme centred around midwives:

> Logically... there is every possibility of a midwife's vested interest in births interfering with her role on preventing births, unless her income from births prevented substantially outweighs her dividends from deliveries conducted.[5]

The programme was aware of the potential opposition from *dais* and yet almost courted a conflict of interests by not paying the *dais* adequately.

The 'Target Approach' stressed the fulfilment of quotas by the *dais* so heavily that any *dais* who failed to meet the targets was replaced. This

caused the workers themselves to buy the contraceptives they were supposed to be selling so as to escape censure and redundancy. The cost of contraceptives was so heavily subsidised as to make this worthwhile, even for the low paid *dais*. Often even the *dais'* friends and relatives would purchase condoms and pills to ensure their continued employment.

In this phase, training was not very effective, for in one survey of trained *dais* 50% thought the IUD might go into the stomach or some other part of the body from the uterus. In general, a significant number lacked information basic to their job. Another study questioned *dais* on what their clients' opinions were of the IUD and 86% answered 'bad', even though the IUD was supposed to be the mainstay of the programme. It is hardly surprising then that this stage of the family planning programme failed.

The family planning programme was organised to be almost entirely staffed at grass roots levels by women. There is no a priori reason for assuming that women are more motivated for family planning than men. Indeed, it is probable that women are unlikely to use family planning without the permission of their husbands, because even the Islamic scholars, who permit the use of modern birth control methods, stress that it should be used only with the mutual consent of husband and wife. It is even possible to argue that men are likely to be more susceptible to the small family norm than women, because men are more concerned with the economic strain of supporting large families.

A new statistical method for evaluating the programme, the Couple-Years Protection method, was invented for use in Pakistan at this time but proved to be a failure. It estimated the number of births prevented from distribution figures for contraceptives. Most oddly, it assumed that contraceptives reported had actually been distributed and also used effectively, which was highly dubious. No allowances were made for people who used more than one method of contraception at a time.

As late as 1969 the programme was still being called 'strikingly successful' and it was thought the targets might even be surpassed. Finally, the 1968/9 *National Impact Survey* opened everyone's eyes to the failure of this approach; for the first time information on levels of use of contraceptives became available. The NIS showed that the programme had only been successful in disseminating knowledge about family planning. Only 4% of eligible women were currently using an efficient method of birth control in 1968/9 and levels of use in rural areas were less than half those in urban ones; this was nowhere near the target of 'almost all the women in the reproductive ages'[6] using contraception by 1970.

From 1970 on a new approach was tried: the 'Continuous Motivation System'. Originally started as a pilot project in 1969, no real evaluation of the project was made before it was spread throughout the country. Consequently, several obvious flaws in the plan were overlooked. Even its calculations were faulty. At a rate of 25 visits maximum a day, the motivators would have been able to visit each couple two to 3.4 times a year and not four times a year as stated. Motivational work

was planned so as to allow only one day in each village, which was insufficient time to organise group meetings or IUD camps. The Continuous Motivation System talked of contact with all eligible couples but this was impossible even at the planning stages.

Male and female motivator teams were used to visit potential clients. However, there was considerable confusion over the tasks of the male motivator. According to one job description the Male Motivator enters the house with the Female Motivator and talks to the males of the household, if they are at home during the daytime. If not, the Male Motivator is to wait outside the house and motivate anyone he meets who happens to wander past; according to the other description, the Male Motivator leaves the Female Motivator when they arrive in the village and goes to places where men are assembled or arranges group meetings of men to motivate. The latter plan of group meetings leaves the notion of 'follow-up' unspecified for men. The former plan assumed that most men were at home during the working hours of the motivators, which is an extremely odd assumption for any country. When the folly of this plan was realised it was changed. These changes stripped the system of its major virtues. The Continuous Motivation System ended up being directed primarily towards women for no good reason. Even more flaws in this stage of the programme emerged when the government tried to implement it. The most serious organisational failing came from political interference in the recruitment of motivator teams. A common complaint was that National and Provincial Assembly members told the District Population Programme Officers whom to hire. It has also been alleged that the programme's field staff and transportation were used for political campaigning. All but the very top administrators did not have the job security customary for government employees and so were very dependent on political party favour for their jobs. They not only agreed to politicians' improper demands, but in some cases volunteered their services or jeeps, without even being asked.

The precarious legal status of population programme employees made them vulnerable to corruption. Employees were temporary and could be dismissed without notice, explanation or right of appeal. Dismissal was supposed to require 14 days' notice but was often instantaneous. On the other hand, workers could not leave at will. Some workers tried to form associations to increase their bargaining power, but the law prevented workers from different ranks from associating. Bargaining power was also very weak because workers were easily replaceable, since the jobs required almost no training or work experience. As no strong demand existed for family planning, few people would have noticed if they had demonstrated.

In a test of the personnel's knowledge of family planning methods it was discovered at first that the Male Motivators' and the Population Planning Officers' knowledge of basic facts about the use of condoms was surprisingly low; later it was found that these results reflected not so much ignorance as shyness. As Brunning comments:

> Both Male Motivators and Population Planning Officers are supposed to instruct others. How can they do this if they are so shy? On the other hand how can they still be so shy if they *have* been instructing others for an average of two . . . years?[7]

The same survey found that only 42% of the Female Welfare Visitors gave 50% or more of the very basic information asked for, which was considerably less than in their textbook.

The distribution of contraceptives was highly irregular. As Brunning says, 'To speak of "distribution" of contraceptives . . . is misleading. Perhaps one should speak of "disposal".'[8] Distribution records were often 'simply invented' or at least 'partly made up'. All condoms issued were reported as sold. Several motivators admitted that they distributed contraceptives free of charge and then paid for them themselves. The price of condoms was fixed so low that if family planning personnel tried to collect sales proceeds from the agents they were simply told to go away. There were also reports that condoms were given away as toys to children and Brunning's survey even stated: 'We saw one little boy wearing a condom bracelet'.[9]

Patient Registers were partly fabricated with acceptor rates exaggerated by 30-40%. Even so, the Female Welfare Visitors were found to work on average only 1.15 hours per day. Visits tended to be of a personal nature, to friends or relatives, and coverage was far from complete, regular or continuous. Less accessible villages were ignored because motivators had to pay for their own transportation and, although some owned bikes, a female motivator was not allowed to ride a bike but only to ride on the back of her male colleague's bike, which increased his work load.

From 1973-6 the so-called contraceptive inundation scheme was introduced but was never properly implemented. It is amazing that it was even attempted. When commercial distribution of contraceptives had been tested out in Comilla (in East Pakistan) in a pilot project during the late sixties, it had been found that community leaders were unwilling and ineffective in selling contraceptives, because they felt it would lose them local support. Barbers felt they would be ridiculed if they sold contraceptives and local shopkeepers who did agree to sell contraceptives reported that purchases were made in a secretive manner. The logic of 'inundation' was simplistic; logistic control over supplies had been a chronic problem of the programme since 1965 and this fact was well known.

USAID who were responsible for the idea in the first place provided supplies of contraceptives but, even after stocks were created in Pakistan, they were still not reaching their distribution points by the end of 1975. Many of the listed establishments were not in fact 'outlets' and had no desire to be. Those who did desire supplies never received them. The supply system was simply not capable of being inundated.

The Pakistan Fertility Survey of 1975 finally exposed the failure of the Continuous Motivation System approach. It found that less women used family planning than in 1968/9. In 1975 only 5% (compared to

1968/9 — 6%) of women were currently using contraceptives and only 10% (compared to 1968/9 — 12%) had ever used a method. This was very low compared to figures for other countries covered by the World Fertility Survey. Although the programme had concentrated on contact between programme personnel and clients the survey found that less than a third of women had ever met a family planning person or knew where to find advice or supplies. Of the small number of women who did use contraception, two-thirds of rural women and one quarter of urban women were practising abstinence.

After these results were published in 1975, the Bhutto Government reduced its political and bureaucratic support for the programme. Political turmoil, with the fall of Bhutto and the rise of Zia-ul-Haq, interrupted the programme's field activities from 1977-9.

Under Zia-ul-Haq a new phase began under which family planning was integrated with general health care. It had been tried before and had failed. It was odd that the government should now decide to repeat the mistake, since substantial improvements had not occurred in the health service and government expenditure on health was still very low. This plan hardly touched on the question of whether family planning was compatible with the Islamisation programme underway at the time and, in particular, with the effect that measures taken by the Zia government to limit the status of women might have upon fertility. This strategy was 'unnecessarily cautious and conservative', 'timid and defensive, seemingly ignorant of the... emerging markets for family planning, and... largely unsuited to the conditions and requirements of potential target groups'.[10] The urban middle class who seem to have sought contraception in many Middle Eastern and Asian cities, were by now a potential target group that was ignored and might have been receptive to a well prepared motivational campaign as opposed to the family welfare centre approach.

From 1983 onwards the 'beyond family planning' measures scheme was started. This involved the merging of family planning with schemes, for example, in agriculture and health. Primarily, this justly provided additional channels through which the standard family planning message could be relayed, rather than affording opportunities to establish closer administrative contacts with rural groups and to restructure organisational settings, thereby altering the economic need for children in rural areas.[11] Extending social programmes in rural areas, alone, is unlikely to increase interest in family planning and fails to change features of the rural setting that obstruct family planning efforts.

This approach is 'distinctly soft-sell' and although many women may perhaps use the Family Welfare Centres, only a fraction of them will accept family planning. There is less emphasis on research and no pretence is made that the whole country will be covered; this may be refreshingly realistic but it also smacks of timidity on the part of the government. The new programme seems to avoid the strongly centralised, essentially bureaucratic approaches of the past. The large scale media

campaign mentioned in the plan had yet to be launched in 1987, suggesting the government's coyness.

The *Sixth Five Year Plan (1983-88)* states that 'special care had to be taken to develop an acceptable socio-cultural ideological framework for population planning,[12] but this seems to be contradicted by Zia's Islamisation programme which reinforced religion, one of the main reasons that women questioned in 1979/80 gave for not intending to use family planning in the future. Zia's Islamisation programme also owed its ideological underpinning to the notorious conservative religious leader, Maulana Maudoodi, who has declared family planning 'un-Islamic'. The idea of family planning has certainly not been legitimated by religious leaders or accepted by local *maulvis.*

At least 5,000 *dais* were being employed, even though they had been the downfall of earlier attempts. The total number of programme staff was supposed to be far smaller than in the sixties and seventies, yet somehow they were to recruit twice as many users of family planning.

Constantly switching to a new administrative format and changing the leadership of the programme, the family planning programme in Pakistan was rarely directed at creating demand for the services it was trying so hard to provide. Only under the regime of Zia-ul-Haq was it thought that perhaps demand for family planning was lacking. This became an excuse for doing even less than before about the population problem.

No account has ever been taken of the fact that traditional methods of birth control are practised in Pakistan, which suggests that the idea of control is not an alien notion, but one which people believe to be unnecessary for their particular circumstances. The programme needed to persuade people that they would be better off without so many children and that there was nothing 'un-Islamic' about Western family planning.

NOTES:

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POEMS

STEEPLES

They rise up from the pagan earth,
from any landscape, taking shape
according to an age or local style.

They scrape the base of clouds,
lofting our mundane aspirations
to some high celestial ground.

Each village has its own particular
spire, its own fervent petitions,
for a better harvest, or some other

useful good. Each country has an
individual tongue, its own identity
with God, who never failed to take

their side in just or unjust wars
against good Christian adversaries;
united under threat of minarets.

Viewed from above, they might be
pin-pricks, or even spines on some
bristling porcupine tilting at God.

Or a solemn witness to man's pride,
erecting in cemented cartillage
his standing claim to the divine.

J. D. Mallinson

OSTRICH

Stands like a forsaken tripod
In the desert,
Head buried, his legs reach up
Into his ovoid frame.

Thinking sandy thoughts,
He thinks he is unseen.

His behaviour is a kind of camouflage,
A blind denial of reality.

He has found his true vocation,
Dreaming alone in the desert,
Like a daft statue set there
For passers-by to stare at.

Michael O'Higgins

A DECADE OF CONSERVATIVE ANTI-INFLATION POLICY: WHAT HAS GONE WRONG?

by Nigel M. Healey

DURING the 1960s and '70s, Britain came to be regarded as one of the most inflation-prone countries in the developed world, with an economy plagued (so the conventional wisdom had it) by runaway government spending, recurrent exchange rates crises and soaring labour costs. By the same token, the dramatic way in which Mrs. Thatcher has set about tackling Britain's inflation malaise during the 1980s has been widely recognised as a necessary and long-overdue attempt to right the excesses of the past. Purging inflation from the system has cost Britain a decade of mass unemployment and burdened industry and home-buyers with the highest interest rates since records began — sacrifices which the Government maintains are both necessary and worthwhile if 'sound money' is to be restored.

Yet as the decade draws to a close, the inflation rate is at almost precisely the levels inherited by the Conservative Government in 1979, while in the intervening period the purchasing power of the pound has shrunk by more than half (see Table 1 below). Britain's failure to bring inflation under control, moreover, contrasts sharply with the success of its major trading partners during the 1980s. Inflation is now approximately twice the average for the industrialised world as a whole (see Table 2).

What has gone wrong? The Government's anti-inflation policy has not been 'blown off course' by the sort of external, oil price shocks which so rocked the economy in the 1970s. Nor has its strategy been undermined by trade union 'militancy' since, unlike past policies predicated on wage restraint, prices and incomes controls were written out of the Government's script at the very start. Could it be, then, that the strategy itself was inherently flawed in some way? Or that the Government mishandled its execution? This article attempts to provide answers to these, and related, questions.

In explaining the theoretical basis of the Government's approach to anti-inflation policy, the former Chancellor was fond of arguing that his party had turned postwar orthodoxy on its head. He would claim that before 1979 governments of the 'consensus politics' era had used 'microeconomic' policies (in the shape of prices and incomes controls) to contain inflation, while reserving 'macroeconomic' (i.e. monetary and fiscal) policies to promote full employment. In contrast, he would conclude, his Government had reassigned 'macroeconomic' policy to the control of inflation and used 'microeconomic' policy (now redefined to mean 'supply-side' reform) to tackle unemployment.

The way in which the Government's approach to controlling inflation translates into concrete policy prescriptions can be illustrated by thinking of the strategy as a series of linked propositions, namely that:

(i) excessive public spending leads to budget deficits;
(ii) budget deficits cause monetary growth (as the government is forced to cover its deficit by borrowing 'newly-created' money from the banking system);
(iii) monetary growth leads to higher spending in the economy as a whole; and
(iv) since the economy's capacity to supply output is ultimately determined by 'real' factors (e.g. the stock of physical capital, the size of the labour force, labour productivity, etc), as distinct from purely monetary influences, higher spending leads inevitably to inflation.

The 'rules' for monetary and fiscal policy which follow from this diagnosis of the inflation problem are clear-cut. Monetary growth must be cut to the rate which permits total spending to grow no faster than the underlying rate of output growth, thereby guaranteeing price stability in the long term, and the government's budget must be balanced to avoid undermining this central monetary policy objective.

This theoretical approach to anti-inflation policy is enshrined in the so-called 'Medium Term Financial Strategy' (MTFS), an annual policy document which has been published each March since 1980. The MTFS sets out targets for monetary growth (the precise definition of 'money' changing from time to time) and the budget deficit (the so-called 'public sector borrowing requirement' or PSBR) over a medium term planning horizon, which has varied between three and five years. The target monetary aggregate chosen by the Government to launch its fight against inflation was 'M3' (then called '£M3'), which basically comprises currency and all bank deposits. Over the last decade, however, the Government has also on occasion used 'MO' (currency only), 'M1' (currency plus bank current accounts) and 'M4' (essentially M3 plus building society deposits and previously known as 'PSL2').

The conduct of anti-inflation policy falls into four, broad phases: 1979-82 (the 'monetarist experiment'); 1982-85 (the 'retreat from naïve monetarism'); 1985-88 ('targeting the exchange rate'); and 1988-date (the 'fight against inflation renewed'). A brief review of each in turn tells the story of how the Government's anti-inflation strategy has run aground.

The so-called 'monetarist experiment', which lasted from May 1979 until March 1982, was characterised by the Government's single-minded pursuit of monetary targets (then defined in terms of M3) in the face of an unprecedented downturn in the economy. Interest rates were raised to record levels (to discourage the private sector from borrowing newly-created money from the banks) and public spending cut in an attempt to bring M3 under control, despite the deep recession assailing the real economy. Unemployment doubled to over three million in the first eighteen months of the new Government and output fell sharply. One-fifth of manufacturing 'went to the wall'.

As the recession deepened and M3 continued to overshoot its target rate, it became increasingly apparent that, far from losing control of monetary growth as the M3 statistics suggested, the Government had been misled into unwittingly engineering a catastrophic 'credit crunch'. Other indicators of the monetary stance provided evidence of the scale of the monetary squeeze: MO, for example, grew by only 2% in 1981 (compared with 20% for M3 in 1980/81), while the exchange rate

soared from $2.07 in May 1979 to peak at $2.45 in October 1981. The problem, it gradually transpired, was that M3 had become subject to unanticipated distortions which had destroyed the previous relationship between its growth and that of spending. Specifically, the Government's abolition of various banking regulations in 1980-81 had allowed the banks to take business away from other institutions, so that people were increasingly choosing to keep their savings in banks, rather than, say, building societies. Since they did not intend to spend these new bank deposits, the growth of M3 accordingly overestimated the future growth of spending.

Faced with mounting evidence of its monetary 'overkill', the Government overhauled the MTFS in March 1982. The M3 targets were all raised in an effort to allow for the continuing structural change in the financial markets, while M1 and M4 were drafted as additional target aggregates. Moreover, in his 1982 budget speech the Chancellor announced that henceforth 'interpretation of monetary conditions [. . . was] to take account of all available information, including the behaviour of the exchange rate'. Virtually at the outset, the Government's anti-inflation policy had been undermined by the collapse of the central relationship upon which it depended, namely the link between its target for 'monetary' growth and spending.

In the 'retreat from naïve monetarism' that followed the ill-fated 'monetarist experiment', the Government's anti-inflation policy drifted largely rudderless. Disillusioned by the M3 debacle, the Government experimented half-heartedly with targets for M1 and M4, and later MO, but its faith in monetary targets had been badly dented. The exchange rate began to play an increasingly important role, but at this stage the Government's declared approach was to react — by increasing or reducing interest rates — only to exchange rate changes which appeared to be caused by inappropriate rates of monetary growth; that is, to respond only to exchange rate changes which were accompanied by confirmatory movements in the domestic monetary aggregates. In practice, identifying the immanent causes of exchange rate fluctuations proved impossible, given the invariably contradictory signals sent out by the Government's three monetary aggregates. The modified 'MTFS Mark II' was thus little more than a confused ragbag of monetary and exchange rate targets, devoid of any clear-cut rationale.

Not only was its anti-inflation policy in considerable disarray by March 1982, but the Government's anti-inflation resolve was also seriously weakened by the dramatic — and largely unanticipated — doubling of unemployment between 1979-82. As the rate of inflation tumbled in the wake of the recession, monetary and fiscal policy were gradually relaxed. Despite its declared intention of achieving price stability, no further attempt was made to reduce inflation below the levels at which it stabilised after 1982. In 1982 and 1983, for example, relaxations in fiscal stance were engineered by revising upwards the earlier MTFS targets for the budget deficit, while interest rates were gently eased down from the peak

reached in October 1981 (when base rates were 16%) to reach 8.75% by March 1984.

The effect of the disastrous 'monetarist experiment', therefore, was not simply to throw the Government's anti-inflation strategy into confusion, but to break its will to drive inflation completely out of the system. In the years that followed, 5% effectively became the 'target' inflation rate, with the Government only tightening policy when inflation looked set to breach this ceiling; the goal of price stability became a vague, political aspiration, rather than a concrete policy objective.

January 1985 marked the start of the third phase of anti-inflation policy, 'targeting the exchange rate'. At the beginning of 1985, a speculative run on sterling — triggered, it appeared, by nothing more than a misinterpreted press briefing on exchange rate policy — pushed its value to a record low of $1.04. This event, which caused Britain to 'import' a sharp, albeit short-lived, inflationary shock, taken together with the bizarre behaviour of the dollar between 1982-85, appears to have severely undermined the Government's previous faith in the ability of the foreign exchange markets to maintain 'fundamental equilibrium'.

Basic economic theory suggests that the exchange rate can be a good substitute for a monetary target in circumstances where the 'partner' country is pursuing a sound anti-inflation policy of its own. By the mid-1980s, the anti-inflation success of Britain's major trading partner, West Germany, was becoming increasingly appreciated in official circles, convincing many in the Government that a DM target might provide an acceptable, alternative basis for policy. Moreover, as a bonus, more active exchange rate management would, it was argued, help to avoid the sort of short run dislocation suffered in early 1985.

The Government's drift towards a formal (although undisclosed) exchange rate target was hastened by contemporaneous negotiations amongst the so-called 'G3' countries (i.e. the United States, Japan and West Germany). The 'Plaza Accord' in October 1985 marked the start of a new era of international policy co-ordination, culminating in the 'Louvre Accord' in February 1987 when the G3 finance ministers agreed to peg their currencies within secret 'target zones' of approximately ±5%. Following the latter agreement, the Government embarked on a period of 'shadowing the European Monetary System', operating a DM target of DM3.00 between March 1987 and March 1988.

Like the 'monetarist experiment' that had gone before, the Government's conversion to exchange rate targetry also ran into unexpected technical problems. The presumption had been that Britain would have to tighten its monetary policy to keep its exchange rate pegged against the low-inflation DM. (Overly rapid monetary growth would otherwise lead to excessive spending, a deterioration in the balance of payments and so downward pressure on the exchange rate.) Paradoxically, the difficulty arose as international investors became convinced of the Government's new-found determination to stabilise the exchange rate. Under such circumstances, short term interest rates in Britain had to be broadly

in line with those in West Germany to equate overall expected returns for international investors. But the necessary corollary of this requirement was that in higher-inflation Britain, the 'real' cost of borrowing (after allowing for inflation) had to be lower than in Germany and domestic monetary growth accordingly began to accelerate.

Between March 1987 and March 1988, any unilateral increase in British interest rates tended to lead to a destabilising influx of 'hot money' which pushed sterling above its DM3.00 target, so that the Government found itself unable to raise interest rates to the levels necessary to hold the exchange rate peg in the long term. Monetary growth grew rapidly, with M3 surging from already worrying rates to over 20% pa in 1987/88. With inflation still comfortably below its post-1982 'target ceiling' of 5%, such warning signs were initially ignored. It was not until early 1988, when MO — which tends to mirror the behaviour of spending rather than lead it as M3 and M4 do — began to exceed its target limits that the scale of the impending inflationary threat was taken seriously. In March 1988, Mrs. Thatcher ordered that sterling be 'de-capped', in order to allow control to be re-established over domestic monetary growth.

The abandonment of the DM3.00 target ushered in the present period of policy, 'the fight against inflation renewed'. As inflation has accelerated through the psychologically-important 5% barrier, interest rates have been pushed back to heights last witnessed during the 'monetarist experiment'. The difference is that this time, the Government no longer has any clear guideline for policy, vacillating between concern over the rate of monetary growth on the one hand and the value of sterling on the other. Indeed, it sometimes appears as if the Government has dispensed with targets altogether, distrusting both monetary aggregates and the exchange rate and preferring to keep monetary policy tight until inflation itself finally begins to fall.

The worrying implication is that not until inflation is 'under control' will monetary policy be relaxed. Given the long time lags between changes in interest rates and inflation, such an approach risks repeating the monetary 'overkill' of 1979-82. Shades of this earlier experience are also apparent on the fiscal front. Despite its continued public commitment to a balanced budget (which had actually been achieved by mid-1987), fiscal policy has also been tightened, with the Government radically rewriting its MTFS targets in March 1989 to budget for large surpluses in the years ahead.

As Britain enters the 1990s, the task facing the Government is formidable. Unlike its first attempt to control inflation in 1979, the Government now begins from a base of higher unemployment and a less favourable external outlook, with world commodity prices — the collapse of which helped bring down inflation in the mid-1980s — now trending upwards. With North Sea oil revenues dwindling, the present trade deficit (likely to exceed 4% of GDP in 1989) contrasts sharply with the huge surpluses enjoyed in the early 1980s, limiting the Government's scope for again

using an exchange rate appreciation to put downward pressure on domestic prices. The almost complete deregulation of the financial markets, moreover, has greatly extended access to consumer credit and households have seized the opportunity to 'spend now, pay later', shrugging off interest rate rises which have already pushed the annual rates charged on many consumer credit cards to well over 30%. Having let inflation wriggle out of its control between 1985-88, the Government now faces a difficult and politically-damaging run-up to the next election.

Looking back over the last ten years of fighting inflation, it is clear that there are many lessons to be drawn, but perhaps the most important is that inflation is not something to be permanently 'squeezed out' of the system by a short, sharp deflationary shock. The reductions in inflation so dearly won in the 1979-82 recession have simply melted away as the Government has relaxed its stranglehold on the growth of spending. With the economy still suffering unemployment levels unparalleled in the period before 1979, inflationary pressures are as apparent as they ever were in the 1960s and '70s.

Moreover, while the return of inflation reflects the Government's failure to contain the growth of spending between 1985-88, in the final analysis anti-inflation policy cannot be divorced from the supply-side. To the Government's credit, it has set great store by the need to strengthen the supply-side and thereby reduce the rate of unemployment necessary to keep inflation under control. The fact that the present inflationary upsurge takes place against the background of almost two million unemployed is therefore as much an indictment of the Government's 'microeconomic' policies as it is of its 'macroeconomic' strategy.

Table 1

The Government's Inflation Record
(annual averages)

	Retail Prices	Earnings
1978	8.2%	13.0%
1979	13.3%	15.5%
1980	18.0%	20.7%
1981	11.9%	12.8%
1982	8.8%	9.4%
1983	4.6%	8.4%
1984	5.0%	6.0%
1985	6.1%	8.5%
1986	3.4%	7.9%
1987	4.2%	7.8%
1988	4.9%	8.7%
1989	8.3%*	9.3%†

Source: CSO Economic Trends
*June 1989 †May 1989

Table 2

Retail Price Inflation
(12 month annualised) (June 1989)

Australia ...	6.8%
Belgium	3.0%
Canada	5.4%
France	3.7%
West Germany ...	3.1%
Holland ...	1.0%
Italy	6.9%
Japan	2.9%
Spain	7.1%
Sweden	6.8%
Switzerland ...	3.0%
United States ...	5.2%
Arithmetic Mean	4.6%
United Kingdom	8.3%

Source: *The Economist*

[Nigel M. Healey is a lecturer in the Department of Economics at the University of Leicester.]

GREENER AND PINKER

by Paul B. Rose

THE astonishing variety of colour on display during this elongated season of political conferences is partly a reflection of fragmentation and partly of the volatility of political views. Through a kaleidoscope one sees curious formations filtering through the polluted waters which are an unacceptable side of the Thatcher decade. Green has been the colour of the year after the remarkable vote in the Euro-elections. One suspects that the green gardens of Kent or Sussex reflect a more traditional concept of rural England than those concerned with ecology in a wider framework, but their genuine concerns certainly overlap. Together they present a challenge to the assumptions about growth and prosperity as defined by conventional yardsticks.

The red rose of Kinnock, culled from the gardens of the French sister party and once the emblem of the Labour Committee for Europe, has gently faded to a more voter friendly pink. Even true blue Toryism yielded to the green influence, as personified by the very able Chris Patten replacing the hardline Nicholas Ridley. The poll tax has been modified and one invasion of the countryside repulsed to the partial relief of a hundred jittery Tory MPs.

Paddy Ashdown's assertion that the Liberals or Democrats or Liberal Democrats or Liberal and Social Democrats, have always been the green party cut no grass with monocoloured multi-leadered sea green incorruptibles, who talk with awesome unreality about a green government. Now we are witnessing a turquoise Toryism and a general erosion of the natural constituency on which the Democrats must depend to sustain their credibility.

A close examination of the running polls initially showed an electorate in which about a quarter, once the basis of the Alliance, is now scattered among Owenites, Democrats, Greens and Nationalists. This fact has placed the debate on electoral reform more firmly on the political agenda than years of campaigning by the Society for Electoral Reform. The barrier remains that as a General Election approaches, negative fears about which of the two major parties will rule could put the traditional squeeze on the potentially wasted vote in a way that the Euro-elections did not.

The conference season commenced with an emphasis on environmental issues but ended amidst traditional concerns that are usually the barometer for the public perception of success and failure of any government; namely its management of the economy. The jump in interest rates at the end of Labour's triumphant conference week was another bloom in Mr. Kinnock's bouquet and augured ill for the opening of what is usually a rally of the faithful at Blackpool. This was undoubtedly Labour's best week in a decade. For the first time since before the 'winter of discontent', Labour looked and sounded like a

credible alternative government. Its leader has matured from a likeable lightweight to a serious challenger and one had flashbacks to Wilson waiting in the wings in 1964 after 13 years of unbroken Tory rule. In that election the majority was a mere five, and this should sober the over-confident. Even more important are the policies and the more able group of spokesmen and women around Kinnock, although very few have experience of Government.

In 1989, the bicentennial of the French Revolution which Mrs. Thatcher greeted with some disdain — she celebrated her own decade in power by slipping on an unusually large number of banana skins. Her resilience and resolution cannot be denied, as she showed in a powerful riposte to her critics and a wounding attack on Mr. Kinnock's integrity, on the final day of the conference season. She had the last word in what has become the first of what promises to be bruising rounds before the victor of the next election is declared. She was facing the fact that Labour's reassessment of policies and goals has slowly found its way into the public consciousness.

The Tories on their last day of raising their spirits were staring at a 10% Labour lead, and the pound was still wobbling. Nigel Lawson had been supported loyally while behind the scenes his strategy was being questioned by the Government's most loyal supporters. The pendulum was visibly swinging away from the selfish or enterprise society — according to one's viewpoint — to concern for the public sector in health, education and welfare. Caring was becoming fashionable again. Privatisation of water and electricity on top of the poll tax and health were causing as much disquiet as inflation and high interest rates.

Labour has yet to prove itself to be the party best able to run the economy, but it has been markedly assisted by ex-Chancellor Lawson's use of interest rates as the sole weapon in fighting the twin spectres of a record balance of payments deficit and a continued inflationary spiral. Stagnation is the nightmare which could result from past profligacy in tax hand-outs and the squandering of North Sea oil revenues without expanding our industrial base. There has been a singular failure to equip industry with new technology, better and more widespread training and encouragement to invest at home. Imports have been sucked in, since our own industry could not compete for the extra wealth in terms of private spending which this Government has undoubtedly produced for large segments of the population. The political consequence is that the medicine administered is hitting those very people who benefited most from the release of energy and enterprise that represents the positive side of the Thatcher years.

Those who entered the property market at its peak now find their mortgage repayments doubled and their property devalued in the property owning democracy of which they were encouraged to become a part. The pound has long been over-valued. The good housekeeping image has been over-ridden by short term borrowing while real investment flows out and foreign goods flood in. Whatever may happen, the myth

of unbridled economic success in the eighties is a bubble that has finally burst.

Where once the cost of Thatcherism was perceived to be unacceptable levels of unemployment — although that did not prevent electoral success — it is now highlighted by unacceptable standards of drinking water or damage to the environment. Similarly the law of the market place is seen as inappropriate for water and electricity which are monopoly utilities serving the public. In a mixed economy the frontiers of private ownership have been pushed beyond limits which can only be justified on ideological rather than practical grounds. Fears for the future of the Health Service and education reflect the same unease after the decade which broke the general consensus on most areas of that mixed economy.

That difference between Thatcherism and traditional Conservatism is seen in the suspicion of things European by the leader of the party which took us into Europe. To dub the social charter as 'Marxism by the back door' notwithstanding its support by the Christian Democrats of Europe, is faintly funny. That it is warmly supported by the party that put on a three line whip to oppose entry 'on Tory terms' is even more ironical to me as one of those 69 erstwhile 'traitors' who embraced the European idea twenty years too soon. Labour has proved remarkably pragmatic. Thatcherism represents the most ideological, and in a sense radical, stream of political thought outside the hard-line Honecker or the neo-Nazi Mon. Le Pen and his ilk. That Mrs. Thatcher should take a covert side swipe at Macmillan and Butler by dubbing Sir Geoffrey Howe and Nigel Lawson the best Chancellors since the war in her address to conference, is evidence of this.

Meanwhile, the loveable if slightly loony left, personified by Messrs. Scargill, Heffer and Benn, have been marginalised in a way that seemed impossible when the SDP broke ranks. The success of the SDP now seems to be in acting as a catalyst in Labour's reluctant entry into the world of reality rather than in creating the alternative opposition which once seemed to be an immediate possibility. Dr. Owen's decision to divide rather than to announce a triumphant merger, with the consequent failure to win two by-elections which would have had the band wagon rolling, has taken its toll. The Doctor and his two faithful sidekicks were seen haranguing a diminishing and more elderly band of adoring faithful on the promenade at Scarborough. Perhaps it was the Dunkirk spirit, but it appeared to be the arbiter of a hung Parliament ready to embrace the very liaison which he once scorned. The glasnost and perestroika now issuing from Comrade Kinnock have their roots in the ideology of the 'gang of four'. Even the block vote is no longer sacrosanct, and a debate on electoral reform itself is not entirely ruled out. Hard-line Hattersley is more entrenched on such matters but an indecisive election or a further failure will put these issues at the centre stage of a party still striving to emulate its European counterparts. If it could take that plunge now it would win the hearts and minds of that very segment of the electorate which it needs to clinch victory at the polls.

Among the green, red and turquoise, Paddy Ashdown appears almost as pallid as Dr. Owen. He had a good conference; spoke well, coherently and persuasively. The silly argument about the party's name was a minor nuisance but perhaps it is indicative of something more deep-seated. Somehow — and I confess to being puzzled — the new party has failed to define its identity. What should have been a triumphant coalescing of traditional liberal values of freedom and spreading power with the caring and converging tradition of Social Democracy, has lost its way. The voice of the radical left of centre was there as before and yet there was no public response. Labour has filled some vacant ground. The Greens have stolen the vegetable garden and the SDP have a strip of beach at Plymouth and Thamesside. The Nationalists fight over the same highlands and islands north of the border but the spirit which was to break the mould has evaporated in the wake of the botched half merger.

No-one can blame David Steel or Paddy Ashdown or for that matter David Beith. The whole political landscape would have looked different had one united party taken those two by-elections. At grass roots the old Liberals and an accretion of former SDP activists can still win local elections and influence town and county halls. As a national party they are at a very low ebb, and it is not healthy that like the other small parties they are in danger of destruction as they fight for the same segment of independent minded or disaffected voters shut out by the first past the post system.

One thing is certain. The SDP has destroyed itself through its leader's inability to listen to or detect the aspirations either of activists or ordinary electors. He remains the charismatic outsider like Enoch Powell, with a sense of destiny but only good for chat shows and political comment. His meteoric rise to the heights of Foreign Secretary without the political instinct that comes only from years of grass roots experience has been his disadvantage. He has trivialised not only the SDP but undermined the Liberals at a time of change in the Labour Party and the emergence all over Europe of the Green phenomenon.

As I write, the Greens are still wearing the third party mantle. They appeal to many concerned about our environment and the destruction of the planet. Much of their support is undoubtedly drawn from the same people who saw in Roy Jenkins and Shirley Williams an alternative to the polarised politics of the past. As a political party rather than a movement they showed the same argumentative tendencies and divisions between fundamentalists and those seeking change rather than power in the real world of politics. Their refusal of the leadership principle is at least novel and their greatest success is to put fundamental issues of survival on the political agenda.

If their policies are analysed too closely, one comes up with a curious opposition to the EEC and dogmatism on nuclear power. The practical policies of fiscal inducement to conserve energy and relieve pollution are mapped out by the policy of this Government on unleaded petrol. Why should such inducements not be offered to lagging lofts, or the

converse, to aerosols? What they need to imprint upon the public is that pollution should be part of the economic cost borne by the polluters. The market place economy has left the rest of us to bear the human and financial cost of the mess left after the market has closed. The party wants electoral reform, but by further fragmenting the parties favouring this, they make that goal even less likely. The problem faced by those demanding such change is that by creating a multi-party system within the framework of a first past the post electoral law, they risk the destruction of the very multi-party system in which they seek to participate. This is the paradox of the five party conference season.

That fundamental change may yet come about. There remains half a Parliamentary term to go. The Government hold the important card which decides the date of an election. This is still mid-term blues for the Tories. It will require an enormous swing from past patterns to give Labour an overall majority. With its 42% the Conservatives were able to secure an overwhelming majority, but not to extinguish Democrat, Scottish and Welsh Nationalist, SDP, SDLP, Unionist, Sinn Fein, and Democratic Unionist representation. The ethnic diversity reflected in Labour's arguments about Black sections and the emergence of an Islamic party are manifestations of a society which is diversified and regionalised in a way that began to emerge in the voting patterns of the seventies. The euphoria at Brighton and the defiance and inbred right to rule manifested by the conference at Blackpool should not be allowed to obscure these trends. There is no reason why the UK alone among democracies should cling to a system parodied by Gilbert and Sullivan, and built into the opposing terraces of the House of Commons. Meanwhile, the four-way division of opposition parties is a luxury none of them can afford, and their separate desires to show a macho image can only benefit the Conservative Party.

During the last week of this prolonged conference season the embattled but by no means cowed faithful attended what is always more of a rally than a conference. For once the Labour Party had appeared to have upstaged the stage managers. By the time Kipling was being quoted no-one had appeared to lose his or her head, and the opening call to arms by Kenneth Baker recalling Agincourt or imitating the late Sir Lawrence Olivier seemed no longer appropriate. By then they all had stomachs for the fight, and none less than Nigel Lawson himself. Around him the pound was slipping but his defence of the indefensible brought a solid if dutiful ovation. As the conference opened and the polls showed Mrs. Thatcher to have lost the heartbeat of the nation, it occurred to me that no party is as experienced and astute in its self-preservation.

If Mrs. Thatcher becomes an embarrassment, she can be despatched to the House of Lords as easily as she sent Leon Brittan to Brussels. If Nigel Lawson's strategy has failed, he can become another lamb for the slaughter. There was Michael Heseltine on the fringe fighting indefatigably for the traditional one nation Toryism. Sir Geoffrey Howe was

urging the party to become the listening party among the various choices on offer in the political High Street even if its prime rate had become a little high for comfort.

While the media and the polls were a case for increasing anxiety, the leader of the party was not to be found wanting. Even her most ardent opponent could not deny that the tone of her conference speech was neither shrill nor penitent. Defiant yes; demogogic certainly; but it hit a note in linking free enterprise with the movement for freedom in Eastern Europe. It cast doubt on the reality of Labour's new thinking. It equated Labour's nuclear policy with unilateralism. It ignored those embarrassing issues which had so frightened the faint-hearted whom Mr. Baker had addressed. It was an attacking speech, delivered with confidence, passion and disdain. It made even her most ardent enemies admire her political footwork, her jabs, side swipes, right hooks and even the occasional blow below the belt. This lady will not go easily. Whatever the colours displayed at the various conferences, there was no white flag raised at Blackpool.

[Paul Rose, formerly Labour MP for Manchester North, is HM Coroner (Southern District) based in Croydon.]

Forthcoming articles in the *Contemporary Review* include *Australia's Northern Territories: Crocodile Dundee Country* by Keith D. Suter, *Benazir Bhutto* by Frances Harrison, *Virginia Woolf and Katherine Mansfield: Facts of an Ambivalent Relationship* by W. J. Strachan and *The Wilding Process* by John Elsom.

THE PLAYS OF C. P. TAYLOR

by Susan Friesner

'It would be very nice if people were grateful.... and human beings and that kind of thing.... But that's not how they're made.... People are not human beings .... That's where you go wrong!' — Andie, in C. P. Taylor's *And a Nightingale Sang.*

TAYLOR's is a distinctive dramatic style: lively, inventive, full of humour but always sharply aware of the ironies of life and the complexities of human experience. The extent and range of his plays is startling. By the time of his sudden death in 1981 at the age of fifty-two he had written some eighty plays. A number of these were first performed at the Traverse Theatre Club in Edinburgh and were subsequently transferred to fringe venues in London; other plays were commissioned by the Royal Shakespeare Company; many were written for Community Theatre groups in the Newcastle area which he made his home, and in particular for a group called Live Theatre.

Taylor wrote plays for Live Theatre out of a growing awareness of what he saw as an ever-increasing gap between contemporary drama and ordinary audiences. His aim was to develop work accessible to largely non-theatre audiences in the clubs, village halls and community centres where Live Theatre performed. One such play, *And a Nightingale Sang,* explores what it was like to live through the Second World War from a working-class Geordie perspective: it is in Newcastle's Eldon Square that the nightingale sings for Taylor's characters, not in Berkeley Square in London.

That plays like *And a Nightingale Sang* are of interest not only to the working class citizens of Newcastle can be borne out by successful productions of this play as far afield as in America, by the Steppenwolf Theatre Company in particular. Taylor's work has suffered in Britain from having been seen as largely regional and limited in its appeal. This has not been helped by a tendency (exhibited, for example, in the television version of *And a Nightingale Sang* shown last April) to sentimentalise his characters and to see them not as real people but as quaint stereotypes straight out of the Beamish Folk Museum. There is certainly a warmth about Taylor's writing, an appreciation of the rich variety of human responses to life, but his world is not actually made of saccharine as some critics have supposed.

Indeed it is often a very harsh world, even for the young. *Operation Elvis* (featured as one of the productions in the C. P. Taylor Festival in Newcastle this November) came out of Taylor's experience in running drama workshops in a hospital for the severely mentally and physically disabled, together with his work in a local primary school where he met a boy whose home life was so unstable that he had chosen to maintain that he was actually Elvis Presley. These elements of directly observed experience are fused by Taylor into a play which explores issues of handicap and special need with great sensitivity and robust humour.

Indeed all Taylor's plays for young people are written from the unsentimental standpoint that children's relationships are as complicated as those of adults, so that the plays are far from simplistic in their approach. In its way, *Operation Elvis* is as uncompromising a reflection of reality as is *Bandits* (also performed in the Newcastle Festival), a shocking and uncomfortable play about murder and clubland corruption which was first performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company in 1977.

It was the Royal Shakespeare Company also which first produced Taylor's play *Good*, now to be broadcast as the Friday Play on BBC Radio 3 on December 8th. Autumn 1989 is the right time to revive a play which reminds us that fascism should not be seen as a temporary aberration of German history but that it can happen anywhere; that the real problem is not how the bully-boys became involved in National Socialism but how it was that so many ordinary decent citizens became Nazis so quickly.

Good centres around a character called Halder, a Professor of Literature, seen by himself and those around him as an essentially good man who is no danger to anybody. By the end of the play, this shy academic who earns a living giving lectures on Goethe has joined the 'SS' and has a role to play in organising that efficient factory for mass murder known as Auschwitz.

Halder's terrifying significance lies in the fact that he is no monster from a nightmare world safely contained within the past, but is only too recogniseably human here and now. Taylor's play is a graphic illustration that civilised values cannot be assumed to be synonymous with Higher Education, or with the wish to be a loving husband, or with an appreciation of the arts. Expertise on the subject of Goethe's *Faust* has not in fact taught Halder anything about the real nature of bargains made with the devil, and it is not possible for us to make easy assumptions about the ennobling influence of the arts in a world where organisers of concentration camps are fond of classical music.

Halder's attempts to justify himself are only too plausible. It is not barbarously inhuman feelings but desperate attempts to cope with his senile mother which cause him to write a book about euthanasia. It is on the grounds of humanity and compassion that he argues for ending the lives of the incurably and hopelessly insane. His book is enthusiastically received by the Party functionaries who see no trace of irony in their wish to stress the humanitarian nature of their programme. Self-interest is soon translated into philanthropy: evil becomes sanitised in the language of business and of routine medical procedure. Halder's involvement in what is called the 'processing of the diseased and unfit' has become a perfectly reasonable, indeed commendable, human activity.

Taylor's play also conveys powerfully the attractiveness of uniform; the attractiveness of being part of a brotherhood which receives you warmly; the attractiveness of being accepted by those you see as an elite. Halder is a lonely man at the start of the play, whose only friend is a liberal-minded psychiatrist called Maurice. It is a particularly ironic

Jewish joke that, as Halder complains to himself, his one friend in Nazi Germany has got to be Jewish. The situation in which Maurice finds himself, in which he makes increasingly terrified appeals to Halder for help, is dismissed by Halder as an exaggeration, or an irrelevance, or a dangerous nuisance should he allow himself to become involved in it. Maurice's bewildered terror as the world disintegrates around him is reflected in the obscenity of the language in which he begs Halder for the help which he will never get.

In the author's preface to this last of his plays, performed for the first time shortly before he died, C. P. Taylor wrote: 'I grew up during the war under a deeply felt anxiety that the Germans might win the war, over-run Britain and that I and my mother and father would end up, like my less fortunate co-religionists, in a Nazi Death Camp — perhaps specially built in Scotland or England.

'There seems to have been some pressure building up in me for a long time to write a play about the Final Solution, marking and responding to a great historical and personal trauma. Not as a Jew, wanting to add my wreath to those already piled high at the graves of the Six Million, but as my own little gesture to revive their memory in our consciousness. It still seems that there are lessons to be learned if we can examine the atrocities of the Third Reich as the result of the infinite complexity of contemporary human society, and not a simple conspiracy of criminals and psychopaths. The "inhumanities" seem to me only too human and leading to a final Final Solution to end all Final Solutions — The Solution to the Human Problem, a nuclear holocaust'.

The extraordinary thing about this play is that its tragic and desperately important theme is expressed in a form which in many ways is that of musical comedy. The music which Halder constantly hears running through his head is juxtaposed with the action: dance bands playing popular tunes vie with Wagner, with Mendelssohn, with Sigmund Romberg, with Schubert. It is to the sound of Tauber singing 'You Are My Heart's Delight' or of Marlene Dietrich singing 'Falling in Love Again' that Halder abandons his first wife for his second; he last sees a vision of his friend Maurice through the smoke of burning buildings and to the sound of the Frankfurt Jewish Male Voice Choir singing 'Jesu Joy of Man's Desiring'. (*Maurice* — 'The flames are aesthetic. Never seen Frankfurt look more like the set of *Götterdämmerung at Bayreuth'.)* Taylor was not the first playwright to recognise that comedy is a serious business, but he is among the best writers who have. His use of music as a dramatic device is daring and inventive: techniques which have become associated with Dennis Potter are in fact pre-dated by C. P. Taylor who was using popular songs in his plays as a means of expression very early in his career as a dramatist.

Above all, it is Taylor's refusal to simplify complicated issues by a polemical or doctrinaire approach which makes him an important British playwright. It is time that his characteristically wry voice was given a wider hearing.

THE COSTS AND BENEFITS OF GP ADVERTISING: AN ECONOMIST'S PERSPECTIVE

by Richard Welford

THE Monopolies and Mergers Commission (1989) report on Services of Medical Practitioners (Cm 582) has examined in some detail the guidance of the General Medical Council (GMC) on standards of professional conduct which includes the advice that doctors should not engage in promotional advertising. Similar (although not identical) guidance is given by the British Medical Association (BMA) and the Royal College of General Practitioners (RCGP).

The report finds that the GMC and BMA advice restricting advertising, by specialists to doctors (although there has been some relaxation of guidelines in this area) and perhaps, more importantly, by general practitioners to members of the public, operates against the public interest. It is recommended therefore that advertising should be allowed in these areas, subject to the two broad principles that such advertising should not be of a character that could be regarded as likely to bring the profession into disrepute; and should not be such as to abuse the trust of patients or exploit their lack of knowledge.

In considering the public interest the Commission identified three main issues: whether the advertising rules restrict competition within the profession; whether they deprive the consumer of information about the services of individual practitioners; and whether any such adverse effects are outweighed by benefits from the restrictions in protecting patients and in protecting the standing of medical practitioners and of the medical profession.

The Commission points to increasing 'outside' competitive pressures introduced into some professions in the last decade, in order to suggest that the predominant view with regard to medical practitioners is that professional status and competition are not incompatible. In addition the Government has stated its objectives clearly in the White Paper, 'Promoting Better Health' (1987) in which primary health care services were to be made more competitive and responsive to the needs of the consumer, and the consumer in turn given a wider range of choice in obtaining high quality service.

It is information provision which is most important to the general public. Welford (1988) has identified what sort of information patients most want and via which medium it is best presented. The results of this research support the view that, at present, practice leaflets are the most effective way of publicising services. Many medical practices already operate a limited system along these lines, placing practice leaflets in local libraries for example. In this way doctors are able to provide information on what practices offer and on arrangements for appointments and home visits for example. The RCGP guidelines, which the Commission also criticises, are that practice leaflets should be acceptable

to local colleagues. In addition, most Family Practitioner Committees (FPC) will provide impartial advice to patients seeking or wishing to change doctors. Nevertheless it is the view of the Commission that advertising can be useful in supplementing such information.

Presumably it will be for the GMC to monitor advertising to ensure that amongst other things it is factual, legal, honest and truthful and does not disparage other GPs. But it may be more appropriate for an independent monitoring and assessment project to be established in order to provide evidence relating to many important issues.

The main benefits of advertising revolve round information provision and patient choice. The ethical dissemination of relevant factual information about doctors and their services is clearly to be encouraged. But whether or not advertising is the best medium to disseminate such information is perhaps more questionable. There is a fine dividing line between ethical dissemination of information and promotional advertising. Clearly some, such as the BMA, see promotional advertising as incompatible with professional standards in the health service.

On the other hand, promoting services may have positive effects. Where one doctor in an area is providing a range of specialist clinics and another is not, as patients switch to the more comprehensive practice there will be an incentive for the other doctor to begin providing such services in order to protect his/her salary. In addition, in order to keep patients on a doctor's list, he/she will have an incentive to be efficient and innovative. Thus, the fact that patients have fuller information and will presumably make rational choices can help to provide better services overall. This is the sort of competitive edge which the government is keen to see introduced into the health service as a whole, although in the case of GPs it might be argued that there is already competition between practices and that advertising would only raise costs.

A common problem with advertising is that it tends to be mutually offsetting, the more developed it becomes. Thus if one doctor in an area advertises, resulting in another in the same area advertising for defensive reasons, the results may be seen as mutually offsetting. The advantages of advertising tend to be significantly reduced in this instance (particularly if both practices are offering roughly equivalent services) but the costs imposed upon the NHS may be significant and may lead to a clear waste of resources. In addition, it may be in precisely these circumstances that doctors will be tempted to make claims which fall outside the Commission's proposed guidelines in order to attract patients on to their lists.

We may expect advertising proliferation in certain areas, with leader-follower relationships being established. In these cases of competitive promotional advertising, the content of advertisements needs to be carefully examined. Consideration needs to be given to the information provision implicit in such advertising however, as well as the costs of that provision. In other areas we may see the establishment of pacts, where GPs in an area all agree not to advertise. This outcome hardly

has the desired effect on information provision.

Clearly there are potential benefits of advertising and clear costs. It is rather difficult to know which outweighs which. But a review of the literature on regulation and deregulation of advertising in the professions by Stafford (1986) points to a growing amount of evidence that deregulation of advertising in the United States has brought benefits in terms of reduced prices and improvements in the quality of services. A study by the University of Strathclyde (1987) for the Office of Fair Trading, into the extent and impact of advertising by solicitors in England and Wales, showed that 47 per cent of respondents had advertised in the six months previous to the study. The findings offered support for the case that advertising by solicitors had led to lower prices. But whether or not similar positive outcomes will arise from GP advertising is uncertain. There are particular issues relating to medical provision which make any prediction difficult to make. It is to these issues which we now turn.

Relationships between the GP and patient

It is the view of the GMC and BMA that promotional advertising may provide information but may also damage the relationship between doctor and patient which is built largely on trust. Particularly vulnerable patients (which are likely to be those with more serious illnesses, under stress or at high risk) may need to be protected from promotional advertising. Patients need to rely on professional advice which is disinterested in terms of incomes of doctors. With list sizes becoming increasingly linked to salaries there may be a particular incentive for GPs to advertise in order to attract the most profitable patients. These are likely to be middle class patients who tend not to visit their GP very often or patients who bring with them a particular financial 'premium'.

Private medical practice

The present rules of the GMC make it very difficult to establish specialised private practices. Arguably there is a need for these either to provide specialist medical services to groups requiring particular services (the example of pilots is given in the Commission's report) or to inform potential patients about services not traditionally available through the health service. Examples of the latter include holistic medicine and acupuncture.

Patient choice

If advertising does lead to greater information provision and therefore allows patients to make better, more informed, choices then we should expect a greater movement of patients between practices. Movement itself will impose real costs. In addition, if that movement is due to perceived rather than real differences in services provided, that movement is likely to be transitory.

Characteristics of areas and of doctors who advertise

If in time we find that advertising of GP services is not spread evenly across the country then we will be interested in the characteristics determining the proliferation of advertising where it does take place. It may be for example that particular types of practice or doctor will choose to

advertise or that advertising will be more common in urban areas where the density of practices is greatest. The implication is that if advertising is not widespread then it may be taking place for reasons other than information provision. I have already suggested that where advertising does not occur this may be because of (overt or tacit) pacts.

Opportunity costs of advertising

Monitoring of expenditures on advertising is going to become important, particularly where this takes place for seemingly defensive reasons in order to assess the effectiveness of advertising. We may, for example, be interested in measures such as pound spent per GP on advertising or maybe more interestingly pound spent on each patient changing practice as a result of improved information provision. With medical care the real costs of advertising, though, are best measured in terms of medical provision which has to be given up. This becomes even more pertinent as doctors are expected to be increasingly responsible for their own practice budgets.

These issues will not go away. Most of them will undoubtedly have to be examined more fully in hindsight. In the meantime though, as doctors begin to advertise, a careful monitoring process will be required to ensure that the Commissions recommendation and revised GMC guidelines are followed. But just how enforecable are these recommendations?

Enforceability

The Commission has laid down guidelines and provisions which it expects to be followed and calls upon the GMC and BMA to revise its own guidance accordingly. The Commission's provisions include the following three considerations:

> that the content of advertising be limited to factual information, and be legal, decent, honest and truthful, and should not disparage other doctors or make claims of superiority;
>
> that no advertisements should include explicit or implicit claims to cure particular complaints; and
>
> that general practitioners should not use 'cold calling' or other means of trying to target individual members of the public, and should not advertise so frequently as to cause a nuisance to potential patients or put them under pressure.

Much of this advice is open to various definitions and may be open to various interpretations, but clearly there will need to be a monitoring process and a procedure through which complaints can be processed and dealt with. Whether the Commission's guidelines are workable or fully enforceable may need to be carefully considered by independent research.

In the three years 1985-87, the GMC received 223 complaints about advertising, 37 cases relating to advertising, canvassing or disparagement of other practitioners were considered by the Preliminary Proceedings Committee of the GMC. Of these nine were referred to the Professional Conduct Committee. In only one case was a doctor's name struck from the register. When doctors do begin to advertise these numbers are likely to increase substantially. But the chance of serious disciplinary action

being taken for a first 'offence' is very small.

Breaches of the recommendations will either come to the surface via monitoring or via complaints. Dealing with these is another cost which has been largely ignored. Clear distinctions will need to be drawn up to decide what wording is deemed to be informative and what seen as persuasive. In all advertising, even in advertising which might reasonably be called informative, one element must be the desire on the part of the advertiser to encourage some response from readers.

Considerable doubt surrounds the idea that any advertising can ever be strictly informational. However, in an area where patients get little or no information upon which to make a rational choice of GP advertising, if used, may help patients to make that decision. However, costs associated with advertising and monitoring are likely to be higher than the Monopolies and Mergers Commission envisage and there is some doubt surrounding how enforceable their proposals will be.

Doctors are nevertheless professional people. They will realise that disparaging a competing practice is hardly ethical. But the introduction of a 'competitive edge' into the profession may lead to the provision of a wider range of services by practices. There are very particular issues relating to GP advertising, probably the most important of these being the relationship between patient and doctor which may be in danger of being undermined. This issue and others will need to be carefully re-examined in the light of the experience of advertising, which is now inevitable.

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[Richard Welford is a lecturer in Economics at the University of Bradford.]

HOW TO BE A SINGLETON

S. Gorley Putt

'Mummy, why does Frankie have a father?'
'It's all right dear — he was gassed.'

BY which response my mother kindly indicated that I had no need to think less of my friend Frankie for having a father. It was simply the fortune of war that he, a soldier, happened to have been brought back (barely) alive, whereas most of my friends' fathers, living in our little fishing port, had shared my own father's watery fate. We were not the 'odd men out'. It was those who still had fathers who were in that category, and had somehow to explain away their presence. I don't know when One Parent Families were invented, but they were all the rage when I was growing up in Brixham and Torquay in the 19-tens and the 1920s. The much advertised modern version, anyway, seems somewhat factitious. When either mummies or daddies at their own volition choose to be deserters, there is always presumably the chance that they may turn up again. There is no absentee-ism more absolute than death.

So at the time itself there was no special notoriety about growing up fatherless. Only later did it emerge as the most important of that small handful of signal events, more often accidents than decisions, which go to make up the 'sign-posts' or 'turning points' of a lifetime. It meant that the other crucial events would come to have more to do with institutions than with a family. I speak, of course, of emotional events rather than planned policy, which is always trivial in its consequences. If you have no ready-made family, you must invent one. There is always some kind of collective institution at hand to supply the need: another body of human beings to join. This, too, brings about its own unnatural habit of expectation, which that first over-riding accident had caused me to look for as 'natural'. A person may fall in love with an institution, but an institution does not fall in love with a person. And although loyalty is an attractive virtue, unrequited love is a poor habit to pick up.

Thus it has come about that through my membership of the various institutions which have sustained my life — major allegiances like the Commonwealth Fund of New York and Christ's College, Cambridge, and earlier shorter periods with the BBC, the wartime Royal Navy and academic outposts at Belfast and Exeter — many hundreds, thousands, of other lives have touched my own. Most bounce off; some recur. Either way, the pattern has for good or ill provided an alternative to domesticity. As Dirk Bogarde discovered, 'a crowd is one of the perfect places in which to be alone'.

In sombre moods I feel that the lack of a personal family has been impious; that the failure to obey the first command 'Be fruitful and multiply' has been a passive form of murder. At other times I remember all those useful bachelors and spinsters who turn up in nineteenth-century

novels when the plot calls for extra shoulders for heroes and heroines to weep or laugh upon. Perhaps because they are unlikely to betray the confidences of the young to the parents midway between them, they tend to be regarded by novelists as Reliable Old Parties. To any of my married friends who assume that a singleton has in cowardly fashion evaded the strains and stresses of shared lives and the grief when children leave the nest, I can offer the assurance that Reliable Old Parties are just as vulnerable as anyone else. They are denied even the comfort which some parents secretly treasure when they imagine how guilty their absentee offspring must be feeling. Few people are likely to feel guilty in their relations with a Reliable Old Party. The temptation to switch to being an Unreliable Old Party who is not always there when needed and does resent being ignored when he isn't — this switch of roles is sometimes painfully alluring. How wonderful to enjoy for a spell the misanthropy of the egregious Frederick Fairlie, Esq., of Limmersidge House, in *The Woman in White* by Wilkie Collins:

> Nothing, in my opinion, sets the odious selfishness of mankind in such a repulsively vivid light, as the treatment, in all classes of society, which the Single people receive at the hands of the Married people. When you have once shown yourself too considerate and self-denying to add a family of your own to an already overcrowded population, you are vindictively marked out by your married friends, who have no similar consideration and no similar self-denial, as the recipient of half their conjugal troubles, and the born friend of all their children. Husbands and wives *talk* of the cares of matrimony; and bachelors and spinsters *bear* them.

What all this boils down to in daily practice is that when one finds oneself in the available and vulnerable state of retirement, one's friends tend to switch from their earlier questions about professional policy matters to questions about Life with a capital 'L'. Sometimes refreshingly outright, more often wrapped up in heavy swaddlings of tact, what they are in fact asking is something like: 'How can you go on being an old bachelor?' The over-riding accidental circumstance that institutions, for me, had come to take the place of families, has been matched by a more positive instinct. Contemplating the kindly pity of my married friends for the resigned self-sufficiency of a singleton, there are times when I feel an equal relief at having been rescued from the '*We* think — don't we, darling?' syndrome. A bachelor's pity for that state is not often voiced. To some it may come as a surprise that the inbred habits of celibacy are not wholly pitiable.

Love may make the world go round, but a stronger force in our individual lives is simply the force of mundane habit. Even Lord Byron, prime exponent of the passions, had to ask in his journal in 1813: 'When one subtracts from life infancy (which is vegetation), — sleep, eating and swilling — buttoning and unbuttoning — how much remains of downright existence? The summer of a doormouse.' It is only when love of a particular person becomes itself a habit that its strength becomes galling, as Edmund Spenser discovered in 1580, long before Byron:

> Of Hony and of Gaule in love there is store:
> The Honye is much, but the Gaule is more.

The one consolation offerable to such lovesick gall is the knowledge that

the day when one awakes and finds oneself suddenly out of love is as memorable, as worthy of celebration, as that over-praised instant when one knew oneself to be inescapably in love. George Herbert was right when he laid down the axiom (in *Outlandish Proverbs,* of all places): 'Love and a cough cannot be hid.' Almost equally instantaneous is that acknowledgment, by an unhitched singleton, of regained freedom: 'Wow! *That's* over at last!' With luck, one may even be able to go on liking the person.

Yet however much we may resent the force of habit in general, whenever it gets mislaid for a period we feel dangerously vulnerable. One symptom of this unease is our present uncertainty as to how to move in public. 'Keep to the left!' — and the older ones among us try to do so still, even when walking. But for whatever reason (Continental holidays, perhaps, or the absorption of millions of new citizens who had no such ancestral instincts?), pedestrians now walk indifferently to left, right or centre. The result of this flight from habit is endless bumps and bangs and jigging to and fro in worried efforts to guess which way the other fellow will decide to choose. It is indeed fortunate that our motorists have not yet followed suit. When they do, our over-population problem will disappear overnight. A floating voter is one thing, veering betwixt Left and Right; a floating car-driver would be quite another matter. As for floating lovers, we may avoid Spenser's gall, but we can cause emotional traffic-jams.

Because of this resentment of tyrannical habit, mixed up with our unease at the lack of it, we try to find comfort in the belief that 'We are all in the same boat'. No, we are not. Certainly we are all, in our separate little boats, being swept along by the same habitual tides and currents: and that is why King Cophetua and his beggar-maid, Judas and St. John, had more in common than whatever divided them; and why we all sometimes feel the instinct to embrace a stranger or to wonder what will happen to the people whose heads whizz past us in lighted windows as we look out from a passing railway carriage. But every now and then a neighbouring boat may be jostled close enough for us to stretch out a hand to a suitable or unsuitable, skilled or hapless fellow-mariner, fellow-victim. Most people manage to scramble on board another boat or receive a refugee into their own. Wonderful to find two pairs of oars working in unison! What a relief! But when this occurs, what is happening to our own deserted boat? Does it float away, never to be boarded again?

Such thoughts comfort a singleton as he cries himself gently to sleep every night. I picture my friends repeating their words of bondage — '*We* think — don't we, darling?' — as they strain to row their doubly oared boat in different directions, looking across their competing oars with an infatuated malevolence. The last time I happened to spend an evening with a pair of know-all uninformed young American academics (to select the most popular exponents in current novels and plays of Edith Wharton's truism that 'Life is the saddest thing there is, next to

death') they seemed to be enjoying their more or less permanent state of smouldering hostility. They had somebody to be hostile to. I was prepared to make this grudging concession to cohabitation until, while I was in the very act of sorting out these notions with a most lovable young woman for whose analysis of what she calls 'the fraughtness of life' I have the highest regard, she chipped in with the remark: 'If you are not living with anybody, you at least have some control over when your fraughtness occurs.' That checked me. By the time she had finished, I was left wondering whether the daily lack of someone else's fraughtness was not my worst deprivation.

There are, of course, times when loneliness can snap suddenly even at a solitaire who is privileged to live within a community. In my own case, this happens whenever I return from a trip abroad and, before even shedding wrappers or unpacking bags, go instinctively to the telephone to announce 'I'm safely back!' The phone remains unused, when I recall that there is nobody who will have noticed my absence or worried about my safety. Against these brief assaults a singleton is wise to remember the compensating advantages of unencumbered travel, even so common a thing as that momentary illusion of independence and inaccessibility enjoyed by any skilled driver of a motor car.

It is, indeed, on one's travels that freedom from the 'We think, don't we, darling' syndrome is most rewarding. I conjugate the activity as follows: 'I am a traveller; you are a tourist; he is a tripper.' (I first used this definition in a College Magazine article in 1972, and it has since been interesting to see it turning up in the works of professional travel-writers. Should I be pleased by the unexpected influence of our house-journal?) Seasoned Travellers usually travel alone, but may be permitted one carefully selected companion. Tourists often make the elementary mistake of travelling with spouse or lover. Trippers move in cackling herds.

If you cannot endure your own company, then select as companion some competent friend. Someone to whom you may remark, if something or somebody happens to take your fancy, 'I will see you tomorrow for drinks at 7 pm. Au revoir.' It is tempting, but fatal, to travel with a lover. (Even for linguistic purposes, Lord Chesterfield held that the best way to learn a foreign tongue was to acquire a foreign mistress.) Amorous competitiveness in possessive over-mastering is the normal pattern of sexual behaviour, but it sorts very ill with the relaxed pleasures of travel. Cannibalistic squabbles about where to go, what to do, and when, are better fought out at home, or at Brighton. A competent friend, on the other hand, will know without prompting that while you are haggling with the taxi-driver it is his (or her) duty to be dealing with the hotel receptionist. He (or she) will know when to disappear and when to be filling the car-tank while you are buying oranges or wine. The relaxing standards of post-retirement age have suggested for me a new pattern, halfway between Seasoned Traveller and Tourist status. Actual journeys, preferably by ship and train, are endurable alone, but it is increasingly

comforting to happen upon a friend at the point of destination. My advice to other old codgers, then, is to arrange fortunate 'coincidences' — arriving independently at some agreeable spot or region where a good friend, equally independent, may share coincidental meals and excursions. This brings companionship without arousing the lust to dominate, and independence minus the assaults of loneliness, which are at their most damaging in foreign surroundings.

That sudden twinge of returning home ungreeted is one fleeting reminder of a singleton's state. A much more wounding recurrence is the probable withdrawal of comrades when they forsake celibacy. A singleton must steel himself to the loss of his friends, whenever they marry someone previously unknown to him. The new wives (or new husbands) cannot forgive anyone who was familiar with their spouses before they themselves appeared on the scene; everything before then is regarded as pre-history, fraught with mystery and suspicion. If you happen to have known both parties before their union, well and good. If you happen to meet for the first time a pair already married, well and good. But if you knew one and not t'other, the latter — be it he or she — will soon freeze you out as an unacceptable hangover from the unblessed past. I have experienced very few exceptions to this harsh institutional jealousy, this exile into oblivion of an accidental pre-marital acquaintance. So, if Bill is your friend, try to meet Susie before they marry. If Susie is your friend, try to meet Bill. Otherwise you may never hear from Bill (or Susie) again, such is the powerful jealousy of each newly married partner aimed against anybody who 'knew all about him (or her) before I did!' I had thought this melancholy experience to be my own personal discovery; but, as usual, I find myself scooped by one of my Jacobean dramatists:

> friendship, though it cease not
> In marriage, yet is oft at less command
> Than when a single freedom can dispose it.
> John Ford: *The Broken Heart*

Yet even if he should not be fortunate enough to be spared this exclusion tax by the 'We think — don't we, darling?' syndrome, a singleton of a warm-hearted if ascetic temperament may find the single state in life quite tolerable, except for one galling and more universal hindrance. Our society has so arranged itself that gifts or acknowledgments between friends are allowable only on occasions (Christmas, birthdays) which rob them of spontaneity, or when they are sanctioned by some form of family status (parenthood, kinship, guardianship) which makes acceptance technically correct. Otherwise, Polonius was right; 'loan oft loses both itself and friend', and the same fate can attend a gift or an acknowledgment. When somebody fills your heart with gratitude for the gift of their time, it is damnable not to be allowed, so to say, to cover even the transport costs incurred! Acutely vexed by trivial instances of this impediment, I have stumbled upon a serious omission in our arrangement of legal rewards and punishments. I therefore enter a plea for a new kind of legal aid.

What we badly need is the revival of a Court of Benefits. We are always reading about people accepting legal damages against a party who willingly or accidentally caused them some form of suffering — and nobody thinks ill of them for taking the money. My revived Court of Benefits would make it possible for receivers of emotional benefactions to sue for the right to make a compensatory award. Ancient rights of clergy or peerage allowed those privileged classes to be tried not in ordinary courts but in special courts where any *benefit* was likely to accrue to *them*. My version of Courts of Benefit would serve not the donors but those happy 'victims' (who happened to lack the licence of kinship) of benefits willingly or accidentally enjoyed. They could claim the legal right to reward their benefactors. No sense of patronage, no shame, no hurt pride, could possibly affront the 'guilty' recipients of such awards, any more than those who receive 'damages' need feel guilty. Voluntary or involuntary robbery can already become the subject of symbolical unashamed restitution. My Court of Benefits would allow voluntary or involuntary gifts to become the subject of symbolical unashamed thanks.

One often reads of someone who has just been awarded substantial financial damages explaining that, of course, the money means nothing to him, other than the satisfaction of seeing justice done. A similar response would mollify the victim of my Court of Benefits (if he or she has no family relationship with the claimant). It would be assumed that just as in an ordinary court the result of 'damages' could never equal the harm originally done but the avenged suer would feel better for the outcome, so the Court of Benefits would allow the singleton 'victim' of friendly kindness to make a legally acceptable reward which, of course, did not equal the good originally done but would make the beneficed suer feel better for 'seeing justice done'. I commend this idea to my barrister friends.

[S. Gorley Putt is a Fellow and former Senior Tutor and Praelector of Christ's College, Cambridge. His book of memoirs, *The Wings of Man's Life*, is to be published in 1990 by Claridge Press.]

MAJORCAN COUNTRY HOUSES

by Robert Rubens

UNTIL Majorca came under Spanish rule in the 13th century, it had a turbulent history and many masters. It was conquered by the Phoenicians, the Greeks and the Romans, then for four hundred years it was dominated by the Moors. But except for the design of some of the gardens of its country houses, there is almost no Moorish influence to be seen in the domestic architecture on the island.

It took several hundred years for Majorca to become a prosperous Spanish territory and, as it developed commercially, it began to evolve its own unique styles and customs which are reflected in the beautiful old manor houses which are scattered throughout the countryside. By the 15th century the Majorcan gentry and nobility developed an elegant and leisurely way of life and they have never seen the need to change it.

The typical Majorcan country house is a combination of villa and farmhouse, providing storage space for crops (almonds, carobs, olives) on the ground floor as well as stables and often an olive press. Built round large central courtyards, originally in fortified Catalan gothic design, most of the houses were altered and embellished in the baroque and rococo styles of the 17th and 18th centuries with a distinctly Genoese influence of arcades, balconies and campaniles. During that period Majorca carried on a thriving trade with Genoa and many families hired Italian architects to redesign their houses in the country and in the city of Palma.

Most of these villas are set on vast tracts of land which were alloted by the *Conquistador,* Jaime I, to the knights and captains who had helped him conquer the island in 1229. And it was those victorious soldiers who cultivated the land and formed the basis of the Majorcan aristocracy whose names are still prominent on the island to this day.

The dividing up of Majorca was known as the *repartimiento* and while there was nothing unusual about portioning out sections of a conquered country, the fact that many of the allotments are still owned by the original families is remarkable. By the 14th century a new opulent social group began to merge with the original military aristocracy. These were rich and socially ambitious mercantile families who amassed their fortunes by trading with the Far East and the Italian republics. One of these merchants, Don Pedro Zaforteza, had become so influential by the year 1537 that, like the early Medicis in Florence, he was able to marry his daughters into many of the most distinguished local families.

The Zafortezas, who in the 15th century became the Counts of Santa Maria, are still a prominent family in Majorca and their country house, Son Zaforteza, is one of the least known and arguably one of the most beautiful in Spain. Built on the peak of a hill above the village of Puigpunyent, the main north facade, shaded by plane trees, is a dignified Spanish interpretation of an Italian Renaissance design with one inevit-

able exception — the main entrance, which is a simple arched doorway in the traditional Majorcan style which can be found in the most humble cottages and the most lavish mansions on the island. The flanking portals of the main facade of Son Zaforteza are surrounded by classical rusticated stonework, elegantly pedimented, and they have charming *oeil-de-boeuf* windows above.

The long south-eastern facade overlooking the vineyards is less Italianate with tall salon windows leading to linking iron balconies supported on bold stone corbels and strengthened with gracefully curved overhead iron braces. The effect of this facade is elegant and vigorous and uniquely Majorcan.

Just eight kilometres from Palma is an imposing house called Son Berga which is set in a formal garden and surrounded by a high stone wall. The original Bergas were Catalan squires who, during the *repartimiento,* were given large tracts of land and remained a powerful family in Majorca until the last male Berga died in the 18th century and the estate of Son Berga passed through the female line to a branch of the Zaforteza family — now called Quint-Zaforteza.

This house, though not as hauntingly beautiful as Son Zaforteza, has many more architectural refinements such as the loggia arcade which is supported on delicately carved marble columns and the colour and texture of the stuccoed facade. Most of the surface is slightly roughened and painted pale ochre, while the window surrounds are smooth plaster and painted cream. With the sophisticated masonry of the granite base of the house, the finely chiselled sandstone portal, vestibule and staircase, the general impression that Son Berga gives is that of a well-maintained and stately mansion rather than a rustic country villa.

Further north and just outside the village of Esporlas, set far back on a hill off the road is the huge white house, Canet — perhaps the most monumental on Majorca. Its unique feature is the broad stone stairway which leads from the road all the way up to the house. Seen through a permanently closed iron gate and bordered by a balustrade and tall pines and cypresses, the stairway is, in fact, a series of six flights of steps interspersed with generous landings which are actually stretches of lawn. This levelling off of the stairs makes it appear unintimidating and curiously romantic — a place where you can imagine 18th and 19th century ladies in bonnets and hooped skirts sauntering up to some gracious reception.

Canet derives its name from Ramón Canet who was given the estate by Jaime I in the early 13th century and was ennobled with the title of Vizconde de Canet. The house belonged to the Canets until 1791 when the title lapsed and, through a daughter, the estate went to a different branch of the family. Finally in the 1920s Canet was bought by the Olezas of Palma and, shortly afterwards, they rented it to an English family who lived there until the mid-1980s. One of the daughters of this family, Mrs. Juliet (Joey) Roffee became a friend of mine some years ago and I spent several afternoons wandering round the vast,

overgrown garden with its old palm trees, myrtles and its abandoned 1930s swimming pool, empty and desolate, and more redolent of *Sunset Boulevard* and a vanished Hollywood than a Balearic estate.

The exterior of Canet, white-stuccoed with many green-shuttered windows, is large and austere; completely unadorned except for the ancient coat of arms showing a prancing horse. The window surrounds, the corner quoining and the long front bench are made of local stone — the only contrast to the white-painted facade.

I went there to lunch one Sunday afternoon which began in the old-fashioned *Mallorquin* kitchen and ended up in the lofty sala that was beautifully arranged with original furniture from the Canet and Oleza families. Majorcan furniture, by the way, is mostly a simplified provincial version of mainland Spanish and Italian designs made of olive wood, Pyrenean pine and often dark, underpolished Caribbean mahogany of which there was an abundance on the island because of the Spanish links with the New World.

While the guests — Spanish and English — relaxed with their coffee and liqueurs, I began talking to a neighbour of Joey's — a little bilingual English girl called Fay Shelton who had been brought up on the island. She was anxious for me to explore the attics with her and when we asked Joey if we could go upstairs, our hostess said of course, telling Fay that if she found something she really liked she could keep it as a memento of Canet.

We climbed up to the top floor where we found a succession of dark and dusty little rooms which were filled with rusted iron bedsteads with broken springs, empty mahogany wardrobes, collapsed wicker garden chairs and cracked marble-topped washstands. Much to Fay's delight we found several old steamer trunks which were full of broken cups and saucers, soup plates and lampstands. We rummaged through the trunks for some time, then suddenly Fay held up a slim opaline vase in perfect condition, then I found a pink-tinted Bavarian glass candlestick.

When we took our treasures downstairs, Joey was surprised that we had found such charming objects in the attic and she told Fay to keep the vase and she placed the candlestick on the mantelpiece. Then she led Fay and me out to the front balcony with its view of the great stairway and the northern hills beyond.

'It's too awful', Joey told us, 'someone broke in the other night and climbed up those stairs, then ran off with the head of that marble statue. Now how on earth can I replace a 16th century head?'

We looked at the hills in the distance, towards the rooftops and church towers of Valdemossa with its famous romantic associations of the Carthusian monastery and the Majorcan idyll of Chopin and George Sand. 'That's Valdemossa', said Fay, 'Isn't that where Chopin stayed with George Sand?'

'Yes, dear', said Joey. 'And when I was a little girl, what do you think my sister and I used to say when we drove past that village? We simply said: Turn left at *choppin and sand*'.

ACQUIT

About eight kilometres to the west of Canet is La Granja. Set at the bottom of a hill with a stream which flows into a lush garden, this is a sprawling, 16th century manor house with two sections connected on the first floor level by an arcaded gallery which is open on both sides and gives an extraordinary sense of lightness and delicacy to the house. Originally a Moorish estate, La Granja was taken over by Cistercian monks after the Conquest. This religious community remained there until 1447 when the house was bought by the Vida family who lived there until 1665 when it passed through one of the daughters to the Fortunys who still own it and, unfortunately, have kept it closed for most of this century.

From below the gallery the front wall, which is gently splayed, leads down to a beautiful ornamental pond which spans the length of the house. The sea-green window shutters and the golden Santany limestone of the arches, columns, balustrades and quoins create a charming contrast to the mellow beige-painted stuccoed outside walls of the house. Although it is still impossible to obtain permission to see the interior of La Granja, the view of this house nestling in the woods with its open arcade of linking Romanesque arches and its great fountain cascading in the foreground is surely one of the loveliest sights in Majorca.

From La Granja, if you drive back through Esporlas and north on the Palma-Soller road you come to a house called Raxa which exudes an indefinable atmosphere of romantic decadence. Except for its southern facade of rather simply interpreted Italian features, Raxa is typically Majorcan with an arched entrance, central courtyard and an olive press. Raxa's original owner, Benardo Despuig, came to Majorca with the *Conquistador* and one of his descendants, who saved Charles V's life at Augsburg, was knighted and given the right to use the double-headed eagle on his escutcheon which can still be seen over the entrance to Raxa.

Through intermarriage the Despuigs acquired many other estates as well as the title of the Counts of Montenegro. In the late 18th century Don Antonio Despuig (Majorca's only Cardinal) was appointed auditor of the Rota Romana for Aragon and during his travels he carried out excavations at Herculanaeum in Italy and also in Albania. Cardinal Despuig who was indefatigable in his search for antiquities, amassed a large collection of architectural fragments and bought many Roman busts and statues which he sent back to his ancestral home. It was the Cardinal who was responsible for the design and ornamentation of the stairway, reminiscent of the Villa d'Este, and other features in the gardens of Raxa which were so well described by Jill Burberry in her article, 'Araxa'.[1]

One of Cardinal Despuig's treasures was the priceless 15th century map drawn by a Majorcan navigator and used by Amerigo Vespucci on his historic voyage to the New World. It was while the Cardinal's relative, the Count of Montenegro was showing the map to George Sand that the French novelist spilt a bottle of ink over it. This unfortunate accident — if it was an accident — served to heighten the antagonism which the

Majorcans already felt for their acerbic, cigar-smoking visitor from Paris.

The western facade of Raxa was redesigned by the enterprising Cardinal Despuig. Its basic wall which rises from the lower level of the house is unusually high and almost two hundred feet long. The Cardinal cleverly broke the monotony of this vast expanse by creating an elaborate projecting pavilion on one half of the wall. Two campanile-shaped open towers are connected by a long arcade of linking arches on the first floor level with terra-cotta balustrades, while the balustrades above are flat cut-out iron silhouettes — typically Majorcan and Catalan of that period.

This ambitious addition to the house has a curious naivety about it, for despite his attempts at Italianate grandeur the Cardinal did not quite succeed and the result is neither grand nor particularly Italian. In fact the two projecting towers with their shallow pitched roofs have a strangely Chinese look which adds to the hybrid quality of the whole superstructure. However the pavilion does have an unplaceable fascination which enhances the bizarre and decadent ambience which Cardinal Despuig created at Raxa.

Further up the Soller road at the foot of the northern mountain range is Alfabia, set in lovely Moorish gardens. Partly because of the Arabic inscriptions on its coffered vestibule ceiling, there is a local legend that the house originally belonged to a wealthy Moor who was a traitor to his people by helping Jaime I's troops and then later it is said that he married into the Spanish family who eventually lived at Alfabia.

The first Catalan owner of the estate was Don Nuño Sanchez, Count of Rosellon (then part of Catalonia) whose descendants lived there for hundreds of years, marrying into the Santacilia, Berga and Villalonga families. In the 19th century Alfabia had an infamous reputation because its mistress, Doña Catalina Villalonga, an ardent Carlist, used the house for her furtive but unsuccessful plottings in favour of the pretender.

The approach to Alfabia is an elegant avenue of plane trees that leads to the beautiful but completely illogical main entrance. This front facade is in fact just a tall ornamental wall which hides the patio and the rest of the rambling old house. The overpowering 18th century entrance with its scalloped and camel-humped top is an amusing architectural oddity, but it has a dramatic effect which, like a theatrical drop-curtain, intensifies the mysterious secluded atmosphere of the house and gardens behind it.

After walking through the rose-marble baroque portal, we come to a shady cobbled courtyard, then enter the unpretentious stuccoed house which has a wide hall that leads to a covered veranda which spans the south wing of Alfabia and extends into the garden with palm fronds and oleanders hanging over the railings. From this veranda you can walk into various parts of the house. The main salon, like most Majorcan rooms, is remarkably uncluttered. There is the inevitable central table and upright Castilian armchairs, upholstered benches and mahogany cabinets set against the walls which are covered in the unique local linen called *tela de lengua* which has a blue and white zig-zag pattern. As in

most houses on this island the rooms of Alfabia seem almost underfurnished, but the walls are covered with pictures — family portraits, landscapes and endless architectural prints.

The gardens of Alfabia, which seem to merge with and obscure the house itself, are composed of winding paths, *rond-points* and pools overhung with drooping palms, plane trees and bowers of jasmine leading to the most striking feature: the long pergola covered with vines and wisteria and supported by octagonal stone columns. Interspersed between the columns are weathered capitals from which jets of water spray up and criss-cross each other — a Moorish device to create refreshing coolness and the beauty of cascades of water refracted in the sunlight.

Alfabia — with its dramatic entrance, exquisite gardens and mysterious history — is perhaps the most haunting country house on the island. And it seems likely that it was partly the inspiration for the settings of many of the brilliant novels of Lorenç Villalonga[2] which distilled the very essence of Majorca — its timeless tranquillity and traditionalism overlaid with a proud insular decadence.

Aside from their architectural interest, all these country houses retain the atmosphere of a unique island way of life which, strangely enough, has not yet vanished.

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1. *Contemporary Review*, July 1989, No. 1482, Vol. 255.
2. *The Dolls' Room* by Lorenç Villalonga was published by André Deutsch in 1988.

[Robert Rubens is a novelist who lives in Majorca and lectures for the British Council in Spain. His sixth novel, *North of the Park*, is to be published in February, 1990 by Bachman and Turner.]

Literary Supplement

DENIS HEALEY BY HIMSELF

The Time of My Life. Denis Healey. Michael Joseph. £17.95.

Denis Healey is possessed of a very powerful intellect and prodigious energy. Both qualities are exhibited on every page of this long, absorbing book — a massive contribution to post-war political history.

His culture, in the broadest sense, is arguably the most comprehensive of that of anyone now in politics. One bears in mind his Oxford 'firsts' in classics, ancient history and philosophy, his love of poetry especially W. B. Yeats, his linguistic equipment, his music, his painting, above all his philosophy. One recalls his distinguished service as Secretary of State for Education and Chancellor of the Exchequer. In 1983 he was offered, though he declined it, the chairmanship of GEC — something unique in Labour Party annals. His family life with his beloved and gifted Edna and his children have been a model, though one questions the argument that Edna's love has excused him from seeking the affections of the public.

Arthur Koestler once divided autobiographies into books of *Ecce Homo* and histories of our time. *The Time of My Life* ranks high under the first heading. But politicians are notoriously reluctant to reveal their inner selves. When Denis Healey was defeated for the leadership of the Labour Party, his faithful friend Roy Hattersley told him that he had been insensitive towards his supporters. One of them had complained: ' 'e bites yer legs'. The phrase that I had heard used was: 'he kicked too many people on the shins too often'. The thought was the same. One would like to have heard Denis Healey's discussion of this alleged political frailty. But he does not pursue the issue.

At the end of his book there is a fascinating passage in which he informs us 'fortunately personal ambition has never been my consuming passion. I have always wanted to do something rather than to be something'. A little earlier he tells us: 'In a parliamentary democracy change can be achieved only through working inside a party. This means accepting its constraints and disciplines. It means acquiescing in policies you dislike until you can persuade your party to change them. It will often bring defeat — and sometimes personal humiliation'. Against that background one can understand his decision to seek and retain high positions in the Labour Party in the 1980s when their policies on defence were precisely the opposite of his.

The references to religion are sparse but tantalising. We are all aware that he was a Communist in the 1930s, but he explains that dialectical materialism was 'a superficial triviality'. He tells us that: 'the intellectual foundation of my Socialism was laid by Christian thinkers like Berdayev and Niebuhr'. Five hundred and sixty pages on he tells us of a Roman Catholic priest whom he called on in the 1945 election: 'a small youngish man called Father Mawson, with a brown and wrinkled face, he was quite content to spend his whole life serving humbly as a parish priest in a small Yorkshire town'. Father Mawson gave him this guidance: 'You must do whatever you do for the greater glory of God'. Denis Healey comments: 'though I did not share his faith, I knew exactly what he meant'.

He identifies himself, however, almost totally with Yeats, who was by no possible criterion a Christian. He proclaims himself 'an Anglo-Irish Protestant'. I myself was born into that category. As a long since defector I am not qualified to pronounce on what appears to be a bizarre claim.

Denis Healey's pen portraits are exceptionally vivid. Like Churchill he possesses the artist's eye. They are not on the whole kindly. Of George Wigg he writes: 'I cannot say my heart always rose when his long ant-eater's proboscis began to quiver, and his mouth began its gobbling splutter . . .'. Towards Roy Jenkins he is ambivalent: 'His appearance had the sleek pomposity of a Mr. Podsnap; behind there was a sharp and unsentimental mind. Above all he was never satisfied with second place in any field; he always wanted to be top'. Roy Jenkins, noticing Denis Healey's disclaimer of any personal ambition, will not be unduly disturbed.

He is by and large consistently unfair to Harold Wilson and consistently hostile to Dick Crossman 'who found it difficult to listen to others'. He fully recognises Crossman's intellectual brilliance, but sums him up as: 'a Machiavelli without judgement'. On one occasion his main reason for not resigning was the fear that Dick Crossman might take his place. But I am beginning to carp and quibble: *The Time of My Life* is the best political autobiography I can remember reading.

FRANK LONGFORD

REVOLUTIONARY EVIDENCE

Chronicle of the French Revolution, conceived and published by Jacques Legrand, editorial adviser Robert Maillard (Longmans); the *Longman Companion to the French Revolution,* by Colin Jones (Longmans, £40.00).

Chronicle of the French Revolution is a weighty 700-page record of the decade from 1788 to 1799, from the 'Day of the Tiles' in Grenoble to Bonaparte's seizure of power on Brumaire 18 (November 7, 1799). It gives, as if in a daily newspaper, an account of every significant (and occasionally insignificant) incident, to convey the normal as well as the dramatic. Some incidents are recorded in minute detail: the capture and destruction, brick by brick, of the Bastille, the flight of the royal family to Varennes, the trial and execution of the King, the fall of Robespierre. It is the work of some fifty writers, and vividly presented, with 1700 illustrations, many of them in colour. Where its items are reduced to shorthand summaries, its French original betrays itself: George III is King of England, a kingdom which is thus credited with a population of nine millions — all rather hard on what Scots are so proud of as 'the auld alliance'; and it is surprising, though in its way refreshing, to find the thirteen colonies described as 'stretched out along the Mississippi River'. Amid the welter of detail, there are fascinating and helpful maps, a considerable imaginative presentation of the scene — set in 1789, and an equally arresting end-section of 'What became of .... ?'

If there is a conclusion to this chronicle of infighting and battle, murder and sudden death, decorated with declarations and constitutions, it lies in its final section. Many receive only a brief summary, ending 'Guillotined'. Fouché's armies of spies saved him both from Robespierre's, and from Napoleon's, ruthlessness — but he deemed it wise in the end to go into exile, to Trieste, where he died in 1820, with a vast fortune. The Swedish Count Fersen failed to save the Queen, and went home; he was assassinated there in 1810. Talleyrand survived, and flourished, through all the changes; he lived to be 84. And the Abbé Siéyès outdid him, dying at 88, the longest-living because the shrewdest of those who survived the axe. But towards the end he lost his mind, and was apt to keep repeating to his valet, 'If M. Robespierre calls, tell him I'm not here.'

Longmans have hardly been alone in paying tribute to the Revolution in its

bicentennial year. But these two books testify to the care shown in assembling and presenting hard facts rather than the verbiage that marked the salutes in July. Indeed Colin Jones's compilation is a valuable handbook to have alongside all other reading. To lists of who was who in politics through the Revolutionary decade, and a detailed political chronology and analysis of each of the (almost annual) Constitutions, he adds some unique features. He probes, with daunting statistical buttress, the structure of the Terror, itself an admission that the French no longer had a constitution but had become 'revolutionary until the peace'; he traces its geographical impact, including the scale of the civil war in the Vendée, and the part played by the missionaries of the Terror, the *armées revolutionnaires*. By assembling the hard facts in his section on the armies and their commanders he presents a more vivid picture of the unrest-turned-to-chaos of the Revolution than any passages of purple prose or words from scribblers-dressed-as-poets like Restif de la Bretonne, the so-called Rousseau des Halles, of whom in the summer the BBC gave us much too much.

Other sections are as valuable: the geography of the Enlightenment; the peasants and the land, including a map to illustrate the districts affected by the Great Fear; and not least the hundred-page biographical dictionary, and the glossary of French Revolutionary terms. This becomes an indispensable reference book for all students of 1789, and its consequences.

ESMOND WRIGHT

ANTHONY BURGESS'S EARLY LIFE

Little Wilson and Big God, Being the First Part of the Confessions of Anthony Burgess. 460pp. Penguin Books. £5.95.

This is an account of the author's first 42 years, written as he was approaching his seventieth birthday. His real name is John Wilson, and the title is a remark said to have been made about one of his confessions by a priest when he was a pupil of a Catholic school in Manchester. His Catholic upbringing has dominated his whole life. He lost his faith during adolescence, but it has haunted him ever since. His long interest in James Joyce is a symptom of it. Unlike other lapsed Catholics, he did not seek refuge in another dogmatic creed, such as communism, during the thirties. His 'renegade Catholic liberal humanism' pours out a continuous strident defiance of all the taboos of his boyhood.

It was a lonely boyhood. His mother died when he was a baby, and his father showed little affection for him. 'I regret', he says, 'the emotional coldness that was established then and which, apart from other faults, has marred my work.' (0.88). He obviously found personal relationships difficult. Indeed there are none in the book, though sexual adventures abound. All the people who appear are briefly characterised, but his inter-action with them is only operational.

He probably owed more to his formal education than he admits, though he reacted against it. He certainly must have learned a good deal from his fellow students. There is no reason to doubt, however, that he was essentially self-educated. He read voraciously from an early age. More remarkably he taught himself to read and to write music and developed great skill in it. Members of the Hallé Orchestra used to drop into the pub his father frequented, and he attended their concerts. But his musical education was really derived from BBC Radio, the best patron British music ever had, and it is the only institution to which he pays unqualified tribute. He drew from an early age,

but his practice and appreciation of the visual arts was restricted by colour blindness. He engaged in literary activities. But his ambition up to the age of 40 was to be a great composer of music. He wrote a great deal of music, but his circumstances permitted performance only of what he produced for light entertainment, especially when he was in the army during the war. His experience as a listener and a reader he never attempts to describe. Nor does he explain his emphatic preferences in both arts. His actions are related with gusto but not his feelings.

The most interesting part of the book is the first half. The war prevented embarkation on a career. Squalid years in the army are recounted in soldierly language, but his experience was really rather ordinary. It took him into teaching, and after the war he trained as a teacher and taught in a grammar school. But he was never able to adjust to any situation or to believe that what he was required to do was worth doing. Restlessness drove him to South East Asia to teach there and to find material for several novels. Returning, he faced unemployment by capitalising on the success of his novels and becoming a professional writer, and this is where the book ends.

The hectic adventures of the preceding twenty years are exuberantly detailed, but with a certain repetitiveness that tends to characterise versions of the Don Juan myth. Language is one of his several means of intoxication. His performance with it is overwhelming but exhausting. His urge has always been towards the gigantic. When he started composing he soon had to attempt a symphony for a large orchestra. When he turned from music to literature he wrote a libretto for an opera, but it turned out to be too long even for a play. His autobiography is in character. But the barrage of words conceals rather than reveals the man himself. He talks about encounters with all sorts of people but not about what is most interesting about him — his relationships with music and literature.

BRUCE PATTISON

A WRITER'S LIFE BETWEEN THE WARS

When I Was: A Memoir of the Years Between the Wars. Desmond Hawkins. Macmillan, London. £14.95.

Desmond Hawkins's memoir spans the years between 1914, when he was six, (through 1936 when his first child was born) and 1940 with the blitzkrieg on London. There are three main themes: the first is that of childhood and school, the second his years in London writing, editing and getting to know the major poets and musicians of the twenties, and the third, briefly referred to but tellingly remembered, the early days of his broadcasting career in the BBC as the bombing began in earnest on the London squares. He describes the Armistice of 1918 as he experienced it in East Sheen and traces his memories prior to it. He vividly recalls schooldays at Bognor and Cranleigh as well as the sights and sounds of old London, such as the existence of the much-loved music halls, the Aldwych farces and the swelling tones of the great organ in the now vanished Crystal Palace. There are evocative descriptions of a bourgeois home life in a peaceful middle class suburb and the certainties of boarding school with its settled values where, in 1924, Hitler had never been heard of and peace seemed assured.

From a world of At Homes, calling cards and drawing room music, the young man went at sixteen into business, first with a key maker and locksmith and later into his father's inherited, prosperous ironmongery and electrical engineering firm in Southwark. There he was able to feel entirely at home,

for the public library, a cherished source of inspiration, contained the foundation stone laid by his grandfather: and there he began to mark out his future path as a writer and literary critic. A deep love of music and theatre and above all of literature had already developed by the time he was 21. In 1930 he felt the death of D. H. Lawrence keenly in terms not only of personal sorrow (he had hoped soon to meet the novelist and poet) but also, significantly for his own career, at the demise so early of one who represented the vibrant young; for Lawrence 'broke the silence that the old gang were trying to maintain with their squalid little censorships'.

Lawrence Dr. Hawkins regards as in many ways the natural heir of Thomas Hardy whose *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* and *Jude the Obscure* had aroused the same controversies for the same prudish reasons as did Lawrence's *The Rainbow* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Even then, Desmond Hawkins was beginning the study of Hardy for which he subsequently became distinguished.

Joining the newly founded Promethean Society and subscribing to its magazine, the *Twentieth Century*, became a natural step for him and he regards the formation of both as a 'sort of spontaneous combustion among a frustrated student class who so conspicuously lacked what the red-brick universities were able to give later... education and the opportunity to exchange opinions'. The particular excellence of his commentary on this period lies in its power to convey the prevalent confidence that continued progress towards an ideal society was merely a matter of civilised thought and persuasion. The young left-wingers' conviction of their own and Britain's invulnerability is strikingly and touchingly portrayed in the book.

It would be presumptuous and stupid to suggest that London literary life was Desmond Hawkins's university for no institution could have provided such riches as were within the grasp of this young, aspiring writer. Surrounded by the best of music and poetry and in close touch with the world of experimental and traditional theatre, he says of his 'idol', T. S. Eliot, 'the prospect of a private audience with the editor of the *Criterion* aroused in me feelings that a pilgrim to the Vatican could understand'. The sequel to this meeting was the publication of his first drama essay accepted by T. S. Eliot for the *Criterion* in 1934 — 'The Poet in the Theatre' — in which he was 'in essence heralding the work to come in the next few years from Auden, Spender, MacNeice, Christopher Fry, Ronald Duncan and others'. Few theatre-goers of the weeks before the outbreak of war will ever forget the impact on them of the poetic dramas performed by the Group Theatre in the little Mercury Theatre and the Westminster. Editing the literary sections of the short-lived *New English Weekly* and *Purpose* brought him further into touch with Eliot (whose letters reproduced here are illuminating on the subject of his own editorial methods and problems), Dylan Thomas and Cyril Connolly; and innumerable others who are now household names.

It is not, however, for a list of names that one would wish to read *As I Was* and keep it for reference. It is for the strength of the author's prose, for his percipient commentary, his generous reproduction of important letters from Frieda Lawrence, T. S. Eliot and above all the irrepressible Dylan Thomas. Desmond Hawkins's sharing of his unique experience is delightful; but most of all his brief and insightful criticism should be taken with the utmost seriousness. He will be read by those who knew the period of which he writes, to confirm their memories, and by those who wish to understand the life of the times.

BETTY ABEL

TOYNBEE'S VIEW OF HISTORY

Arnold J. Toynbee: A Life. William H. McNeill. Oxford University Press. £16.95.

In the middle years of this century, one mark of the intellectual, particularly the young intellectual, was the presence on his shelves of a volume of Arnold Toynbee's 10 volume work, *A Study of History.* Usually it was the first volume and, like the first volume of Proust, it was never finished. Nevertheless, it provided useful ammunition for those politicians who preserved a semblance of literacy. Many political speeches of the 1950s and 1960 informed the admiring audience that Professor Toynbee had told us that societies were destroyed from within rather than by overpowering forces from without. Toynbee himself became a public figure, particularly in America. Suddenly, he went out of fashion and even this quote is rarely heard.

William H. McNeill, Emeritus Professor of History at the University of Chicago, tries to answer the question: why has Toynbee gone out of fashion. Professor McNeill is himself an accomplished practitioner of the type of history Toynbee practised: the grand sweep. McNeill has written *The Rise of the West* and *A World History.* On the whole professional historians distrust these grand sweeps through the centuries and the continents, particularly now in an age when any attempt to view the achievements of Classical Greece or Renaissance Italy as superior to that of, say, the Aborigines or the Hottentots is dismissed as 'Racism'.

Toynbee himself was part of the great Victorian tradition of the classical scholar who becomes a teacher and an inspiration to other Liberal thinkers. Professor McNeill shows how much Toynbee's life was aided both by his family background and his marriage into the aristocracy. Toynbee's uncle had been made into a form of hero, for not very convincing reasons, and the famous settlement house of Toynbee Hall was named after the young thinker when he died quite young. Toynbee was always conscious of his possession of a name which provided a passport to the land of Edwardian intelligentsia.

Professor McNeill does show how Toynbee tricked his way out of the great formative experience of his generation: the First World War. Having escaped that horror, he could never escape a sense of guilt for what he had done. This played a large role in his desire to try to make sense of history by a study of all the civilisations that have existed. In particular he tried to understand the contrast between Western Civilisation and Eastern Civilisation. Perhaps one reason for Toynbee's decline is that he does not fit easily into any ideological camp. Nor did his insistence on the importance of religion endear him to many left-wing historians who were worshipping new gods. Religion played as large a role in Toynbee's life as in his writing. He had a long flirtation with Catholicism but once his wife became not only a fanatical Catholic but combined it by having an affair with a priest, Toynbee's flirtation ended.

Toynbee's reputation among professional historians never recovered from a celebrated attack by Hugh Trevor-Roper. One wishes Professor McNeill gave more attention to what Trevor-Roper, and the excellent Dutch historian, Pieter Geyl, actually said. Professor McNeill evidently hopes that this biography will lead to a re-awakened interest in Toynbee. This seems unlikely. However this biography itself makes a useful contribution to the intellectual history of the mid-twentieth century, when the horrors of two great wars and fears of nuclear destruction led mankind to seek some historian who could interpret their past and guide them to their future.

RICHARD MULLEN

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Road to War. (Macmillan, £15.95.) The aim of this valuable study by Richard Overy with Andrew Wheatcroft is to 'retell the story of the twenty years between the years without the benefit of hindsight that there was going to be a war, in which the West would eventually triumph'. Indeed with the exception of Nazi Germany, there was widely thought to be a chance of avoiding the conflict on reasonable terms. The authors deal separately with each of the nations involved in separate chapters, namely in order of their involvement, namely Poland, Germany, Great Britain, France, Italy, The Soviet Union, Japan and the United States. They argue that 'by September 1939 the issue was no longer the future of Danzig and the safety of Poland'. There were three separate wars fought as one: Poland's war to maintain her independence; the German war for the domination of Eastern Europe and the war fought by the West to restore the balance of power'. Danzig was the occasion, not the cause of the conflict. These conclusions are not unexpected, but brought together by much valuable research. There is a useful bibliography, as well as a number of photographs.

The House of Dolls (Methuen. £11.95.) Barbara Comyns has written a warm, humorous novel in which a group of elderly ladies, each for various reasons down on her luck, live as lodgers in Amy Doll's house in Mulberry Grove. They not only live there. They have devised a scheme whereby they can earn a comfortable living 'entertaining their gentlemen friends'. Hilarious scenes ensue when Amy's lodgers vie madly with each other in telling enormously tall stories about their aristocratic backgrounds before misfortune supervened. The characterisation is excellent and the dialogue witty. Varied humour and pathos make this a delightful book.

Baden-Powell. (Century Hutchinson, £18.95.) Like many heroes of recent times, Baden-Powell, originator of the Boy Scout Movement, has suffered in turn adulation and denigration. In the years since World War Two it has seemed as though its eclipse must be final because the worship of nationhood and the manly virtues inherited from the years of empire have been consistently eroded and their practitioners derided. Tim Jeal has, however, set out to redress the balance in terms of the life and work of Baden-Powell whose private papers were jealously guarded by his widow until 1977. His views, after examining the papers and weighing the letters and exploits in the balance, are likely to chime with those of many people still living who admire the achievements of the hero of Mafeking, the writer of *Scouting for Boys* and the founder of a movement in which children (Boy Scouts and even Girl Guides) could acquire the knowledge and experience, to say nothing of the universal comradeship, that they could not otherwise have gained at so little expense and with the help and goodwill of whole communities. A flight into the congenial pursuits of boyhood seems to have been timed when his dominant mother was urging him to marry. An evident insecurity emerges in that he clearly felt inadequate, preferred male companions and wanted to perpetuate a fantasy life in which he was a spy and a saviour. But the fact remains that, whatever Baden-Powell's private fears, he was a gifted writer and artist and above all the founder of a world-wide instrument for good. It is not easy to explain; but it happened and many of us can testify to it.

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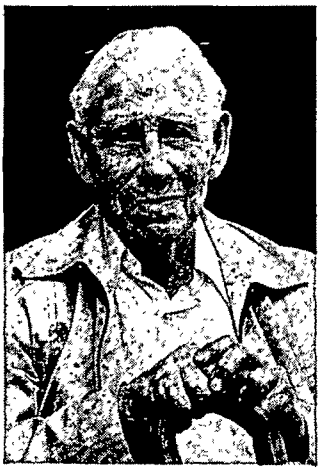

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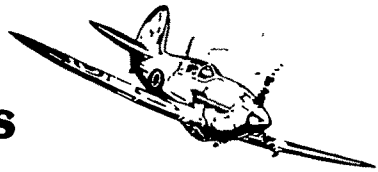

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